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NOVEMBER 15, 1947

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KANSAS

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SHORT STORY
by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

•

GERMANY, RUSSIA
AND THE U. S. A.
by SIGRID SCHULTZ

•

MAIN LINE FOOTBALL
by STANLEY FRANK

15, 1947

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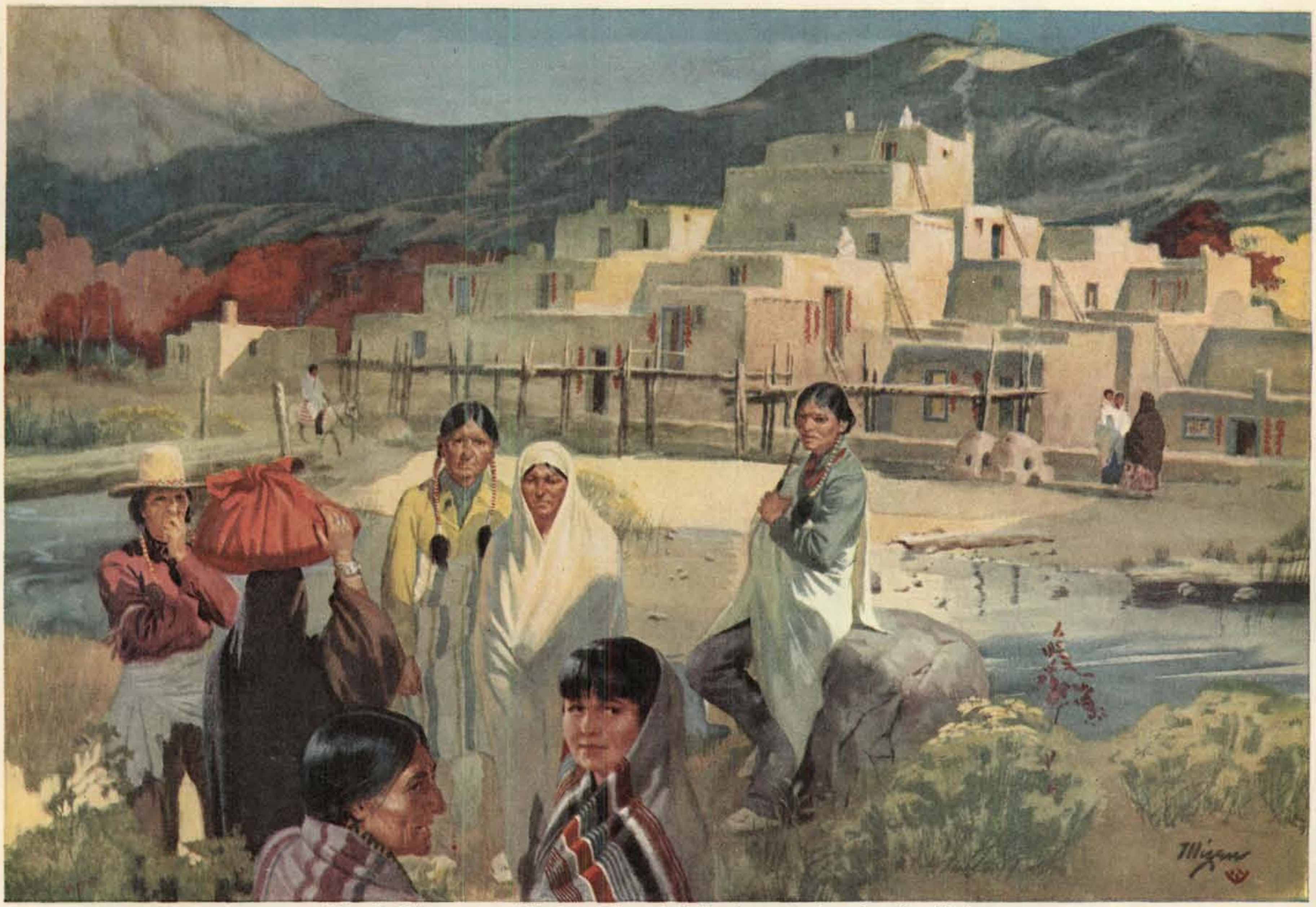
Land of Pueblos



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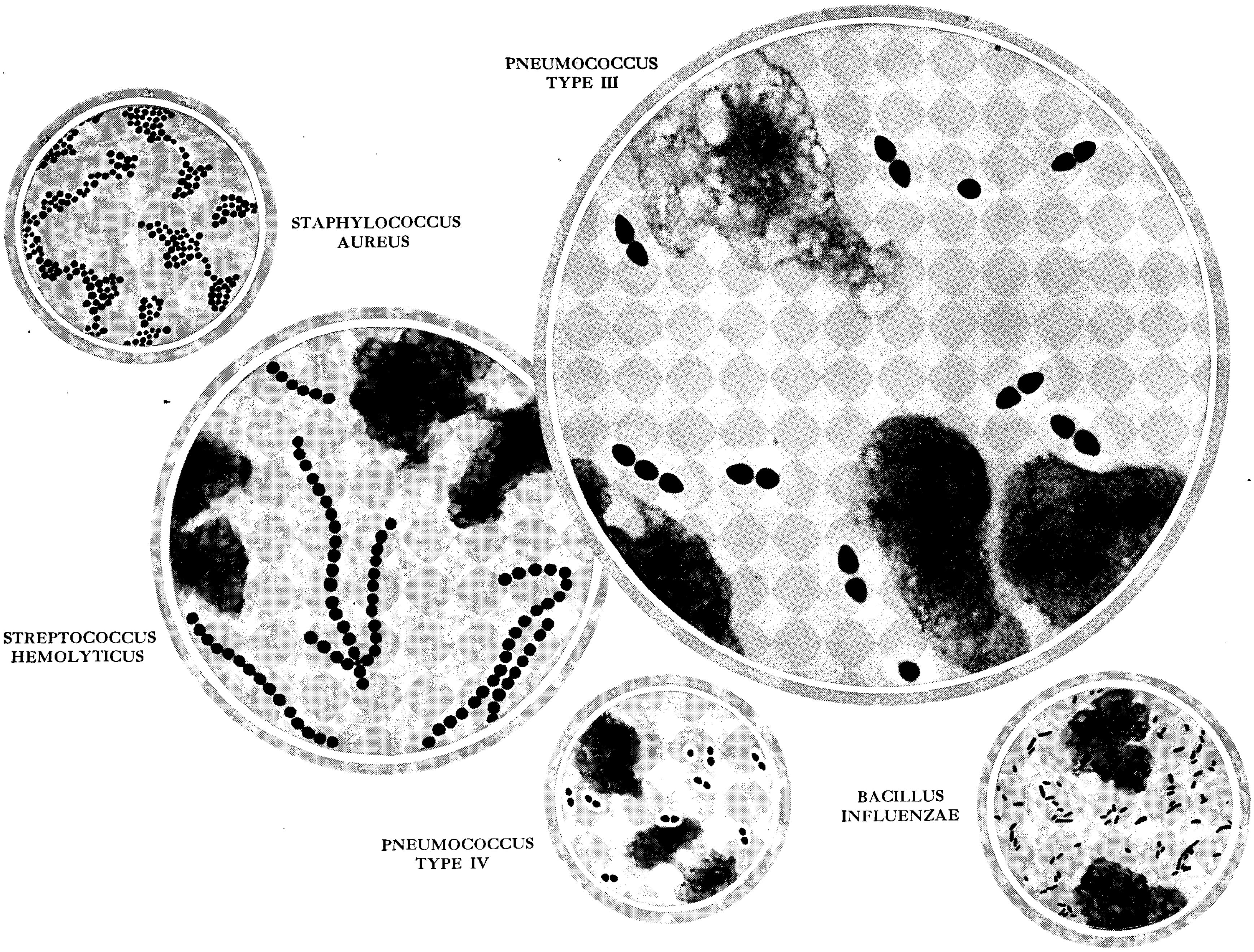

MEET YOUR TENANTS

—ALL UNDESIRABLE

They are members of that evil and persistent family of germs called the "Secondary Invaders." When present in the mouth—and they often are—they can be responsible for much of the misery of a cold.

Medical men tell us that while some kind of a virus may frequently start a cold, the so-called "Secondary Invaders" are among the germs that so often complicate it, and are responsible for many of its most distressing symptoms.

Apparently these threatening little fellows can live harmlessly enough in your mouth and throat week in, week out. Then some day, when you're under par, over-tired, or with body resistance lowered by drafts, wet or cold feet or sudden changes in temperature, they can stage a "mass invasion" of the tissues. You're headed for trouble!

Your common sense tells you that if you can guard against such a "mass invasion" you have a better chance of heading off the trouble it so often stirs up.

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If you have been with people suffering from colds, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Used frequently during the 12-to-36-hour period of "incubation", when a cold may be developing, this precaution may help head off the infection entirely or lessen its severity.

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At the first sign of a cold or sore throat
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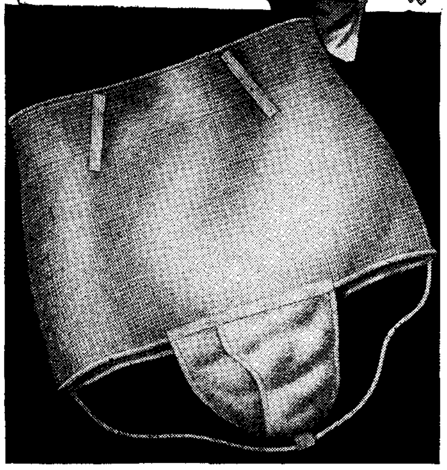

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COLLIER'S

November 15, 1947

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		JOHN CONNER	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*		

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FIGHTING MAD!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Mrs. Dorothy McDonald (The Week's Mail, Sept. 20th) suggests that we fight the Russians to liberate the Balkans. Her blood boils, she intimates. "What have we got to lose?" she asks. My blood boils, too, but not at the Russians, aggravating as they are to get along with. It boils at her, and the 90 per cent of the public who "would rather die than think." "What have we got to lose?" The guys who had to do the fighting might be able to tell her, if they are still alive. Fathers, mothers and wives, might put in a word. Yours for more comfortable padded cells!

DELIA F. HANSBERGER, Yuma, Ariz.

MAN RUNNING (AT THE MOUTH)

DEAR EDITOR: Mary's meal in installment four of Man Running (Sept. 13th) sure makes your mouth water. But how come? First, you can't kill and eat your own sheep in this happy island. You may have a million of them but all the meat you can have is 20 cents' worth per person per week.

If the family laid off meat for the rest of the week Mary might just get a small half-a-leg. But—melt in the mouth! Boy, it wouldn't melt in sulphuric acid. And where does she get all this butter from? We get just 7 ounces of all fats a week. As for the Viennese bread—we don't get white flour and the word "eggshell" has fallen out of use this side.

A. W. WILLSMORE,
North Harrow, England

Author Jepson lives and works in England and we assume he was using fictional accuracy in his excellent serial.

BUTCH

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Is Butch in jail? Can manage for moderate bail.

LILLIAN P. COLBURN, White Plains, N. Y.

. . . Where, oh, where is Butch? I would much rather be robbed by Butch than be robbed of him.

KATHERINE P. HARTWELL, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Butch took a flying trip to France with his creator, Larry Reynolds, and is back again with his taking ways on p. 30. He spent the time thumbing his nez at the gendarmes, lifting ze porte-monnaie, and staying out of ze cleenk. Butch, you know, never lands in jail!

TEAM, TEAM, TEAM—PLEASE!

DEAR EDITOR: Pug Lund, "Northwestern's star back" (as you erroneously stated in Sporting Odds (Oct. 11th) had good cause

(Continued on page 101)

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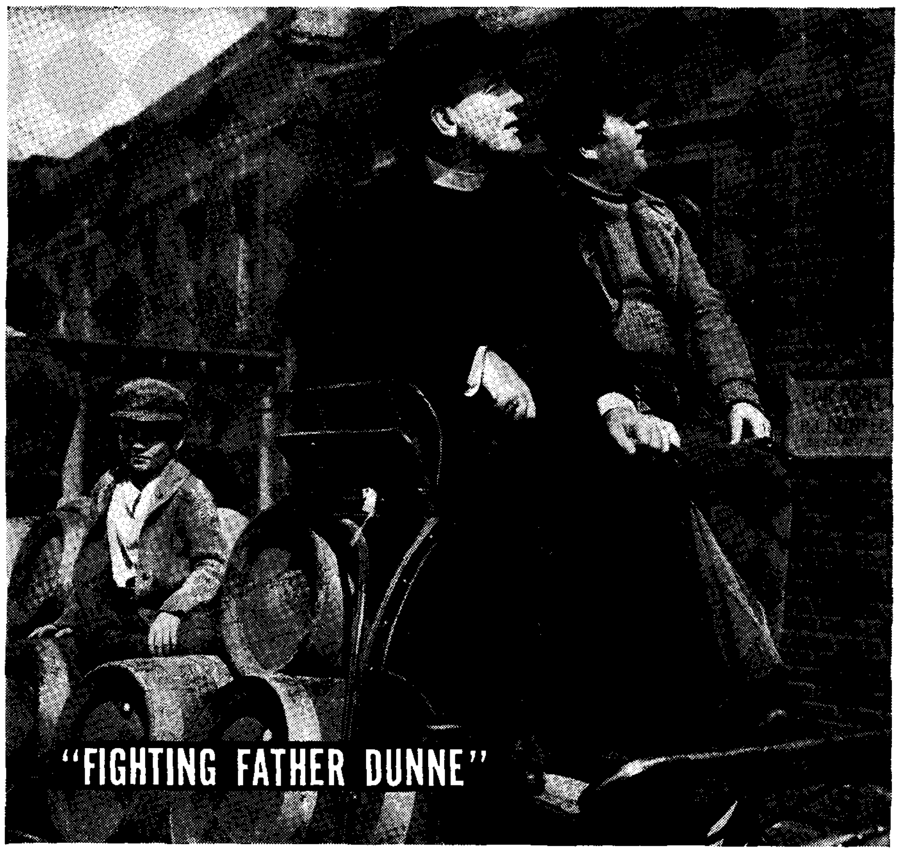
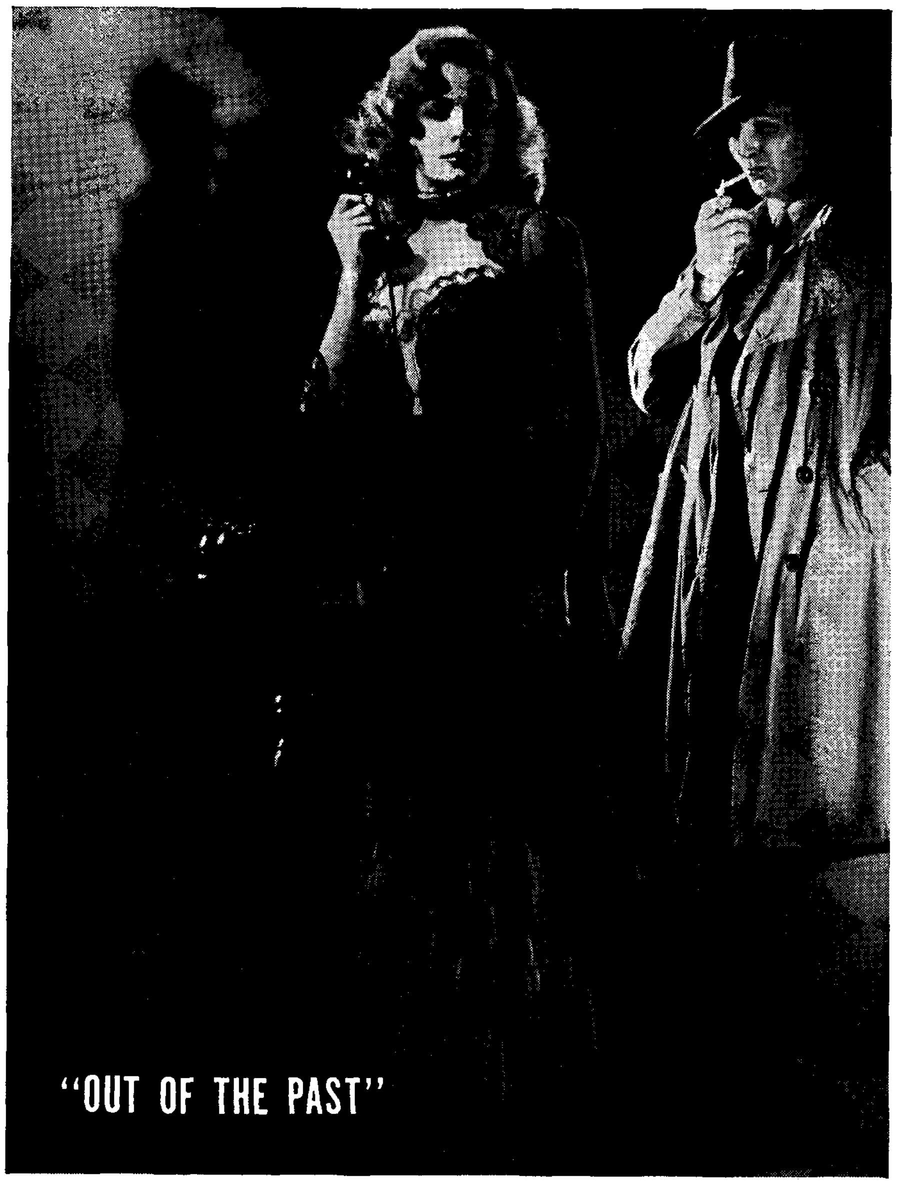
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

"RETURN OF THE BADMEN"

STAKES a claim. RANDOLPH SCOTT takes ANNE JEFFREYS in his arms for a closeup of RKO's *Return of the Badmen*, exciting saga of the great Oklahoma land rush. Star cast includes ROBERT RYAN, GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES, and all the early West's infamous badmen.



BACK in the kind of screen role that made him famous, PAT O'BRIEN looks over the scenery from the driver's seat of a turn-of-the-century brewery wagon, in the title role of RKO's *Fighting Father Dunne*, based on the story of a St. Louis priest who founded a famous Newsboys' Home.

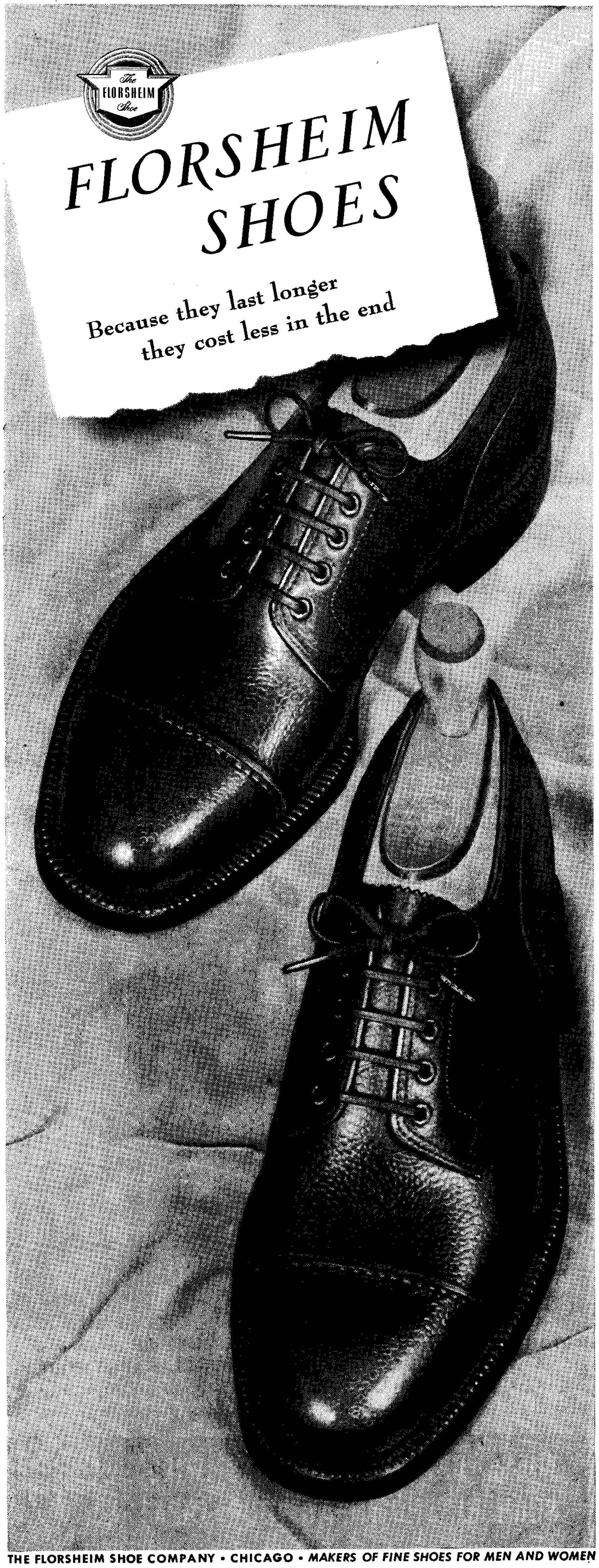


TANGLED PASTS bring them excitement and tragedy. Gangster's moll, JANE GREER, is threatened at gun point by ROBERT MITCHUM, her lover, in his dramatic flight from the underworld. Scene from RKO's *Out of the Past*, based on the best-selling novel "Build My Gallows High."

MOTOR BOAT races at Lake Arrowhead, Calif., hold the attention of DANA ANDREWS, MERLE OBERON, ETHEL BARRYMORE and HOAGY CARMICHAEL. Scenes for their RKO picture, *Night Song*, were filmed in the crisp mountain air, on location at the popular resort.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES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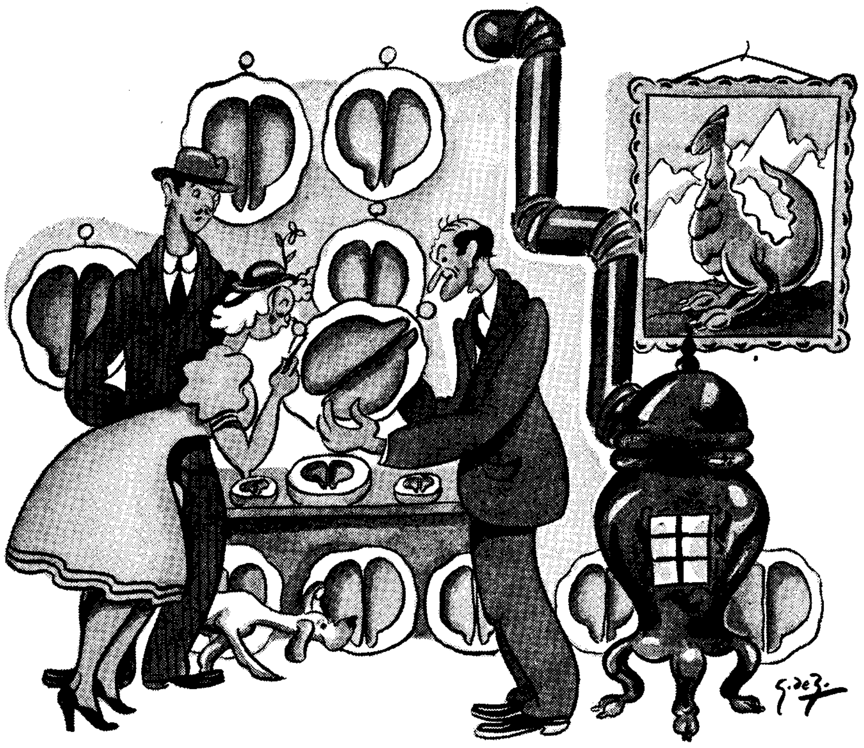
Because they last longer they cost less in the end
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

One of the world's most unusual shops is Nash's Dinosaur Track Establishment in South Hadley, Massachusetts, which handles only the footprints of these extinct reptiles for individuals who purchase them for decorating walks, terraces, fireplaces, etc. Started in 1939, the store carries 15 types of dinosaur tracks which range in length from one to 23 inches and in price from $12 to $70.

For tuning musical instruments, the National Bureau of Standards broadcasts the standard pitch in music, 440 cycles a second for A above middle C, continuously 24 hours a day on a frequency of five megacycles.—*By Alice C. Stein, New York City.*

One of the newest tricks of American magicians uses a guillotine. After a male assistant is locked in the head-holding device, the blade falls and appears to pass through his neck. While the blade does not actually touch him, it does cut in two a stalk of celery placed under his chin.

Few modern burglar alarms are as ingenious as the one in the Chioin Temple in Kyoto, Japan, which was built in the structure when it was erected as a military headquarters in 1697. When the alarm is set, reverberations caused by an intruder walking across the wooden floor produce sounds like the twittering of birds in the rafters. Therefore, he is not aware that his presence is known until he is captured.

Probably the only dry matter that behaves like a liquid is silver sand, used in grinding lithographers' stone. A hole punched in it immediately fills up, and any object that will sink in water will likewise sink in this strange substance.

Since the 7th century, all Mohammedans have faced toward Mecca while saying their five daily prayers to which they are summoned by prayer-callers standing in niches atop mosques likewise oriented toward this holy city. Today in Ruma, Arabia, not far from Mecca, stands the only mosque that still preserves its niche facing toward Jerusalem, the original direction of prayer of the Moslem world.

Some years ago at Harvard, a psychology professor conducted a test among 1,484 persons to determine the power of suggestion. Before them in various-sized groups, he played two phonograph records of a certain symphony, asking the listeners to state which rendition they preferred. Fifty-nine per cent concurred with the "critics" who, he said, favored the second one; and 96 per cent did not realize that the recordings were identical.—*By Virginia Ford, Rochester, Minn.*

Until a short time ago, the Kaffirs, a tribe of South Africa, employed a naïve method of cleansing the blackened name of a young criminal. They would shout it into a kettle of hot water, clap down the lid and let it soak for a number of days.

Among the rare circus acts which are now being performed in this country is that of a wild-animal trainer who makes a full-grown lion gallop around a ring while he rides on its back, steadying himself by clutching its mane.

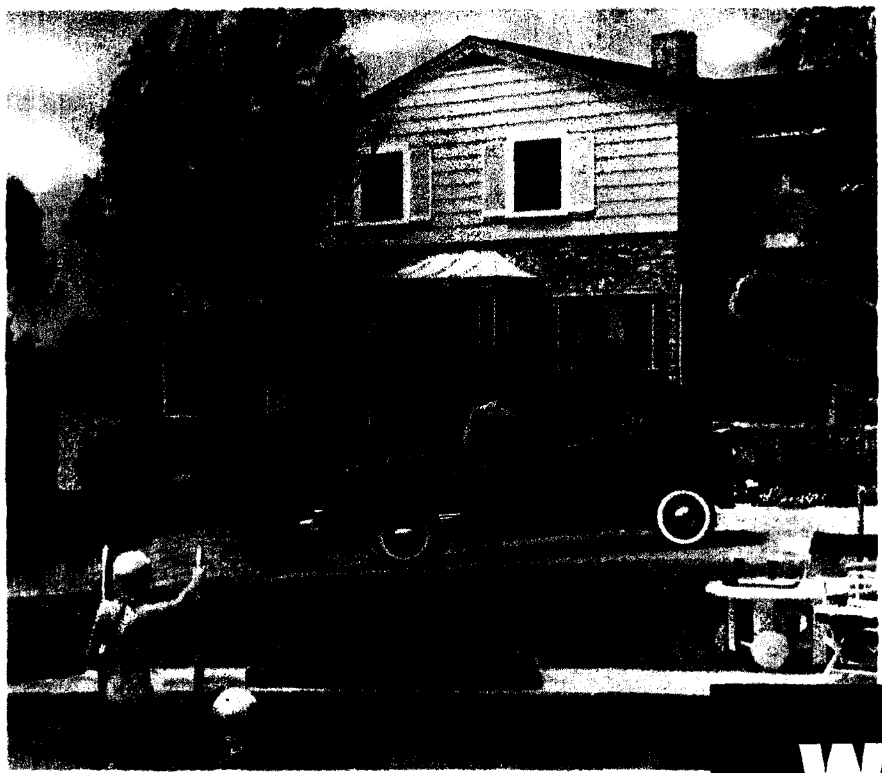
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

1. This mountain-top house overlooking Hollywood is the home of two young screen stars. Mr. R., who was once a sports writer, appeared in over twenty pictures before his U.S. Cavalry service. His next starring vehicle for Warner Bros. is "The Voice of the Turtle." Mrs. R. is also a Warner Bros. star. She played memorable roles in "Night and Day" and "Cheyenne."

They relax with drives in their new car to the beaches at Malibu and Laguna. They say they always use "Ethyl" gasoline because, "Our car is one of the family, and we want it to be happy."

2. The "most celebrated Wagnerian tenor of our generation" lives in this glass-walled home overlooking the San Fernando Valley. He made his opera debut in Copenhagen and in 1946 celebrated his twentieth anniversary as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He established himself as a movie comedian in "Thrill of a Romance" and "Two Sisters from Boston," and will soon appear in "This Time For Keeps."

He is six feet four, weighs 220, and uses "Ethyl" gasoline in his car because, "A car that has to carry a big man like me needs extra power."



WHO LIVES HERE?

Well-known people live in these houses . . . see if you can guess who they are

3. A leading illustrator owns this farmhouse in Bucks County, Pa. He was born in Plattsmouth, Neb., and received his art training in Kansas City and New York. He is best known for his Saturday Evening Post covers portraying ball parks, soda fountains, small town main streets and other Americana.

He spends much of his time touring in search of subjects for his paintings. On long trips he drives a 1941 convertible; closer to home he uses a 1947 two-seater. He buys "Ethyl" gasoline for both cars because, "I practically live on wheels . . . and 'Ethyl' gasoline makes life a lot pleasanter."

How many did you get right? Read this for the correct names:

You've probably noticed that the three home-owners we've described have one thing in common—they all use "Ethyl" gasoline. However, that isn't much of a clue to a person's identity. There are millions of Americans who believe that it pays to use "Ethyl" gasoline for power, performance and all-round satisfaction.

But from the other facts given, you might have guessed that the people who live in these houses are: 1. Ronald Reagan—Jane Wyman 2. Lauritz Melchior 3. John Falter.

Why do these famous people look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark? Simply because they want the best performance from their cars. Oil companies place the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on gasoline pumps to identify their best gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, New York.

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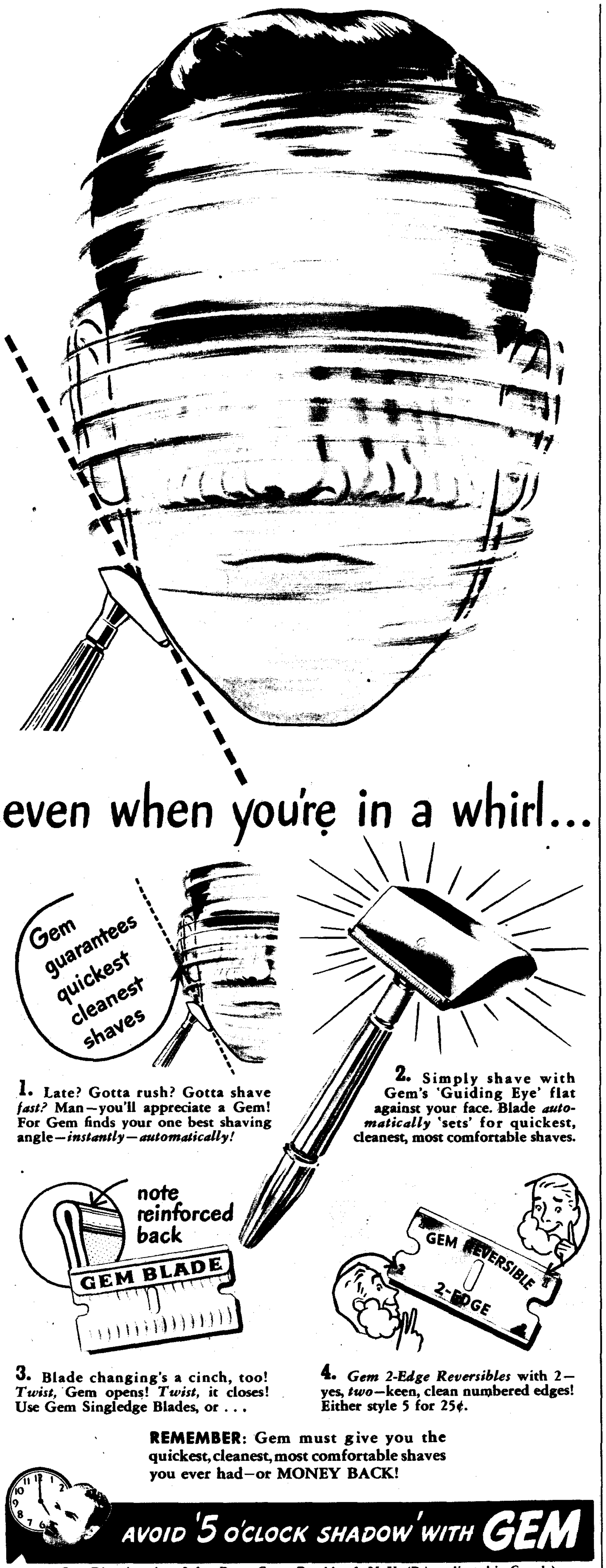
TRADE-MARK



even when you're in a whirl...

1. Late? Gotta rush? Gotta shave *fast?* Man—you'll appreciate a Gem! For Gem finds your one best shaving angle—*instantly*—*automatically!*

2. Simply shave with Gem's 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face. Blade *automatically* 'sets' for quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

3. Blade changing's a cinch, too! *Twist,* Gem opens! *Twist,* it closes! Use Gem Singledge Blades, or . . .

4. *Gem 2-Edge Reversibles* with 2—yes, *two*—keen, clean numbered edges! Either style 5 for 25¢.

REMEMBER: Gem must give you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—or MONEY BACK!

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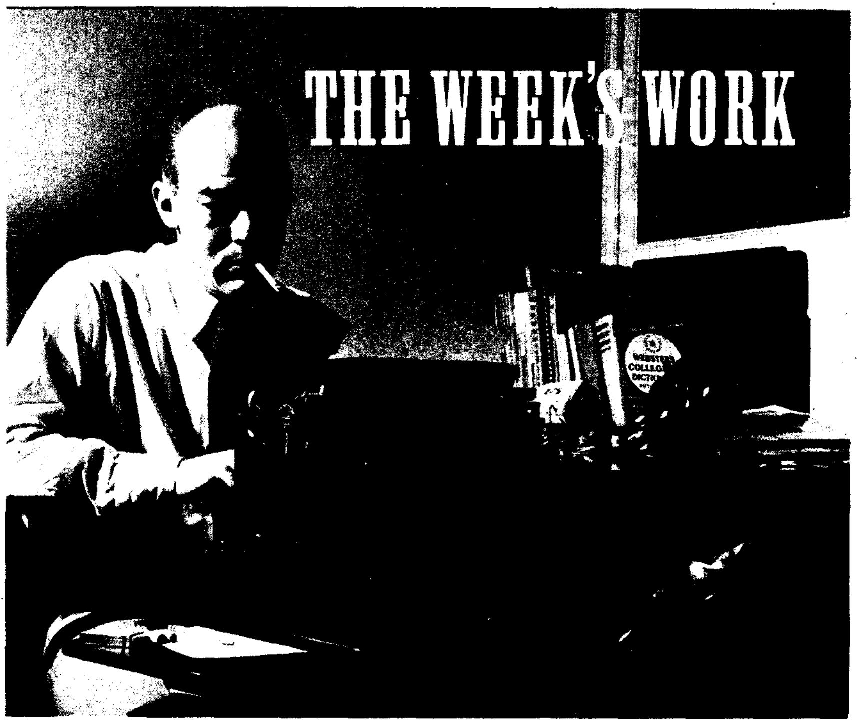
Gem Div., American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn 1, N. Y. (Price adjusted in Canada)

THE WEEK'S WORK



CURT GUNTHER

Wilfred Weiss—the man you can see right through

WILFRED WEISS (Grease Paint and Gongs, p. 24) calls himself the Embarrassed Writer. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, Wilfred hasn't what he terms the writer's background. He was never a sandhog, deck hand or Mississippi gambler. "I don't seem to have done a damned thing except write," he mourns. "As a youngster I was lazy and dumb, and being lazy, I decided to be a writer, which shows how dumb I was."

To attain the ignorant depths of literature, Weiss rode the elevators to class at New York University in an office building resembling a noodle factory, worked on papers and trade sheets for a time, then in time jockeyed one of Uncle Sam's tanks. "After five months they discovered that I am actually the guy in the joke," he reveals. "You can look in one of my ears and see out the other—two punctured eardrums."

So this Partchian Man With the Hole in his Head wound up working for the Camp Hood, Texas, paper eventually, married to a displaced newspaper person from Oklahoma.

After the war Weiss teamed up with Curt Gunther, object: to improve Collier's. "We thought of several approaches," says Weiss, "including sending Mr. Davenport a rose a day for 47 days. We were afraid, though, that he might have rose fever. And then I came through with a brilliant idea: Let's offer them some good story ideas!"

The Chinese theater was a natural for Weiss, who has become slant-eyed frequenting it over the years. "Maybe I didn't discover the Chinese theater, but I'll bet I've gone there more than anyone else in New York. I like the music, and the pantomime and symbolism."

Everything was going fine till Gunther set up his cameras backstage. Then all the actors disappeared. Weiss pleaded, promised in basic Cantonese a choice of three Collier's editors' autographs.

But it was no go, till someone explained the actors thought the boys were making fun of them. When Weiss convinced them of his seriousness, everything became Hung Kee Door Hee. Weiss later remarked that Ip Fat Yar, the troupe's leading actor, was as good a comedian as Hollywood's best. "Ah," sighed Ip, "I'd love to go Hollywood. But I never talk enough to go Hollywood."

THE story Golf Is a Game (p. 11) came to our Mr. Quentin Reynolds last September when the boys in the press box at the National Singles championships at Forest Hills began arguing whether the amateur died richer than the pro. Someone came up with the uncynical reminder that Willie Turnesa, the '47 British Amateur champion, worked eight hours a day as a salesman to support his wife and kids, and played golf sheerly for the fun and bunions in it.

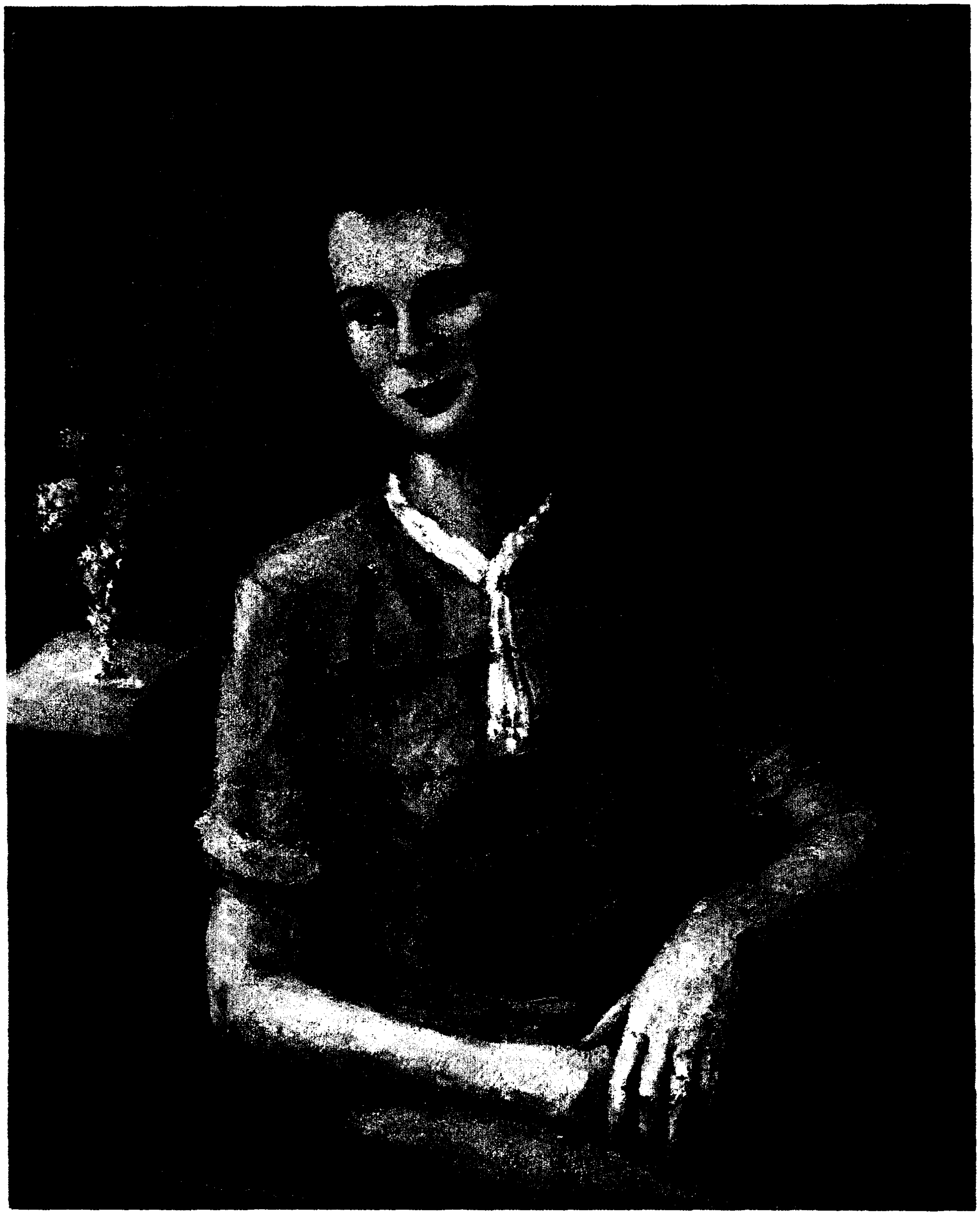
So Quent got to thinking what would happen if a lad, raised by a wealthy dad to be a champion, found himself twenty-six with nothing more educated than a bag of clubs. "The story is really a tribute to Willie, who has never been subsidized by a rich dad or enthusiast," Quent says.

THE question invariably arises whether the gnarled neck of the venerable Herbert Asbury (Clipping the Clip Artists, p. 77) has ever been endangered in his long career of exposing the underworld. The answer is: once. Some years ago, one of the racketeers mentioned in Mr. Asbury's Gangs of New York invaded the publisher's office, demanded loudly to see his biographer. He overturned a few filing cabinets and desks but couldn't find Asbury, who had sensibly retired to somewhere in Brooklyn.

"Friends," reveals Mr. Asbury, "contacted the gangster and talked him into the belief that the book was great publicity. The upshot was I lived—and he bought fifty copies!"

This week's cover: Taffy and Tuffy. Ektachromist Joseph Rustan sent out search parties to bring in two cockers who looked like protective brother and younger sister.

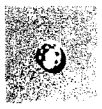
Two different pet shops produced Taffy and Tuffy, who romped about Rustan's studio till they became bosom pals and sleepy. Rustan used various noisemakers and a few lumps of hamburgers to keep them awake and Fidogenic. . . . TED SHANE



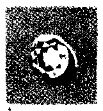
Mrs. Richard Knight, formerly Miss Ann Philbrick, of Greenwich, Connecticut — painted by Peter Lauck

A tradition without change is the proud engagement diamond that gives shining emphasis to life's most joyous pledge. To be treasured ever, the diamond you choose need not be costly or of many carats, but it should be fine as earth affords. Since color, cutting and clarity contribute also to its beauty and value, a trusted jeweler should assist in its selection.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



One-quarter Carat $85 to $230



One-half Carat $230 to $500

One Carat $590 to $1135

Two Carats $1450 to $3450

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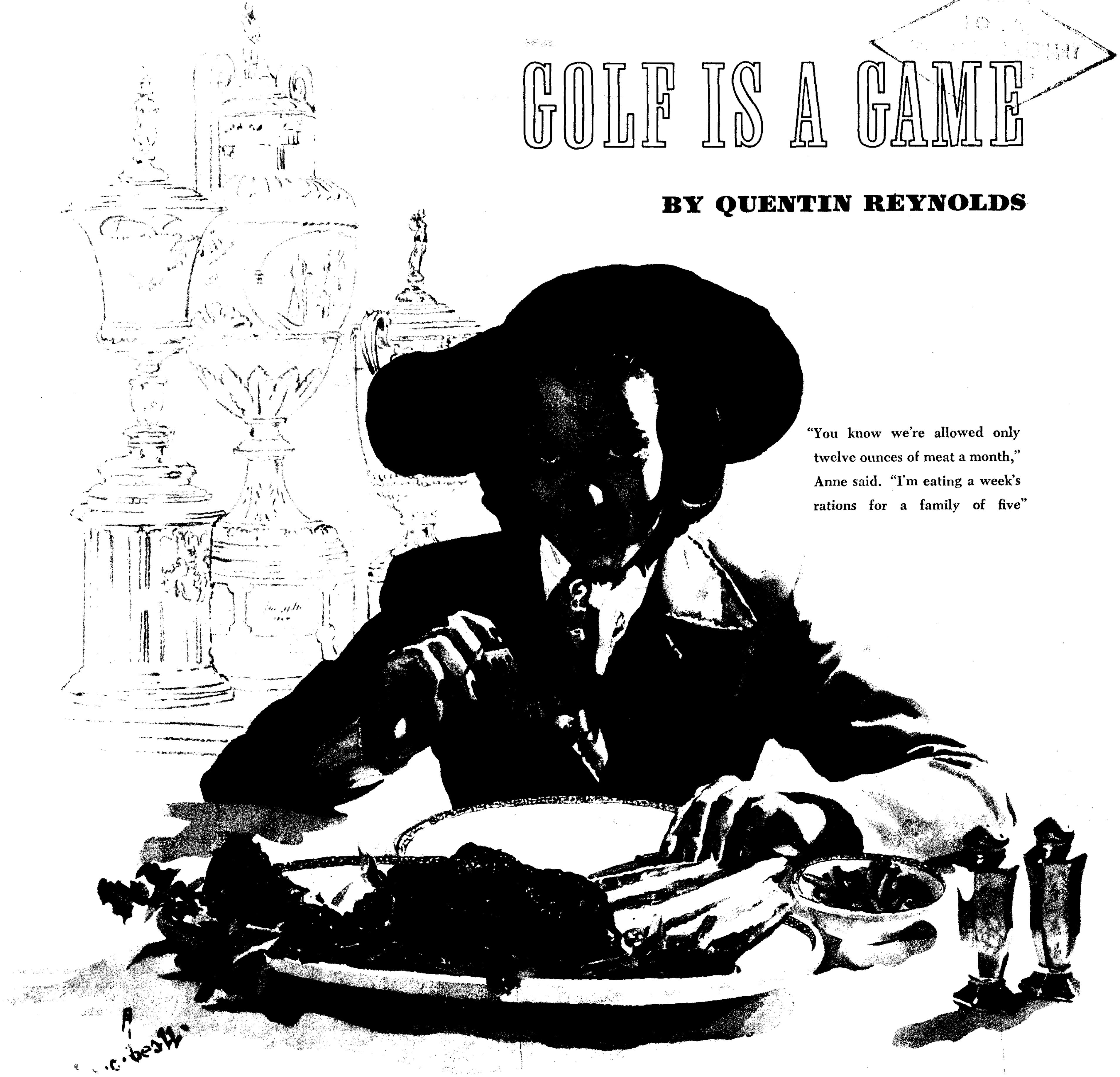
GOLF IS A GAME

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



"You know we're allowed only twelve ounces of meat a month," Anne said. "I'm eating a week's rations for a family of five"

It wasn't his fault that he was only a champion of champions

IT HAD been quite a day, all right. They said that the reception coming up lower Broadway was as big as the one given Gertrude Ederle when she returned after swimming the Channel back in 1923. Then at City Hall the mayor had made a speech and had given me a scroll.

Now the official dinner at the Waldorf was almost over. They had brought in a huge cake. On top of the cake was the figure of a golfer, supposed to be me. He was swinging a club and I couldn't help noticing that the pastry cook had made the mistake of having the left arm of the figure bent. This seemed very funny to me and to Father, because everyone knows that in driving you always keep your left arm straight. Anyhow, champions do. I had just returned from England with the British Amateur and British Open in my pocket; I hadn't won those titles by bending my left arm in the middle of my drive.

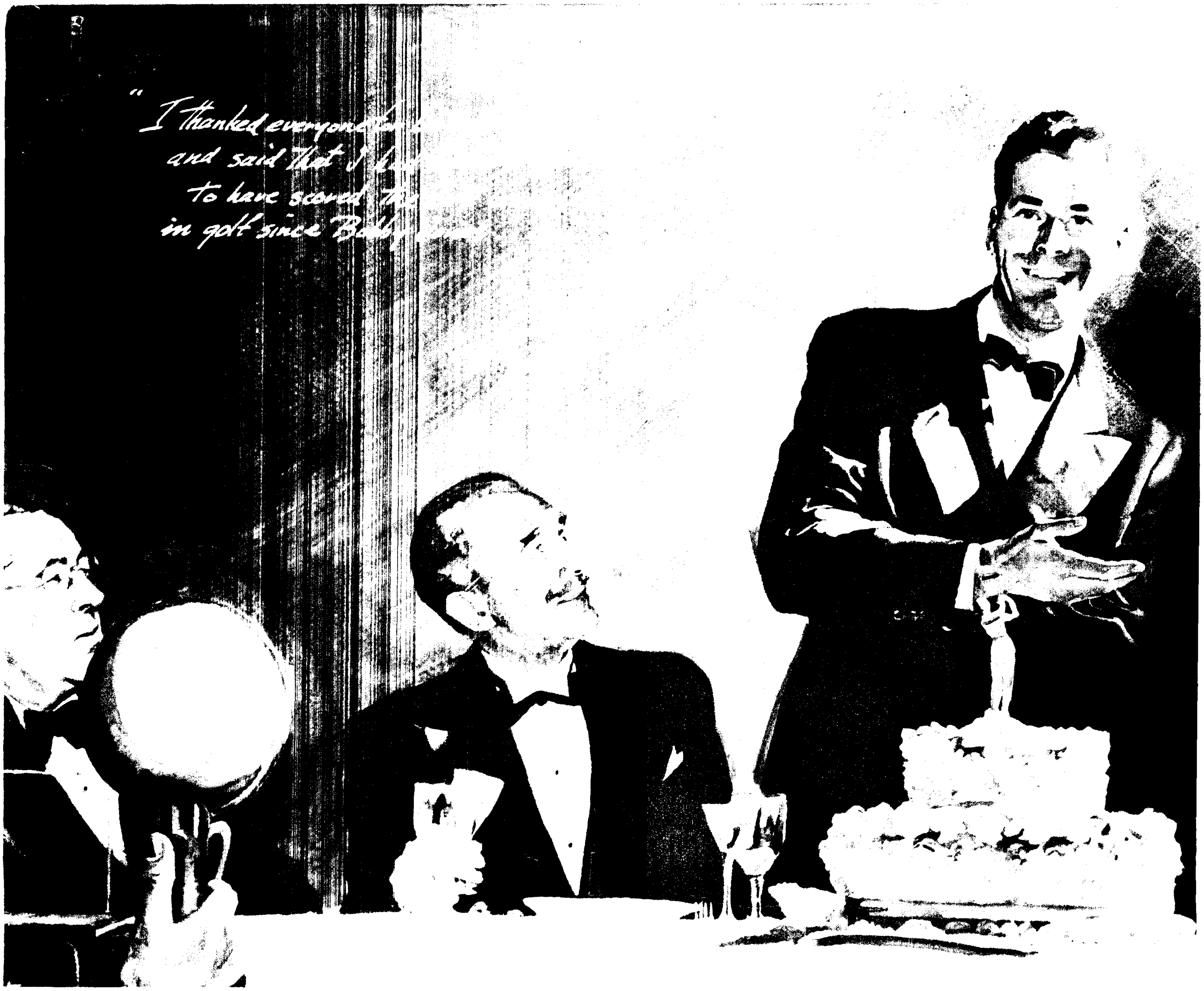
"Maybe the pastry cook never played golf," I said to Father.

"I suppose it's possible, Ronnie." Certainly everyone Father and I knew played golf. Even Father's chauffeur played golf. He had a bad tendency to overshoot the green on approach shots, but at least he played.

Anyhow, everyone had a piece of the cake and then the speeches began. Bobby Jones had come up from Atlanta for the dinner and he said a lot of nice things. I guess if he hadn't given up tournament golf to become a lawyer he would still be winning titles, but for some strange reason he quit a few years ago. Father always felt that Bobby had been somehow disloyal to the game.

Walter Hagen, looking as young as when he had won his last British Open in 1929, made a speech too; and then they called on me. I just thanked everyone for being so kind and said that I had been very lucky to have scored the first Grand Slam in golf since Bobby Jones had done it in 1930, and that it was all due to my father. I added that I did the putting for the family and that Father did the talking. Then Father got up and they certainly raised the roof. They all loved him. I was as proud of him as he seemed to be of me.

Father was very much at home on his feet. His white hair and his tightly clipped white mustache somehow seemed to accentuate not his age but his youthfulness. Father was sixty, but he looked much younger. He was tall and thin-stomached. He was a man who took care of himself. Rain or shine he



played his eighteen holes every day and he'd give par a fight on any course in the country.

"This dinner is not in honor of Ronald Reeves, Sr.," Father began. "It is to honor Ronald Reeves, Jr., the world's greatest golfer."

I squirmed a little at that, but everyone applauded. I looked apologetically at Table No. 11 in front of the dais. Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Byron Nelson, and a couple of other golfing greats were sitting there. Gene Sarazen caught my eye and winked, and I felt better. They were all very fine guys and they realized that I wasn't responsible for my father's overenthusiasm, though I suppose, at that, Father was right.

"There are those who say that Ronnie was born with a silver spoon in his mouth," Father went on. "Well, they are right. But he has used the spoon to good advantage, especially during those seventy-two holes at St. Andrews."

They laughed at that. It was the kind of joke that only golfers would laugh at, but these men (all eight hundred of them) were all golfers or golf fans. I didn't laugh much, because when he mentioned St. Andrews that naturally made me think of Anne Jarvis, and something like a needle scratched across my brain, and for a moment I closed my eyes tight to shut out the pain. My father's voice droned on. He was telling of how he had dedicated my life to golf since the day I was born.

"There is no such thing as a natural born golfer," Father said, and every man in the room was leaning forward, listening with great interest; for when Father talked golf even the greatest professionals listened with respect.

"You are not born with any golfing know-how. You must learn the use of the various clubs the way a surgeon learns the use of the different instruments he uses. To be a champion you must devote your life to the game. When Ronnie was born I decided that I would make him the world's greatest golfer. When he was ten he was taking lessons. Tommy Armour was teaching him iron play; Alex Gerard was teaching him how to drive; and Horton Smith was teaching him to putt. While other youngsters his age were playing golf, Ronnie was learning golf."

It went on and on, and I kept my hands clenched, thinking of Anne Jarvis and of the careless way she brushed her hair back with her hand and of how sometimes she laughed with her eyes alone, and of her soft voice. I wished Father would hurry. I wanted to be alone. Well, Father finally drew to a close.

"For twenty-six years I have had but one ambition," Father said. "I wanted Ronnie to be the champion I never was. He has become that champion. When Ronnie sank that last putt at St. Andrews to win the British Open—well, that was the happiest day of my life. And I know it was the happiest day of Ronnie's life."

FATHER sat down and the applause rolled over the speakers' table. There were cheers, and dozens of men came up and shook my hand and then finally I managed to say, "Father, I'm licked. I'm going to bed." Then I ran. I ran to an elevator and then I was alone in our suite. The morning papers were already there. Father had ordered them to be sent up as soon as they arrived. Both the News and the Mirror had pictures of me on their front pages. So did the Tribune.

I dropped the papers on the floor and walked over to a portable bar Father had installed in the living room. I poured a very stiff drink of Scotch, added a little soda and walked to the window. Our suite was on the forty-third floor of the Waldorf. I watched the red and green lights changing on Park Avenue. Park Avenue was long and straight. It reminded me of the fairways at Pebble Beach. They were like that, long and straight and narrow. Unless you were very careful you could lose a lot of balls on that course. I remembered the sixty-nine I'd shot there to win the California Open. . . .

People down there in the streets would be reading the morning papers now—it was just midnight—and they'd be reading about Ronnie Reeves, Jr. They'd be saying enviously, "There's the luckiest guy in the world. He's rich and he's good-looking and he's the greatest golfer in the world. Yeah, he's got everything." I gulped down my drink and then poured another. I took off my coat and my tie and sat down in the most expensive and luxurious suite the Waldorf had to offer, and told myself I was the luckiest guy in the world, and then I called myself a liar. Two

drinks later I heard myself saying miserably, "I don't understand, Anne. I just don't understand. What have I done?" Then from a long way off I could hear Anne laughing, but very gently, and I heard her voice saying again, "Nothing, Ronnie boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

I MET Anne two days after Father and I had landed in London. We were staying at the Claridge, of course. The phone rang and a girl's voice said, "This is Anne Jarvis of the Daily Express. I've been assigned to do a feature article about you, Mr. Reeves. Could I see you?"

I said, "Any time. Come on up now if you're in the neighborhood."

"As a matter of fact," said the voice, "I'm in the lobby."

"We're in 806, 807, and 808," I said, and hung up.

Two minutes later there was a knock on the door. I opened it and Anne Jarvis walked into my life. When I first went to England I had the usual American conception of all English girls having bad teeth, wearing very low-heeled shoes and being generally pretty dowdy. But this was my third trip to England (the other two were to play Walker Cup matches) and now I knew better. So I wasn't surprised when I saw Anne Jarvis. Anne had big soft eyes and that creamy complexion that only English girls seem to have. I suppose it's because the sun is kinder in England. It doesn't turn a girl's skin into leather as it does in Miami or California. Anne Jarvis smiled amiably and said, "You're kind to see me, Mr. Reeves."

"Sure, come in, sit down," I said.

"I know this is a bore for you. You are always being interviewed. But my editor is a big hands-across-the-sea boy. He thinks golfers and tennis players are ambassadors of good will or something. So I have to write a story about you."

"I hope it won't be too much trouble," I said stiffly.

"Actually, no. I mean, it won't be much trouble." She sat down. "I mean, I've looked up the clippings on you and I know all the factual stuff. So if you'll just say a few bright things I can tag on, why, I'm all set."

"Would you like some tea?" I asked.

"Not really. What is that I see over there?"

I followed her glance. It was directed toward a bar Father had set up in one corner of the living room. I don't mean that Father was a great drinker, but he was gregarious and he was a good host. I walked to the bar.

"I guess there's about everything here," I said almost apologetically. "Would you like a drink?"

"I would indeed," Anne Jarvis said, smiling. "I see a bottle of twelve-year-old Scotch. That's something you never see in London any more."

"Father brought all this from home," I told her.

"So that's where our good whisky goes," she said. "A fine thing. May I have a glass of it?"

"A glass of it?" I said, startled.

Her eyes widened. "Yes, please. I don't mean a big glass. And with some water, please. Not too much."

I FIXED her a drink and poured a glass of Evian water for myself. I brought her drink to her and then sat beside her on the couch.

"Are you making me drink alone?" she asked.

I was a little embarrassed. "Well, you know how it is. The Amateur is only a week away. Golf and drinking don't mix."

"Really now, Mr. Reeves, where did you get that quaint notion? Golf is a game born and bred in Scotland. And I am sure every Scotsman is born with a golf club in one hand and a dram of whisky in the other. I know my father was."

"Tournament golf is tough," I reminded her. "Especially match play. Two weeks from now I'll have to wade through a field of some hundred or so golfers. I couldn't do it on Scotch."

She looked at me and somehow I felt that her eyes were laughing at me a bit mockingly.

"Let's get the interview over with," she said, taking out a paper and a pencil. "You're the son of the ever-so-rich Ronald Reeves of Ronald Reeves and Company, investment bankers. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"He trained you from boyhood to be a golf champion. You won the intercollegiate title twice while you were at Harvard. When you were twenty-one you won the United States Amateur and you've won it three times. This year you won the United States Amateur and the United States Open championships—the first time any golfer has done this since the days of Bobby Jones. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"Well"—she smiled—"that takes care of the unimportant details. Now let's get down to something more important."

"I can't think of anything more important than winning America's two major golf titles," I said, annoyed.

She laughed. "You're sweet," she said, and then she stopped laughing and a funny look came into her eyes. "But—you meant that, didn't you? And I thought you were kidding. You actually meant it."

"Yes, I meant it." I was puzzled at her attitude.

"You're twenty-six, aren't you?" she said quietly.

I nodded.

"What do you do?" she asked curiously.

"I play golf," I said. "Tournament golf is—well, it's a full-time job."

"You don't earn a living?" There was an incredulous note in her voice.

"My grandfather attended to that about eighty years ago. And Father carried on. It would seem rather silly for me to go out and make money when Father has more than he and I can ever spend."

Just then Father walked in. He had heard my last remark. I introduced him to Anne Jarvis and he turned on his charm.

Within two minutes she was laughing at Father's jokes and having another drink.

"It's about seven," Father said. "Why not have dinner up here with us, Miss Jarvis? I've already ordered it. All they have to do is to set the table for three instead of for two."

"Well—I ought to be—" she hesitated.

"Please," I butted in, a little panicky. "How can you write a story about a man you've never dined with? And we can promise you a very good dinner, can't we, Father?"

"I won't take no for an answer," Father said firmly, reaching for the phone. And that's how I happened to get to know Anne Jarvis better.

The fact that she was beautiful didn't excite me. I was accustomed to beautiful girls. It seemed sometimes as though the parents of half the lovely girls in America were tossing their daughters my way, but I knew they did it with one eye on Father's money, so I had developed if not an allergy, at least a protective armor against beauty. But Anne had more than beauty. She had a quick intelligence. Her face was never in repose; it reflected everything that she was thinking. I think she was more *alive* than anyone I have ever known.

ANNE and Father covered every subject from the World Bank to a speech that Hugh Dalton, Minister of Trade, had made the night before.

"It's so refreshing," Anne said, laughing up at Father, "to find a person with whom you haven't a thing in common."

"I agree," Father laughed. "But that is the first thing we *have* agreed on."

"You forget, we voted you out of office two years ago," Anne twinkled. "You and Winston and John Anderson and Sam Hoare and Anthony Eden and the whole sad lot of you."

"We Tories die many times," Father laughed. "But you always forget to bury us. And then one day you look up and there we are again—"

"But," I interrupted, "you're not a Tory, Father. You're a Republican."

The waiter announced dinner then, so we went into the dining room. Anne blinked when she saw a dozen oysters on the plate in front of her.

"They're so large," she said, looking at Father.

"Larger than your Colchesters," he laughed. "These are Chesapeakes. Had them flown over."

"Don't you like oysters, Ronnie?" Anne said, looking at me. I didn't miss the "Ronnie." That, I liked.

"Oysters aren't on Ronnie's diet right now," Father said.

"What in heaven's name is that?" Anne pointed to my glass.

Father said, "An idea of mine. I've been having Ronnie drink that for some time now. It's a combination of vegetable juices: parsley, celery, beets, carrots, plus some iron extract; a lot of vitamins."

"Looks frightening," she said, making a face.

"It isn't bad," I told her, but I must say I looked a bit enviously at the oysters she and Father were eating.

"To play big-time golf," Father told

(Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

LET'S REBUILD OUR BUILDING

Behind the housing shortage is more than high costs. Our outdated local building codes are largely suitable for building a fire under your own City Hall

THE home-loving fellow who finds himself unable to scrape together enough postwar fifty-cent dollars to build, buy or rent the new house of his dreams shouldn't slap all the blame on the high price of materials and labor. A significant part of the difference between what you can afford and the price of the shelter you desire often lies in the excessive requirements and economy-killing restrictions of your home town's building code.

Your local code is supposed to confine itself to protecting life, limb, property and sometimes morals, by requiring that houses and other buildings be sturdy, healthy and safe. But in many of the 2,000 American municipalities which have building codes their provisions pad the incomes of contractors, coddle manufacturers and dealers in certain materials, favor craftsmen whose unions are politically wise, and butter the bread of other smart fellows who know their way around City Hall.

When it comes to political preferment in the building business, St. Louis' love—and Denver's too—is like a red, red brick, Chicago's is plaster, New York's, an expensive surplusage of structural steel and extra traps and vents for the plumbing. In Ed Crump's Memphis, which occupies a wide clearing between the piny woods of Tennessee and the hardwood forests of Arkansas, the code favors frame construction—which brickmaking Denver completely outlaws.

The building regulations of Birmingham, the Pittsburgh of the South, have been called the finest piece of propaganda the steel industry ever wrote. In such glassmaking towns as Toledo and Newark, Ohio, the codes encourage the employment of structural glass blocks.

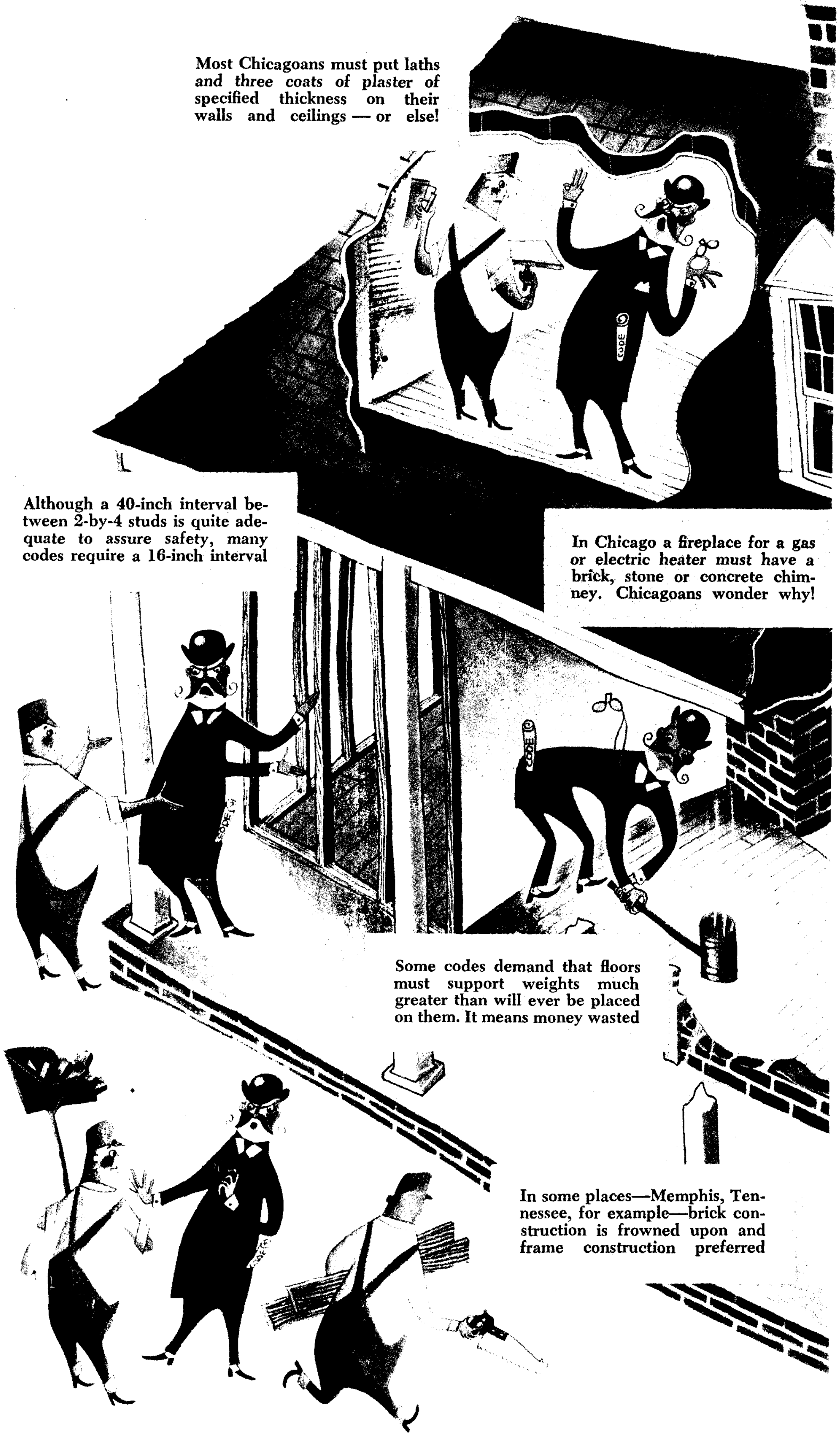
There is no such thing as a national building code nor is one likely unless the Constitution is amended to make way for it. Only Massachusetts has a modern state code concerned with dwellings. Just a few weeks old, it opens the door to new products and processes for building houses whenever these innovations have proven they can stand the gaff of nature and man's carelessness just as well as the old conventional materials and methods. Elsewhere, under the existing American system, a building code—and the punishment it can inflict upon the housebuilder's pocketbook—is usually a home-town affair.

As things stand today, the inventor, the manufacturer and the dealer in the newer building materials may have to travel from town to town, call on each mayor, get the ear of an influential alderman, plead with and be pleasant to the city council, whose members may not know a joist from a joint, and talk cold, cold turkey with the building commissioner before he can hope to get started to first base with his product.

And often the city's bosses will reject it, sometimes for political reasons, sometimes because their code is old and restrictive and couldn't make way for an innovation without being rewritten and re-adopted—usually a long, expensive process.

To catch up with the inventions and discoveries of recent years in both materials and building practices most of the existing codes require review and revision. Half of them are over 15 years old, a fourth of them date back 20 years or more. In the opinion of Robert R. Wason, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, every municipal building code in the country is obsolete and ready for the junk pile.

It may be that your home town's code compels you to have unnecessarily thick walls or provide floors for such live loads as won't occur even at your wake. The National Bureau of Standards and most



Most Chicagoans must put laths and *three* coats of plaster of specified thickness on their walls and ceilings — or else!

Although a 40-inch interval between 2-by-4 studs is quite adequate to assure safety, many codes require a 16-inch interval

In Chicago a fireplace for a gas or electric heater must have a brick, stone or concrete chimney. Chicagoans wonder why!

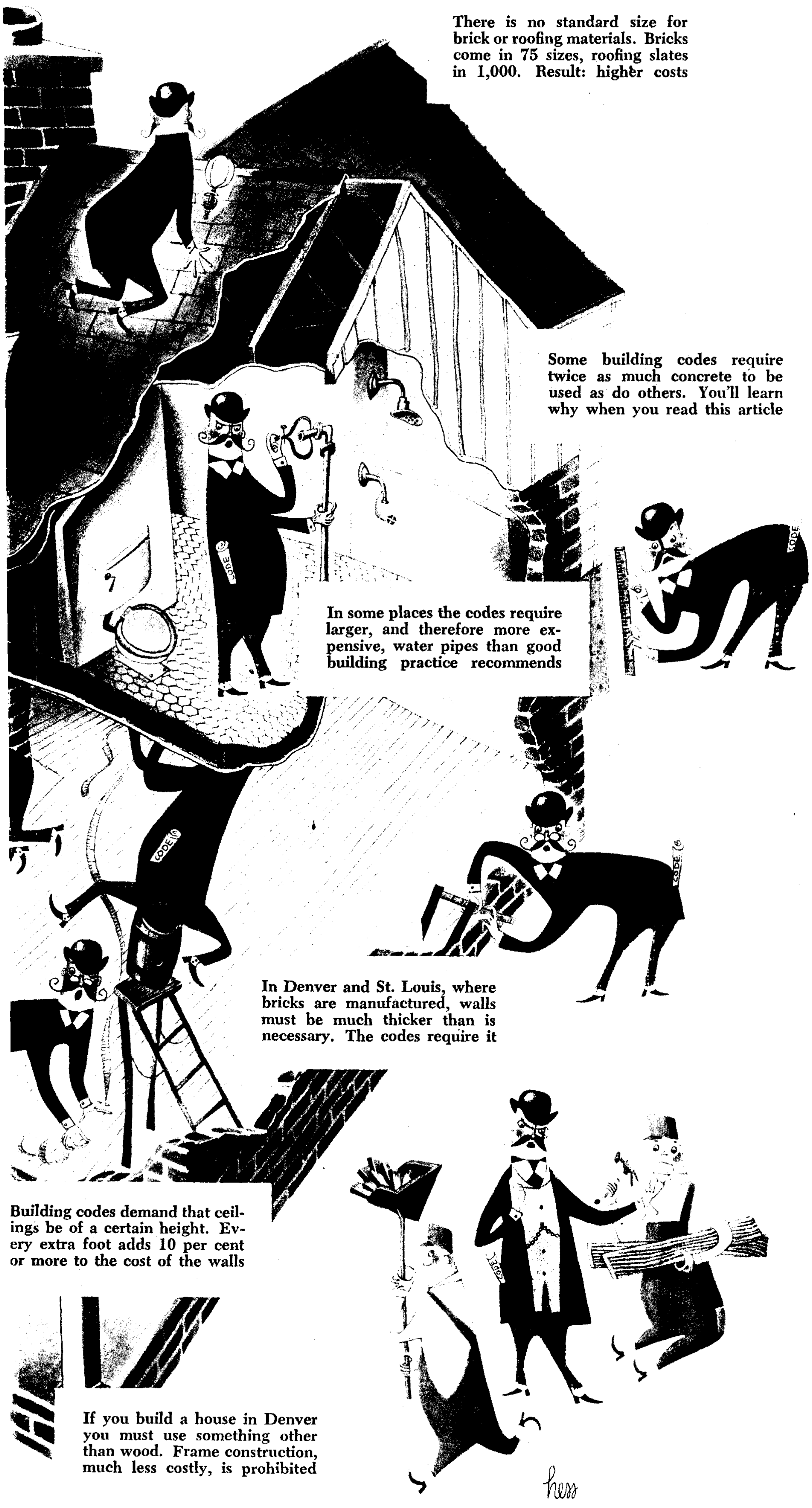
Some codes demand that floors must support weights much greater than will ever be placed on them. It means money wasted

In some places—Memphis, Tennessee, for example—brick construction is frowned upon and frame construction preferred

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

CODES

BY EDWARD ANGLY



There is no standard size for brick or roofing materials. Bricks come in 75 sizes, roofing slates in 1,000. Result: higher costs

Some building codes require twice as much concrete to be used as do others. You'll learn why when you read this article

In some places the codes require larger, and therefore more expensive, water pipes than good building practice recommends

In Denver and St. Louis, where bricks are manufactured, walls must be much thicker than is necessary. The codes require it

Building codes demand that ceilings be of a certain height. Every extra foot adds 10 per cent or more to the cost of the walls

If you build a house in Denver you must use something other than wood. Frame construction, much less costly, is prohibited

testing agencies have found that an eight-inch brick wall is sufficiently sturdy for residences, come fire or wind or homemade hoopla. But brickmaking Denver requires a twelve-inch wall, brickmaking St. Louis sixteen inches. If their two civic shields should show the wisest of the three little pigs rampant, that of Chicago ought to display a plasterer's trowel sinister—very sinister. With few exceptions, the Chicagoan must put laths and three coats of plaster of specified thickness on his walls and ceilings—or else.

An unsophisticated engineer whose blueprints failed to allow for the pulls and stresses of City Hall politics might wonder why the Windy City requires a two-story house to be capable of bearing the same wind load as a twenty-five-story skyscraper. Or why Chicago restricts masonry to six materials that were good enough in grandfather's day—or in Al Capone's.

A Chicago fireplace for gas or electric heater must have a brick, stone or concrete chimney. Plumbing pipes must measure an inch larger—and thus are costlier—than those recommended by the National Bureau of Standards as adequate for the health and safety of all non-Chicagoans. The protected area in which it is forbidden to erect wooden houses covers nearly nine tenths of the city. Yet amid the Loop's heavy masonry walls some new shops and air lines' ticket offices are shielded only by unbraced glass sides fifteen feet high.

Seek Adoption of New Code for Chicago

Three years ago the Chicago Association of Commerce, through the Pierce Foundation, sponsored a critical study of the city's building code by an outside engineer, Howard Vermilya. On the basis of his findings others are now hammering out a proposed substitute in the hope that a new regime in Chicago's City Hall will adopt it. Meanwhile many a gouged builder has moved away to the suburbs with his saw and hammer—and checkbook. Building permits in Chicago were 23 per cent lower in the first half of 1947 than for the same months of 1946—and the whole country was slipping further and further away from the supposed goal of a million new homes a year.

Structural steel made its bow in the '80s and one might suppose that by now, the makers of building codes would be in agreement on just how much stress that stuff can safely undergo. Yet Chicago requires stresses of 24,000 pounds per square inch while New York and Detroit allow 18,000—a 33 per cent difference which can run into uncomfortable sums if one is putting up a skyscraper, spacious plant or large apartment pueblo. Most model codes recommend 20,000 pounds as par for the course.

Concrete ceased to be a novelty even before the Model T replaced the horse, but some building codes still shy from it. Or perhaps your city hall is excessively fond of the local concrete dealer. In either case one city may require twice as much concrete to be poured for a given purpose as is deemed necessary in the next town down the highway.

Your code probably tells you how high your ceiling should be? How high can your pocketbook follow it? The Department of Commerce and most private agencies which employ experts to brood forty hours a week over the housing situation deem anything in excess of seven feet six inches unnecessary so far as health and security are concerned. Greater height might add to your comfort and pride of possession, or enhance the beauty of your rooms, but every extra foot will add 10 per cent or more to the cost of the walls. Chicago demands an eight-foot ceiling; some cities have been talked into requiring nine feet.

The cost of your floors will depend not only on the material you choose but also on how strong the code orders it made. Even if yours is a family prone to minor domestic rioting or to playing host for the jamborees of all the neighborhood jitterbugs, your floors are never likely to be imposed upon by live loads of as much as 40 pounds a square foot. Some communities fix the load design minimum at 25 pounds, others run as high as 70 or 80. Each increase jacks up the cost of construction. Has your town's building code taken into consideration the allowable stress on your pocket-nerve?

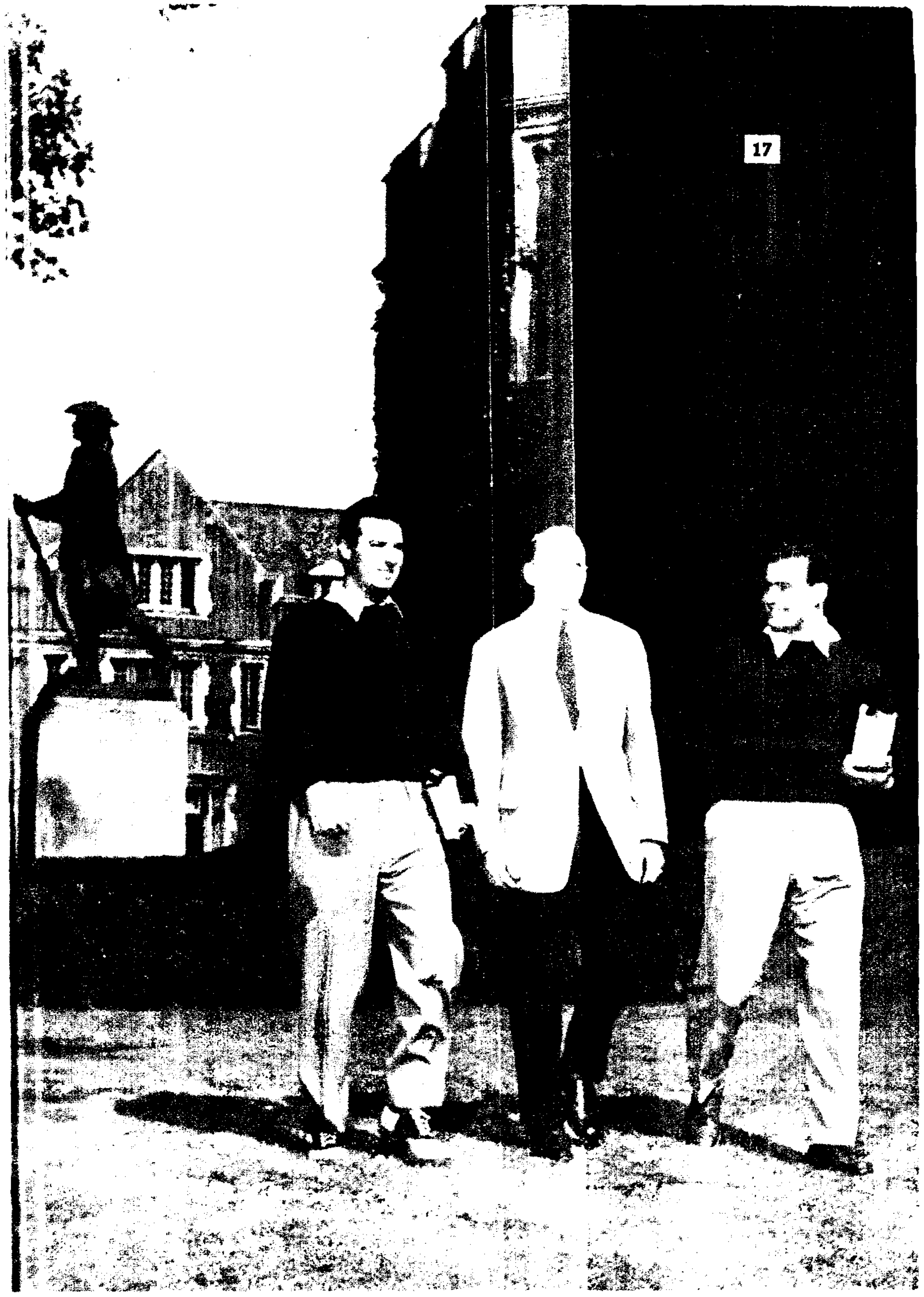
Does your code specify what materials—planks or studs, bricks or plaster, or a fixed weight or size of cast-iron soil pipe—you must use for certain purposes? Or does it leave the way open for such innovations as plastics and *(Continued on page 108)*

MAIN LINE FOOTBALL

George Munger wears a football uniform during games and shouts his head off with the team. Outside of football, fox hunting, a Main Line tradition, is a favorite hobby

BY STANLEY FRANK

Penn's downtown quarterbacks were a gloomy lot when George Munger became grid coach nine seasons ago. But they're all for him now. The kid from the Main Line has made good



With the Ben Franklin statue in the background, Penn's two co-captains, Jerry McCarthy (left) and Bill Luongo (right) pose with Coach George Munger

THE bemused city of Philadelphia, which does not recognize a trend until it is a tradition, is in the curious position of having run fresh out of a civic crusade. It has buried the one bone that sharpened claws and controversy for half a century, by enshrining George Munger as the best football coach the University of Pennsylvania ever has had.

Since Munger has been on the job only nine seasons, this startling unanimity has left the citizens with no local outrages other than municipal mischief and the noxious water system. People never thought they'd see the day anyone, especially the unprepossessing Munger, who had more strikes against him than a coal mine, would pipe down all the football factions that made Penn a populous coaches' graveyard.

The Penn team always has been big business and everybody's business in Philadelphia, unquestionably the football hot spot of America. This distinction is claimed by Columbus, South Bend, Dallas, Atlanta, New Orleans and points worse in California, but it is strictly provincial propaganda. During the last two decades Penn has drawn more customers at home than any other college or professional team. Last year 502,000 fans saw seven games at Franklin Field, an attendance topped throughout the nation only by Michigan with 12,000 more admissions. The smallest crowd of the season was 63,000 for the opener with Lafayette, which Penn figured to win—and did—by 66-0.

Football at Franklin Field always has been as much a social as a sporting event. In the old days, the gridiron between the halves of games served the same purpose for the bon ton of Philadelphia as the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera for New York's 400. Captains of industry got their weekly exercise bowing to gentlemen with impeccable family and financial connections, and their ladies seized the occasion to stage carefully impromptu fashion shows that knocked out more eyes than the advertised attraction. Such amenities have since disappeared, but the Saturday bloodlettings still are *soigné* affairs with choice seat locations handed down as heirlooms from father to son.

Loyal, well-heeled alumni are a great help to a college when tickets are on sale and a promising high-school player is pondering an institution's educational advantages, but they also can make life miserable for the wretch running the football team. In the thirty years preceding Munger's appointment, Penn had eight head coaches and in each instance the skids were greased by alumni agitation.

With 24,000 graduates in metropolitan Philadelphia, there were more cliques at Penn than the Pentagon saw at the peak of the war. Coaches were fired because they ignored amateur strategists who didn't know an off-tackle play from Adam's off ox, because they neglected to favor players belonging to certain fraternities and even because they weren't very good coaches.

Meddling was such an accepted practice that downtown quarterbacks were given official status as advisory coaches from 1902 to 1915. The end of that nonsensical setup did little to halt the sniping from the side lines, though. Bob Folwell, who committed the serious *faux pas* of losing the Rose Bowl game in 1917, was stuffed and hung as a trophy of the chase two years later. Although Lou Young turned out three teams that lost one game apiece in the 1920s, he quit in 1929 to nurse the tooth marks left on him by proud papas and rich uncles.

Throwing an unshorn lamb like Munger to the Penn wolves appeared to be a clear-cut case for the A.S.P.C.A. when he was given the job after the 1937 season. Alumni who had been demanding a big-name coach to refurbish Penn's tarnished prestige shrilly protested the selection of a twenty-seven-year-old punk whose coaching experience had been confined to prep school and freshman teams. Old red and blues might have been mollified had Munger been a star player, but he never had made the first-string varsity as an undergraduate.

A shy, inarticulate, slightly goofy-looking fellow, Munger could not lay on personal charm to placate the alumni, who had been completely bypassed when President Thomas S. Gates hand-picked him from a list of 30 candidates. Characteristically, one factor tempered dissatisfaction with Munger's appointment. He came from the Main Line, a 15-mile stretch of ultrasmart suburban villages wherein reside the flower and chivalry of Philadelphia. That meant he was socially acceptable, at least, to the big boys.

Few Thought He Would Last

Munger proceeded to alienate his own set by turning out for games dressed in a player's uniform and carrying on in the demented manner of a sophomore. Such bush-league demonstrations convinced people that Munger was an earnest clown who was a stopgap choice or a sop to reformers kicking up a periodic rumpus over the commercialization of football. Cynics believed the nonsense would end as soon as the lily-whites were fed up with character building under Munger. Another popular theory held that Munger, who had hired assistant coaches Rae Crowther and Howard Odell away from Harvard, merely was warming the seat until Dick Harlow's contract at Cambridge expired.

A score of colleges and coaches have muscled into football's hierarchy in the last decade, but no combination has come faster or farther than Penn and Munger. Since 1942, the Quakers have been the ranking power in the East after Army and Navy and, more important to the old-tie crowd, consistently the best civilian team in the Ivy League. Munger, the one-time sacrificial lamb, is tying this year the all-time Penn record for coaching longevity, established by George Woodruff at the turn of the century, and he's a cinch to extend it indefinitely. Even unreconstructed old-timers, brooding on the side lines since they were told by Munger to take a flying jump for themselves when they attempted to exercise their vested right to interfere with the team, have joined in the hooraying for the fellow.

Munger alone has remained unchanged through the general upheaval at Franklin Field. Although his position is as secure as William Penn's atop City Hall, he still is a diffident, unsophisticated bloke with the apprehensive manner of a man about to catch a safe falling from a height. It is significant that in reminiscing he shows an adolescent attachment for Episcopal Academy, the prep school where he was a bigger campus hot-shot than he was in college. He continues to wear a player's uniform during games—an attempt to merge his identity with the mob?—and he dies regularly every Saturday during the season, despite the fact that his muscular meatballs wreak interesting atrocities on the opposition in practically any engagement.

After all these years, Munger still looks and acts like a college boy making a pass at a man's job. The illusion is heightened by the odd jackets and slacks he affects and by his thinning blond hair, which grows in a natural crew cut. He tries to be affable, but talking to strangers is an ordeal he ducks whenever possible. Philadelphia newspapermen who have known Munger since he was an undergraduate learned long ago that pumping him for news of the team was a waste of time. All information comes through antiseptic publicity channels, a rule Munger relaxed for the first time in the preparation of this article. It took a good deal of diplomatic jockeying, though, before he submitted to the only extended interview he ever has given.

"Maybe I ought to get around more on the alumni banquet circuit and promote myself," he admits. "But I'm such a lousy speechmaker that

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

MAN OF GENIUS

BY HENRY STEIG

The story of an illustrious and gifted character whose life was dedicated to nothing but himself

ALMOST as soon as I'd parked in front of the brownstone house on Riverside Drive which I call home, Beckett came down the stoop in what was for his old bones a great rush. He'd been expecting me that day and had, no doubt, been on the watch for me.

"You're looking very well, Mr. Ewald. Hope you won't mind the New York heat."

"I don't think I will, after Arizona," I said.

"It seems you've had a profitable trip, sir," Beckett said when I'd opened the baggage compartment. It was full of my paintings and sketches of the Superstition Mountains. He helped me carry them upstairs to my little studio and began admiring them. "These are splendid, sir, really they are."

That pleased me, but I didn't take it very seriously. After thirty years of painting, I knew my limitations.

I got cleaned up and lounged about with a predinner highball, looking over my collection of art objects. The drawing room with its museumlike atmosphere had a soothing and relaxing effect upon me. It was nice to be home. But I knew that before long the urge to travel would come over me again. Long painting trips, alternating with short rests in town, had become a way of life—the most gratifying that the person my history had made me could devise.

After dinner, Beckett handed me some mail. There was a letter from friends in Vermont, inviting me to visit them; two or three letters from art dealers, and then the envelope of heavy buff paper addressed in sepia ink turned up. A letter from a man whom I had not seen in more than five years and had hoped never to see again. A letter from Homer Finlay, the only man I'd ever really hated.

It disturbed me intensely just to

look at his handwriting on the envelope. I returned to the drawing room and stretched out in an easy chair, trying to decide whether or not to read the letter. I put it away from me and looked broodingly at a landscape of mine on the wall, one of the few I considered good enough to hang. I thought of my other work—all the result of the stubborn pursuit of a mere secondary talent.

I WASN'T meant to be an artist. Except for Homer Finlay, I'd have been an engineer, probably a good one. Meeting him when I did was a most unfortunate thing for me. Yet I sometimes console myself with the thought that for the world of art it was a good thing. The truth is that I helped make Homer Finlay.

I'd never thought seriously of art until I'd graduated from college, but I'd always liked to dabble with color, and rather than be idle while waiting for definite word from a construction-engineering firm about a position they'd promised me, I decided to get some formal instruction. I enrolled at the Art School of the American Academy in New York, where Homer Finlay had already been studying for two years. His work immediately impressed me. I praised it, he said something kind about mine, and we became friends.

He enthused me so about painting that I began to look upon engineering as a comparatively vulgar pursuit. The promise of the job was eventually confirmed, but by then it no longer mattered. I'd decided that art was the only profession for me.

Upon my father's death, a few years previously, I had become financially independent, but Finlay was badly off. He washed dishes at night so he could paint during the day, and earned barely enough to feed and clothe himself. My ten thousand a year was more than I needed and I thought it would be a noble thing for me to help him along. I said that with his gifts he would surely be established before long, and then he would be able to pay me back. This pleased him and made my plan acceptable.

I must confess that it was not entirely an unselfish plan. I was lonely, living in the New York house by myself, and I was glad to have Finlay come and stay with me.

From the first, Finlay was determined to do things in his own way. He was contemptuous of all our instructors at the art school. They naturally resented it, tolerating him only for his exceptional ability, but he was surprised at the end of his fourth year that the committee of awards failed to grant him more than an honorable mention. Even I got one of those, for drawing. Finlay had expected to win the annual scholarship which would pay for a year's study abroad, but that prize went to a less-talented student, one who had always shown the instructors a deep respect. Finlay was enraged. When the dean handed him the honorable mention, he tore it to bits on the spot.

I was almost as disappointed as he was. We went out and got foolishly drunk. Later, at home, when we were sobering up, Finlay decided that we ought to go to Paris. The idea was attractive. All I needed was to have Finlay flatter me about some outdoor sketches I'd made. I had visions of myself painting brilliant canvases of sunlit fields and vineyards. The thought of going abroad became irresistible.

OUR three-year stay in Paris was a succession of feverish spells of hard work, alternating with fits of discouraged idleness, drinking, big talk, and, for Finlay, love affairs. The girls would not let my big, dark, fiery-eyed friend alone. He had pretty much his pick. He would go mad about a girl, vow to me that he was going to marry her, and then, suddenly deciding that she was interfering with his work, drop her without further ado. I dragged him home from bars, pleaded and argued with him to return to work—I paid all the bills. There was hardly ever a word of thanks or gratitude. The closest he ever came to an excuse for the worry he gave me was to say, "That's the sort of person I am, Alan. I can't help it."

Finlay was developing a very personal painting technique, but his daring color schemes required for their success a mastery of tonal relationships still beyond him, and he had not yet attained that sureness of draftsmanship which later made one wonder how it was possible to indicate detail so boldly and without evidence of labor. He was extremely severe with himself about his own work, and sometimes, after sweating over a canvas for a week or two, he would suddenly smash it and swear that he was going to give up painting altogether. It was a critical period for him. He told me of a frequently recurring dream in which he was walking through space along a foot-wide path of ice with bottomless darkness on either side. Ahead there was high, firm ground which, to save his life, he had to reach. He did reach it, in time, but might never have without me—and without Irma Voss.

Irma was a model, perhaps the tenth who had come to our studio. Her parents, Americans, had emigrated to Paris when she was a child. They had both been struggling artists who had died, one shortly after the other, when Irma was sixteen, a few years before we met her. She painted flowers well and occasionally sold a canvas for a few francs, but even with the money she earned posing, she had barely enough to live on. I suppose she was as inured to poverty as anyone could be. Certainly she was an amazingly gay and cheerful person for one who had so little.

Her eyes were gray-green, her hair was the color of ripening corn silk. She had a body as graceful as an antelope's and her skin was the despair of almost everyone who ever tried to catch its quality of golden iridescence and put it on canvas with earthly pigments.

I remember so well the first time she posed for Finlay. She wore no decoration of any sort, only a short-sleeved dress of turquoise blue. She sat in a chair against the mottled gray plaster wall with her hands in her lap. Finlay and I stared at her, captivated. Then Finlay went right to work, painting her in the pose she had naturally fallen into.

WHEN it had become too dark to paint, Irma asked, "May I see what you've done to me?"

Finlay let her see the start he'd made. She gave it a minute's grave study. Then she simply said, "You're an artist."

"I believe she's right," Finlay laughed when Irma had gone. "I want her to be my model—exclusively mine. Hire her by the week. You've got to do that for me, Alan."

He had her come every morning and sit until dusk. She was so anxious to do her best for him that she often forgot to ask for resting time. Once she held a tiring pose without budging for almost two hours, and then fell over in a faint. I had just come in from a sketching jaunt and found Finlay reviving her with brandy. He had his arm around her and I felt a sharp pang of jealousy.

I've said that my first great misfortune was meeting Homer Finlay. My second was that Irma Voss fell in love with him. I should have expected it, for Finlay seemed to have a universal attraction for women. I only felt, considering the other girls Finlay had had, that it was unfair that he

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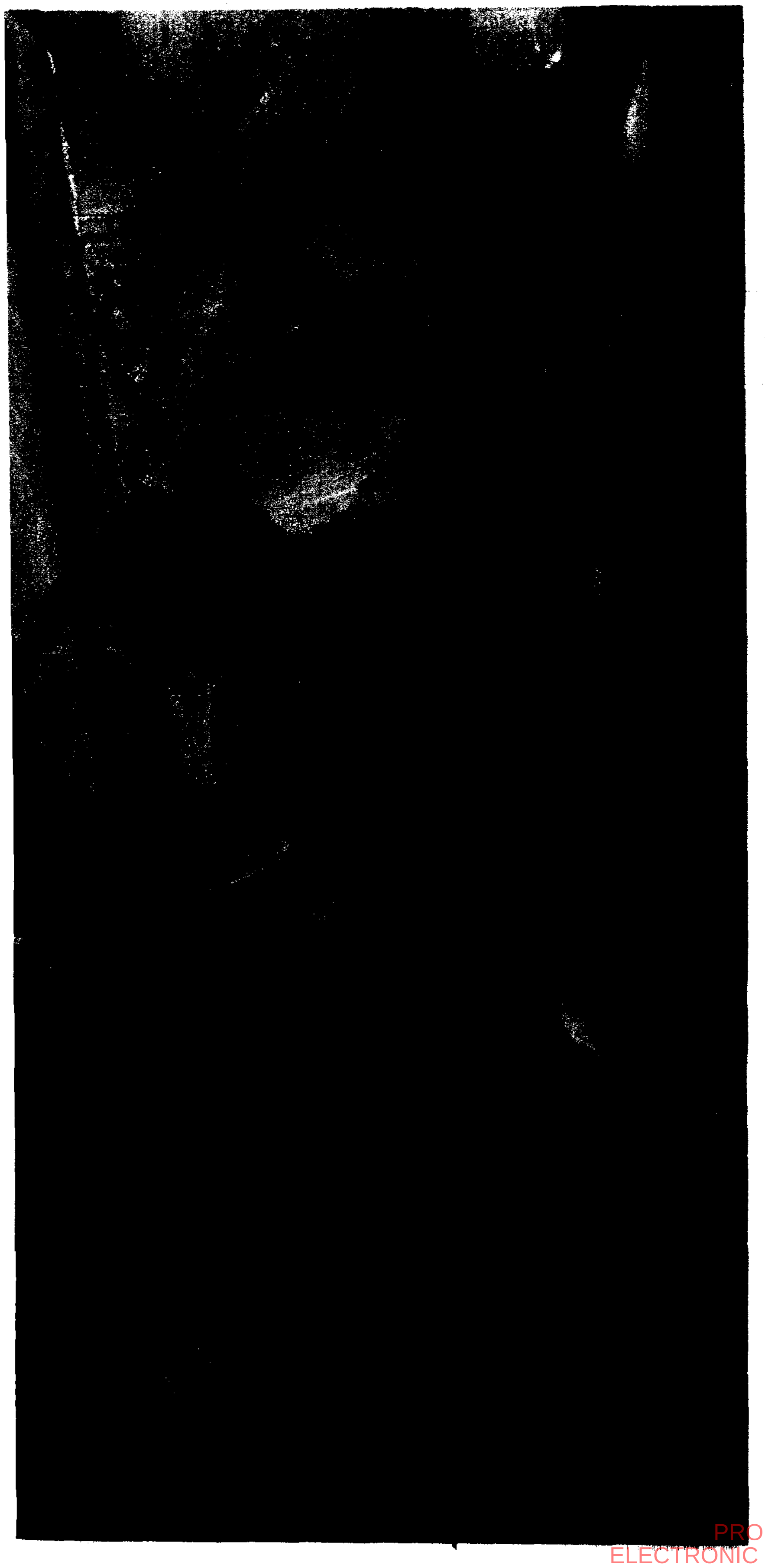

Finlay let her see the start he had made. "You're an artist," Irma said

ILLUSTRATED BY J. L. PELLICER

REVOLUTION ON THE ROUGE

BY ANDRÉ FONTAINE

The late Henry Ford invented the modern assembly line, using men as cogs in a machine. His grandson believes these cogs should be treated as human beings and, in two years, his revolutionary methods have benefited both management and labor

PIX, INC.

WHEN Charles Chaplin sought to satirize American industrial life some years ago in his movie Modern Times, he created a character who, under the stress of working each day on an assembly line, gradually degenerated from a man into a robot whose automatic gestures had all the jerky inhumanity of a machine. Everyone assumed immediately that Chaplin's caricature referred to the Ford Motor Company.

For Henry Ford was the father of the assembly line; his genius with machines led American industry into an era of undreamed production and prosperity via his newly discovered techniques of mass production. In doing so, they said, he completely forgot the human beings who powered that production.

Today Henry Ford II, 30-year-old grandson of the late genius, has embarked on the job of correcting this imbalance between men and machines. If his grandfather made robots out of men, young Henry seems determined to make men out of the robots. Where old Henry had a passion for and an instinctive understanding of machines and little facility with people, young Henry has a primary interest and instinctive understanding of human beings, with no more than the layman's indulgence with machinery.

In his two years as president of the multimillion-dollar Ford Motor Company, this chubby-cheeked, amiable young man has turned the old company completely topsy-turvy, and the basic drive which has powered the revolution is his new idea on human relations. Young Henry both explains the revolution and demonstrates the kind of unassuming candor that makes people like him. Asked if his study of sociology at Yale was responsible for his flair for human relations, young Henry snorted:

"Not at all. I didn't learn anything in those courses—except maybe one which was kind of fun. A course in psychology. I took them because I had flunked in engineering. The other guys said sociology was a snap course, so I figured that was for me. I flunked *it*, too."

Young Henry has a lively respect for the genius of his grandfather which built the Ford Company, but he also knows that the old man made mistakes. He personally endured the results of those mistakes during his first two years with the company.

"Machines alone do not give us mass production," he said. "Mass production is achieved by both machines *and* men. And while we have gone a very long way toward perfecting our mechanical operations we have not successfully written into our equations whatever complex factor represents Man, the human element.

"I am suggesting, therefore, that we try to rewrite the equations to take into account the human factor. If we can solve the problem of human relations in industrial production, I believe we can make as much progress toward lower costs during the next ten years as we made during the past quarter century through the development of the machinery of mass production."

New Era in Labor Relations Foreseen

Another result which young Henry didn't mention was foreseen by Edward Cushman, director of Wayne University's institute of labor relations, and by other observers familiar with the "new" Ford Company. They believe that if Ford II succeeds in revamping human relations in his own firm, he may well lead the rest of the industry and perhaps the nation into a solution of the basic economic problem of this century. This most important job, they agree, is to introduce into our economic system the kind of democracy we now have in our political system. If it is accomplished, an end to the violence of labor wars would be only the most obvious result; if it is accomplished it would eliminate a good measure of the mass appeal that makes totalitarianism such a threat to our democratic system. These men don't say young Henry will achieve this striking goal. They do say that he has the *chance*.

"Human relations" to young Henry means a whole lot more than his dealings with the 62,000-member Local 600, United Auto Workers, C.I.O. It means relations with all its thousands of employees from

PIX, INC.

Mead Bricker, left, and John Bugas, right, were two of the three men who helped young Henry overthrow Harry Bennett

Ernest R. Breech, executive vice-president and Number Two man, on down; it means relations with his dealers and suppliers, with the communities in which Ford plants are located and with the public generally.

The change he has wrought is obvious the minute you step into the big lobby of the Administration Building at Dearborn, Michigan. Five years ago a reporter walked into this lobby to keep an appointment with Charles Sorensen, then a vice-president of the company. Over on his right was a pulpitlike affair from which a hard-faced man handed him a slip on which to write his name and mission. The reporter wrote, then sat down on one of the benches along the wall. He had to keep his eye on the man in the pulpit, for that keeper of the gates never called anyone by name, he simply crooked a finger if you were to be admitted to the inner sanctity.

The reporter sat for a day and a half. Finally a boy came and escorted him to Sorensen's office. Once there, Sorensen met him at the door, said, "What do you want to ask me questions for, anyway? I don't see why you reporters come butting in here. It's none of your business what we're doing."

Today the pulpit is gone. In its place are two desks, manned by a couple of courteous girls. You still write your name on a slip of paper, but you wait a few minutes or no time at all, and you are escorted to your destination only if you think you can't find it yourself. When you get there the chances are you'll be amazed at the lengths to which executives will go to find the information you want.

Shortly after he took over the presidency, Henry Ford II announced:

"This is no longer a one-man show. It's a team."

The idea of teamwork pervades the whole management staff. No longer do employees gather in furtive knots in the immaculate hallways to whisper their gripes. One official who had seen the before-and-after said, "It's as though a heavy weight has been lifted off every man's shoulders."

The essence of it seems to be that H.F. II, as some of his assistants call him, practices a kind of golden-rule Christianity. He believes in treating people like human beings. He thinks it pays off.

There are indications that he's right. But treating people like human beings can become an enormously complex operation when you are dealing with more than 100,000 of them and your relations have been formalized by the organization of a union.

"Mass production," young Ford said, "has given us a high standard of living, but it has very materially changed the relationships between a man and his job, between employer and employee, between management and labor. The old relationship between an employer and a group of employees he knew intimately does not exist for millions of men and women. Because the factory worker is a specialist, he no longer has the kind of satisfaction which a craftsman building a complete machine might enjoy."

This is the stumbling block which has caused many a well-intentioned employer to come a cropper in his labor relations. Young Henry is intent on hurdling it successfully. To give him a leg up he relies on the findings of a survey made by Elmo Roper. In it Roper reported that there are four basic things which Americans—worker or manager—want: first, a sense of security; second, an opportunity to advance; third, to be treated like a human being rather than a number on a pay roll; fourth, a sense of human dignity that comes from feeling that his work is useful to society as a whole. Satisfy those four needs for your workers, Ford thinks, and you have the recipe for smooth labor relations.

"And do you know why this is the answer to labor peace?" he asks. "Because it came right out of the mouth of labor itself."

Winning a "Company Security Clause"

If you take apart young Henry's record on labor relations, you'll see that recognition of these four needs is behind every move. In 1946 when General Motors and the United Auto Workers were battling on the picket lines to determine the pattern for postwar wage increases, Ford broke the deadlock by signing with UAW at an increase of 18 cents an hour. But in return Ford won an unprecedented "company security clause" which allowed him to crack down with impunity on workers who engaged in unauthorized work stoppages.

Roper's Need Number One is the most important in young Henry's mind; around the Ford plant you hear the phrase "a feeling of security" almost as much as you do at a psychiatrists' convention. That's why last summer he dropped another labor relations bomb smack in the auto makers' laps: a pension plan to give his employees more security.

But his employees tossed the pension plan right back. The reason they rejected the plan, UAW officials said, was not that they don't want a pension system—they definitely do—but they didn't think the one Ford offered was a very good bargain. It was a choice of the plan plus a 7-cent-an-hour wage increase or no plan and the equivalent of 15 cents an hour, and the majority of the members chose the latter. They said the plan would have cost them too much in wages at a time when prices were high. What UAW officials didn't say was that union politics also entered in the choice: Richard T. Leonard, UAW's national Ford director, was the man who got the pension offer from Ford, and naturally it was quite a feather in his cap. It goes without saying that Walter Reuther, president of UAW, would have preferred to be the man who wangled the first pension offer from an employer, and some observers reported he didn't exactly break his neck to encourage Ford workers to vote for the plan. Which gives you some idea of the thing Ford is up against when dealing with such a huge organization as UAW.

Nevertheless Ford already can point to tangible results of his enlightened labor policy. Take the matter of grievances. For the last nine months of 1945 (there are no reliable records before that) the number of grievances by UAW workers averaged 2,387 per month. In 1946 this dropped almost 50 per cent to an average of 1,188 per month and so far in 1947, it has gone still further down to 1,130 per month. When you consider that many first-rate labor relations experts figure that the grievance rate is the real key to labor peace, you can see that Ford has been pretty effective.

Ford is completely hardheaded about his labor relations. His dealings with the Foreman's Association of America are an example of this practical approach. Shortly after the company announced it was withdrawing recognition of the foremen's union early in July a reporter was questioning him about the move.

"Look," he said, "you can't just withdraw recognition and get away with it. It seems to me you have to start eliminating the conditions that made the foremen join a union in the first place. Otherwise you're liable to have plenty of trouble. No?"

Young Henry swung around a half circle in his swivel chair and grinned at the big window behind his desk. "That's right," he said. "We are eliminating those conditions. If you want foremen to be a part of management you've got to see to it they *feel* like a part of management. For instance, we're giving them their own parking spaces nearer the plant, and their own lunchroom. They no longer have to punch a time clock. They don't have badges like the workers any more—or soon won't—but special identification cards. We're checking over the pay rolls and if in any case a foreman earns less than a skilled worker, he gets a raise.

"But more important, we're putting in a system of Foreman's Representatives in each unit. If a foreman has a gripe he takes it to his representative who gets action on it fast; he takes it right to the top if necessary. Also, we're starting a training program by which foremen can prepare for better jobs, and I'm announcing that from here in, our management people are going to be taken from the ranks whenever it's at all possible. And, of course, we're setting up a series of dinner and other meetings at which we'll let not only foremen but supervisors of all ranks know what's going on in the company."

At one such meeting recently young Henry revealed how important he believes such intracompany communication to be. "I think it is likely," he told a group of supervisors, "that any lack of morale in Ford Motor Company is probably almost equal to our failure to tell people from topside down about what we're trying to do and why. . . . So we have hit upon this plan of meeting with you men from time to time, telling

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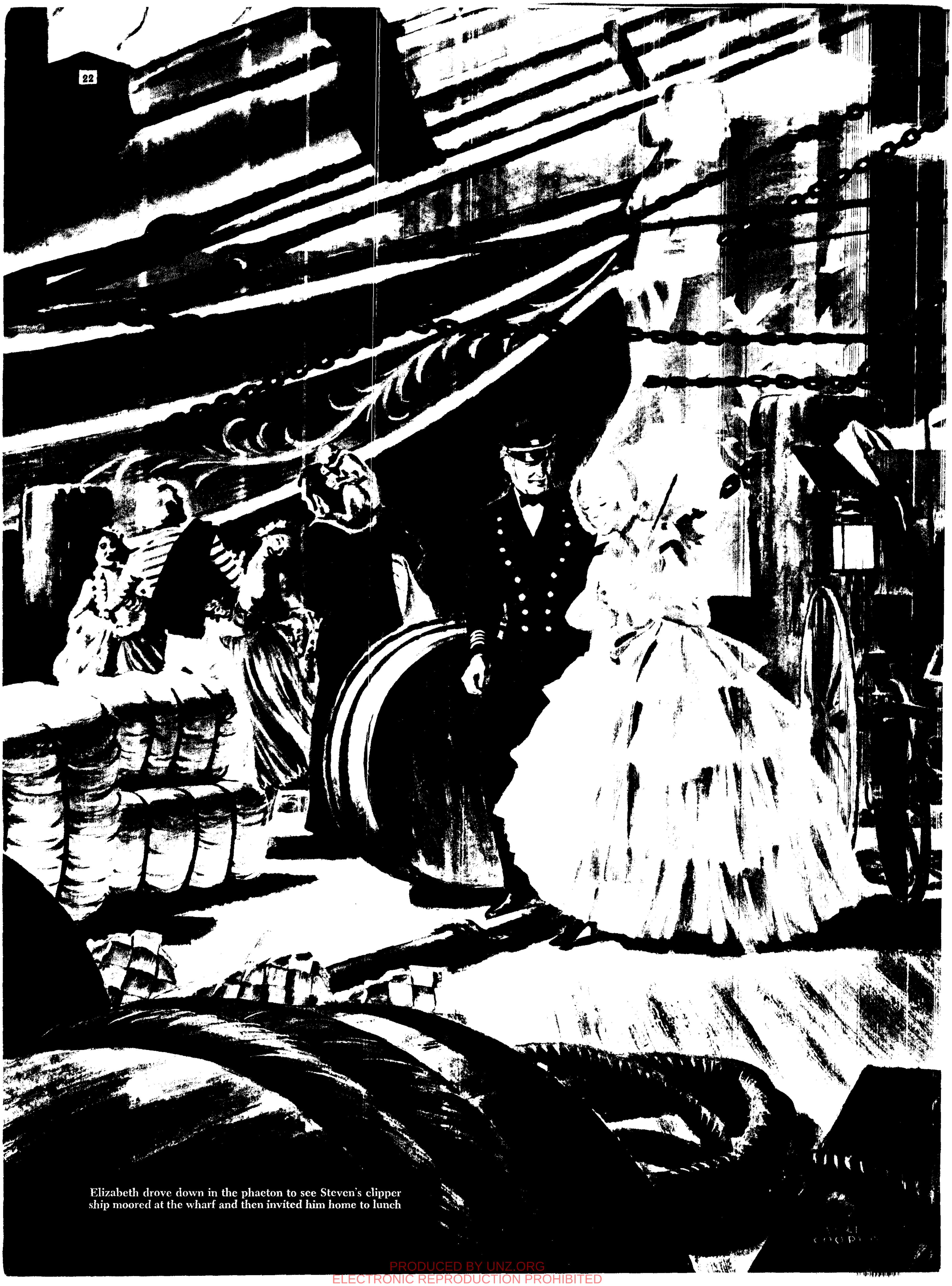

Elizabeth drove down in the phaeton to see Steven's clipper ship moored at the wharf and then invited him home to lunch

TRUE LOVE ON MY MIND

BY ROSALIE BODRERO

Judy found that honesty, while an interesting policy, didn't get her any closer to her heart's desire

IT WAS breathlessly hot on the island. The day had come almost to a standstill, the sun hanging motionless in the brassy sky. Sitting on the window seat with her chin propped damply in her hands, Judy Makee sighed with boredom.

Wistfully she looked down over the tops of dusty clumps of pandanus stringing along to the water front where the Pacific rolled oily swells across Honolulu harbor. It would be wonderfully cool splashing in the waves, but swimming was forbidden—ever since the day Mother had happened upon the familiar-looking pettiskirts and pantaloons tossed in a pile on the sand, and had caught Judy playing in the surf, not so brown but just as naked as the native girls.

Well, she reflected, pulling her bodice away from her skin and blowing down the front of her dress, it was just one of those things a girl of sixteen wasn't allowed.

"Don't billow your skirts, Judy," was another. And, "Judy, *step*—don't jump—from the carriage."

Fragments of conversation were drifting up from the veranda below where Father and young Mr. Considine were having their afternoon swizzles. It was talk mostly about flensing gear and trypots, because Father outfitted the whale ships that called twice a year at Honolulu to transship their oil and whalebone in fast clippers to the States.

Judy's hair fell in a dark cascade around her face as she leaned out the window. Through gaps in the purple bougainvillaea that climbed the veranda, she could make out Mr. Considine's long legs stretched out and crossed, his trousers looking very elegant with the straps buckled under the insteps of his soft boots. Mr. Considine had been sent out to Hawaii to secure a coaling concession for the paddle-wheel steamers that McVickar and Company of Boston were laying down for the China trade. Apparently his mission wasn't going any too well.

"That pompous native king in his admiral's cocked hat won't even give me an audience," Mr. Considine was complaining to Father.

The king wasn't either pompous, Judy reflected. To be sure he was comfortably fat; but under his mustache you could see that his mouth was very tired, as if he just didn't want to argue any more with the foreigners forever squabbling over his islands. In fact, at the wedding party at the palace last year, the king had leaned back in his great ironwood chair and slowly dozed off, until Judy had to shake his arm and whisper urgently, "Wake up, Uncle Taffy! You're snoring and everybody's looking."

It had been a wonderful party, Judy mused, with more bananas and poi and roast pig than a person could eat. Except that Father had unexpectedly driven past just at the moment when Judy was leaving the palace gates. He'd pulled up the horses, staring incredulously at Judy before he motioned her in beside him with a jerk of the head. He'd been silent all the way home. And then for quite a while no one else could say anything.

She'd only gone, Judy had explained when at last Father stopped for breath, because the king was getting married.

"Married?" Father's face had glowed a rich crimson. "Why, that sanctimonious old heathen has three wives already. And another thing"—he'd shaken a finger under Judy's nose—"stop calling him 'Uncle Taffy.' "

"But he said," Judy began, "that any child born in the kingdom—"

That had started Father off again. Skipping lightly over the most interesting disclosures of the king's private life, Father finally got around to the real reason why he was so angry. If the king, Father bristled, was going to be obstinate about granting favors to Americans, who were only doing what they could to raise the standards of the natives, then the best thing was to leave him very well alone until he came to his senses. And since then, going to the palace was just another one of those things that were strictly forbidden.

BELOW on the veranda, the cane chair creaked, and Judy could imagine Mr. Considine swiveling around and gesturing with his cigar. "Mark my words, Mr. Makee," he was saying, "it's only a matter of time before someone takes over the Sandwich Islands. Victoria would like to add them to her colonies. So would the Frenchmen. Look how they gobbled up Tahiti."

Father's voice was a deep rumble: "So long as Yankee masters are sailing American ships . . ."

Judy smiled. As far as Father was concerned, the sun rose and set on the flag whipping at the monkey gaff of any American brig plying the seven seas.

"Ha!" Mr. Considine sounded triumphant. "But where are the ships?" Judy could see the movement of his hand as he waved toward the empty harbor. "I'll tell you where. Tied up in San Francisco Bay, while the sailors are off in the hills digging for gold."

The sun, scorching the top of Judy's head, forced her to draw back into the coolness of the room. She leaned over her mother's shoulder for a moment, watching the sure fingers whipping a buttonhole in a pleated shirt. Then she sat down beside her sister Elizabeth, yawned and started to rock.

"Stop that, Judy!" Elizabeth said crossly. "You're shaking the table." Elizabeth was painting a shepherdess on a china plate.

"Oh, thunder! Can't a person do anything in this house?"

Both Mother and Elizabeth looked up from their work. There was a moment of distressed silence.

"If I hear that expression again, Judy," Mother said, "I'll take up the matter with your father."

Judy nodded absently, listening to Mother go on about how in her day, a young lady of fifteen—sixteen, Judy mentally corrected her—wasn't supposed to know such a word, much less speak it.

La, Judy thought, what if I'd said that word I learned the other day when the Kanaka drayman dropped a cask of salted beef off his wagon? Anyway, she reflected dreamily, maybe I don't want to be a young lady. Maybe instead I'll live in a frame house in Old Town down by the wharfs. Wear a red dress with a deep bodice, carry a fringed parasol, and entertain the sailors from the whaleships like Miss Aurora—not that it would pay to bring up the subject right now. Mother reacted curiously to the mention of Miss Aurora's name. Like that time at dinner when Judy had spoken of Miss Aurora, just to prove that she was old enough to know a little—gossip, really.

"Mother, did you know that the mate from the Prince Lee Boo gave Miss Aurora the most priceless piece of scrimshaw carved out of a whale's tooth?"

She hadn't exactly understood the sudden hush. But she did remember the taste of the soapsuds in her mouth.

It wasn't really fair, Judy told herself, when Mother let Elizabeth do practically anything she pleased.

"Elizabeth is so sensitive," she'd heard Mother explain. "Like her grandmother. The slightest upset just strikes her down."

"Elizabeth's the beauty," people were always saying.

Judy, they'd add—practically under their breaths—took after her father. Which was a kind way of saying, Judy supposed, that it was too bad to be born with a little nose that tipped up at the end. Besides, it was Elizabeth who had the brains.

"Elizabeth graduated at the very head of her class," Mother announced proudly when Elizabeth came home from Miss Tippett's Female Seminary in Boston.

"Bah-ston," Judy said to herself, aping the way Elizabeth stretched her mouth over the word every time she spoke it. Which was getting to be much too often, Judy decided resentfully.

IT WAS in Boston that Elizabeth had become engaged to Steven Dabney, although she hadn't said a word about it until she got home. When Judy heard the news, she'd burst out crying.

"But, Judy, I thought you always liked Steven," Mother said with that faintly puzzled tone that Judy knew meant: Why couldn't she act sensibly like other girls? "He took you all over the ship when he was out here last year."

But somehow it didn't help at all to remember what a wonderful time she'd had with Steven last summer. And it made it worse every time Elizabeth spoke about how simply ideal Boston was, how she just couldn't wait to get back to Boston. Like last week, when Elizabeth had received the letter from Steven saying he was picking up cargo at Salem and would soon be heading his ship for Cape Horn and the Pacific.

"When we're married," Elizabeth had stated matter-of-factly, "I've decided we're going to settle down in Bah-ston. Steven can go into his father's bank. . . ."

Judy had started to snicker at the idea of Steven giving up his ship to count money in the back office of a State Street bank. But then she stopped. There was something in the assurance with which Elizabeth had spoken that frightened her. She'd seen Elizabeth getting her way before. And she couldn't pretend that Elizabeth was just saying it, the way she said so many things she didn't mean.

And now, watching the way Elizabeth's forehead creased into a frown of concentration as she made the delicate brush strokes on the china plate, Judy admitted it still made her uneasy. If she were Elizabeth, she wouldn't even

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Not for all the rites in China would the actors of New York's Chinese opera change one part of their centuries-old drama

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KURT GUNTHER

GREASE PAINT AND GONGS

BY WILFRED WEISS

IN a building that looks like a warehouse, directly under the Brooklyn Bridge, the Chinese Opera Company of New York was putting on one of its newer productions. This particular piece was only about a thousand years old.

The heroine stood close to the edge of the stage, her hands pressed together across her breast, and in a low-pitched singsong told the audience of her unbearable unhappiness. Then she turned and raised her foot high to take a step. The orchestra at once broke into an energetic clatter of cymbals and stringed instruments, to let the audience know that she had thrown herself into the ocean.

The spectators responded with a nod of approval. Now the noise from the orchestra changed to a spirited gallop and the hero pranced on stage stiff-legged. He dropped a buggy whip, to indicate that he'd dismounted his charger, and shaded his eyes to keep out the glare of the sea. Sighting the drowning girl, he stepped into the waves (indicated by more cymbal-crashing) and struck out to her rescue.

Obviously pleased, the spectators sat back. They had been loving this sort of thing since the Great Wall was a small pile of stone. The fact that they were there proved they loved it, because a Chinese opera makes a double-feature movie look like a quickie. An ordinary opera runs from 7 to about 11 P.M. On week ends a "good" opera starts at 7 and lasts until 1 or 2 A.M.

Part of the attraction may stem from the fact that Chinese opera is an audience-participation show. The house lights are always on. The stage scenery is related to the action of the play only by coincidence. The actual setting must be conjured up in the imagination of the audience. Except that the stage is raised, there is no physical barrier between audience and actors.

The audience is composed of nine men to one woman. Often during the week there are no women present. When the women do attend, they usually sit together in a little group on the right side of the house, toward the front, knitting and gossiping.

A newspaper vendor wanders about the auditorium continuously, doing a steady business. Between editions, he switches to a basket from which he hawks candy, fruit, nuts and soft drinks.

Nothing that happens in the auditorium or on the stage bothers the actors. The story grinds on. The villain, who is also comedy relief, tries to come in on a laugh—rubbing his forefinger under his nose often starts it—and then builds up his villainy until the audience hates him so hard you can feel it. At the peak of tension he tries to hang himself, and the audience howls with laughter as the scaffold collapses on him.

To a large degree he ad-libs—as do the other members of the cast. This is inevitable, since the company's repertoire includes more than a hundred operas, and they do a different one each night, with never a rehearsal. A cue sheet, about the size of a newspaper, is posted at the only stage entrance, and a quick glance just before his entrance gives the actor the gist of his lines. If he falters or becomes too creative, the company manager—wearing a neat double-breasted pin-stripe suit—steps out and firmly reminds him of the cue.

The Rochester-tailored suit doesn't bother anyone. After all, the prop man—dressed the same way—has been on and off the stage all night.

The hero, for instance, invites the lady to have tea with him. She nods graciously and starts to sit down, at which point the prop man steps out of the wing and slides a bench under her. He gets one under the hero just in time, too, and just as they reach for it he slides a table with an empty tea service between them. The prop man comes out again and takes each piece away as they finish with it.

Elaborate properties are a corruption of the ancient Chinese art, which depended upon the lines and the music to create the atmosphere and tell the story. It is an exacting art. To learn it a child starts his apprenticeship at nine or ten. He may earn leading parts in ten or fifteen years.

Compared with pay for American actors of similar status, the rewards are small change. The Chinese actors' pay in New York is based on a percentage of the receipts, which means an average of about fifty dollars a week for the top-rank performers. Lesser members of the company average from twenty to thirty dollars a week. In addition to their pay, which is much higher here than in China, they also receive room and board.

The orchestra, which sits on the left side of the stage, wearing American clothes, is composed of four or five Chinese-American young men who play their instruments for a hobby and fifty dollars a month.

Even if you don't know that the title of the play is Why Doesn't He Return? you can tell that things are plenty tough for the heroine. It's obvious that the landlord is no gentleman, and you know that the girl is planning suicide before dishonor. But in the very nick of time the orchestra breaks into a gallop and the hero literally springs into the room. With the flat of his sword he beats the leering old lecher to within an inch of his life. He spares the inch because the landlord must be around for more dirty work and laughs later in the evening.

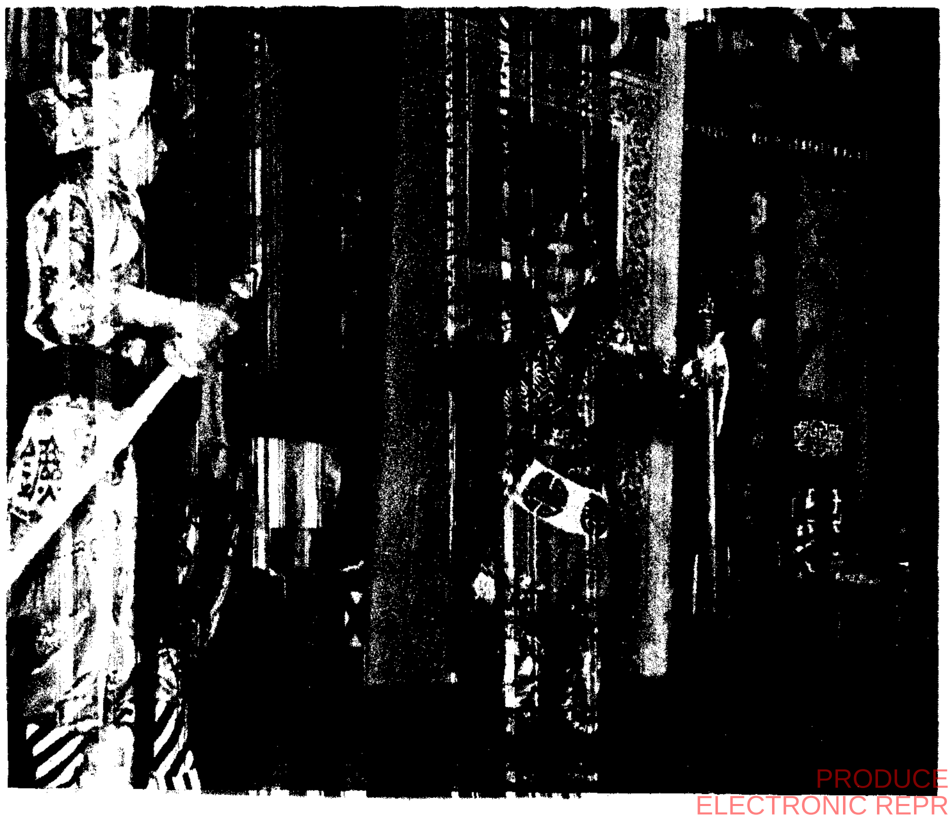
If that sounds too much like a soap opera, try tomorrow night. They'll be playing He Returns Too Late. ★★★

With the Chinese, theatrical make-up follows rigid tradition and custom. In this backstage scene, two members of the troupe confer over details of application

Between turns on the stage, the performers enjoy relaxing with a cup of tea and the local Chinese daily. A large bucket of tea is therefore kept hot backstage

The audience consists largely of men, who smoke (note the cloudy atmosphere above), read newspapers and otherwise relax. The man on stage in civvies is a scene shifter

bove, the emperor (left) confers with his minister of war and an aide-de-camp about he rumor that the bandits are planning to attack. Note the prop man in the rear. The ide-de-camp, however, falls for the lady bandit. His fiancée orders her servant to rub ut the competition. This leads to a fight (below) between aide-de-camp and servant



In the scene pictured above, the bandit chief and the lady bandit chief have entered the emperor's palace and are planning their attack. Note elaborate costumes

Tense drama pervades the scene (above) in which the lady bandit is threatened by the servant of the aide-de-camp's fiancée, who—pardon us, but we're confused. And so, apparently, is the tot (below) who stands in the wings, plainly visible to the audience, while the lady bandit sorrowfully finishes off the aide-de-camp

PIX, INC.

Tightness of the British-Russian border watch is typified by this photo of guards stopping a German couple who had crossed in search of food

GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE U.S.A.

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

German reactionaries fight the Anglo-American occupation with passive resistance, and in their zone the Russians use more direct blandishments. Our mistakes help both; but slowly out of the chaos, German democrats are hammering a plan for a new, peaceful nation. Here's the story in the second of two articles

ONE of the chief weapons that the Germans use against American occupation forces is passive resistance. Some of the reactionary industrialists manipulate it superbly. And there is a certain amount of it in all walks of life. Some of it is due to the natural resentment of people to foreigners occupying their country. The well-to-do farmer who was traveling from Garmisch to Munich expressed it clearly when he told the twenty travelers in his double compartment, "Things were not so bad under the Nazis; at least we had no Americans around then."

The Berlin banker, a stanch supporter of the Catholic CDU (Christian Democratic Union), was thinking along similar lines when he said, "The wheels of German industry would be humming, if the victors had not taken charge. Why should a factory owner use up his last resources to carry out a plan devised by foreigners?"

More bitter was the handsome doctor who had been anti-Nazi out of love for his Jewish wife: "We were pushed around under the Nazis. I lied, bribed and cheated to save my wife, but at least the foot in the shoe that kicked us around was German." The doctor and his wife fared well personally. Their fury was induced by what they called "Russia's wanton exploitation of her zone."

Instead of going to work in the fall of 1945 and manufacturing whatever could be manufactured within the framework of the Potsdam rulings, numerous German industrialists, especially in the western areas, evolved a technique of simply sitting and waiting. These men figured that to accept the victors' rule would mean giving up Germany's claim to hegemony on the Continent, while to paralyze industry might scare the victors into making concessions to the Germans. It did.

The delay in the production of goods meant hardships for the German people, but that did not worry the industrialists. They knew the masses would blame their sufferings on the Allies and they saw to it that they were fed the proper propaganda. At the same time they kowtowed to

(Continued on page 66)

What's the other reason for this picture?

WHENEVER you see four red roses you're probably reminded, first, of the matchless whiskey they symbolize . . . Four Roses.

But there's *another* reason for *this* picture. We hope it will remind you that today, or tomorrow, or one day soon, may be an anniversary or some other very special occasion for a certain friend of yours—an occasion you should commemorate with a gift.

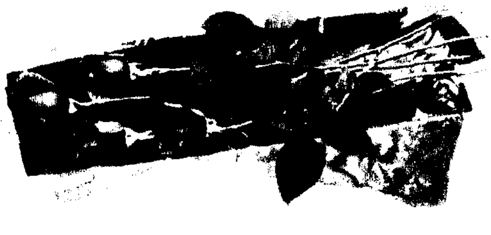
If that is true, remember what a grand present Four Roses would make!

For this whiskey—with its mellow, distinctive flavor—is a gift that reflects *your* thoughtfulness in choosing the best, and compliments the good taste of the man who gets it.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

MY LOVE WEARS BLACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONCLUDING THE BREATHLESS ACCOUNT OF LOVE AND MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD

FOR SYNOPSIS OF STORY SEE PAGE 32

THE next three days were marvelous. Nothing happened. No more murders, no blackmail, no threatening telephone calls. Not a thing except publicity, reporters, press photographers, studio executives running around in circles, conferences, headaches, worries, doubts, fears and the unpleasant realization that I'd been moving fast since the afternoon I helped to find Fred Wilson's body in Jean's house—moving fast and getting nowhere.

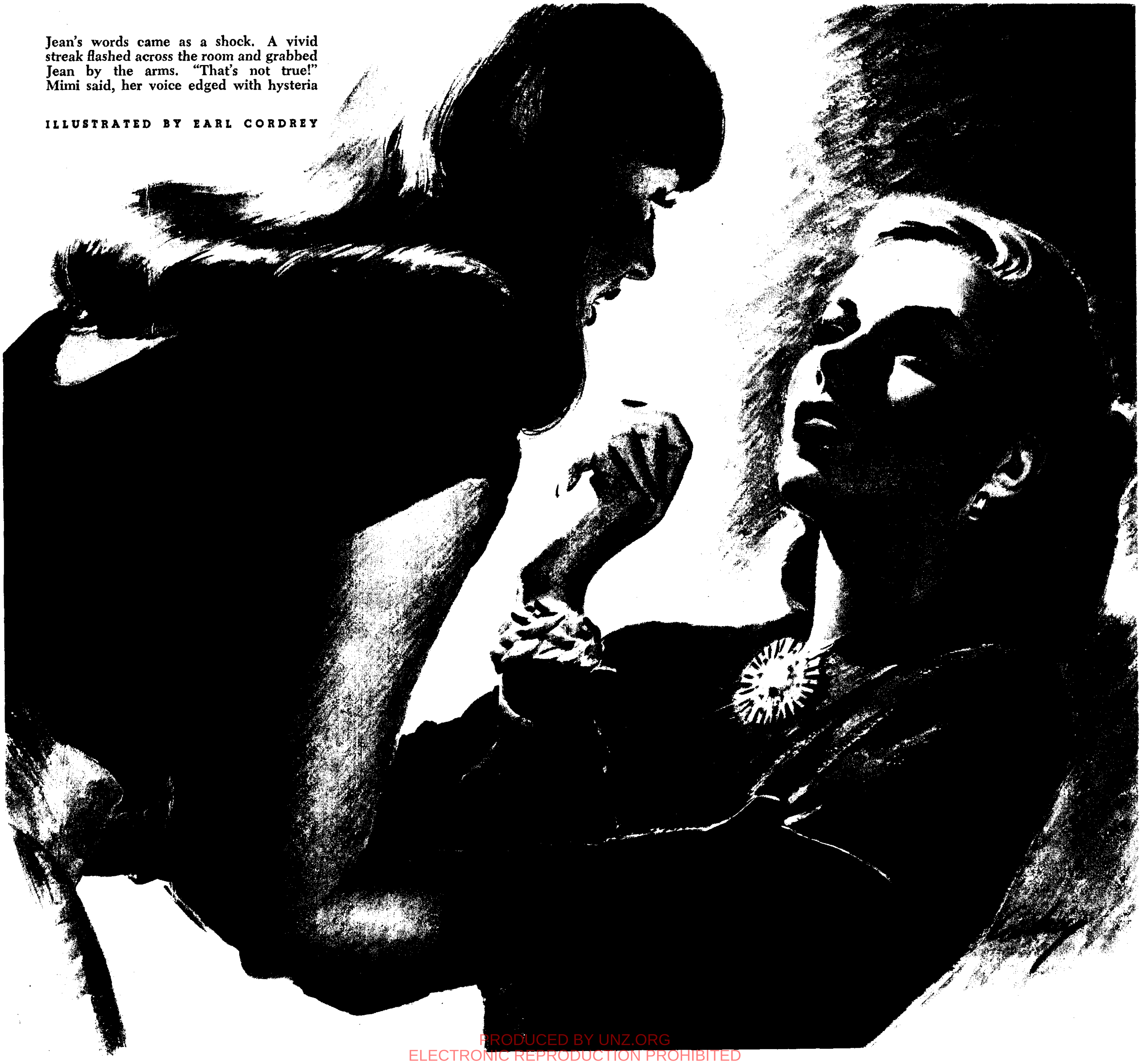
There was only one thing which made me feel a little better. Travis and I carted Jean off to the home of a friend in Bel Air, an executive producer at Olympus. He had a wife, two children and an ulcerous apprehension about Jean's future in pictures.

Jean's host wasn't sure whether or not she was welcome. If she were as hopelessly behind the eight ball as might be feared, then he'd prefer to have been rid of her. If the publicity could be turned to advantage, then she was still the fair-haired child and he loved her. I was glad for his sake he didn't know all that I knew.

He was genuinely concerned about Jean, and eager to help. It was only the studio executive part of him that worried. It would have been wonderful for Jean if she could have forgotten that the reason she'd become a perhaps honored guest was because we were afraid of what might happen to her.

They installed her in a suite on the second floor. Enormous bedroom furnished like a movie set, sitting room large enough to entertain the Ladies' Thursday Afternoon Bridge Club, gorgeous dressing room, luxurious bath solidly tiled in dubonnet and delicate pink.

Jean showed me around. The place was full of gadgets. Everything that

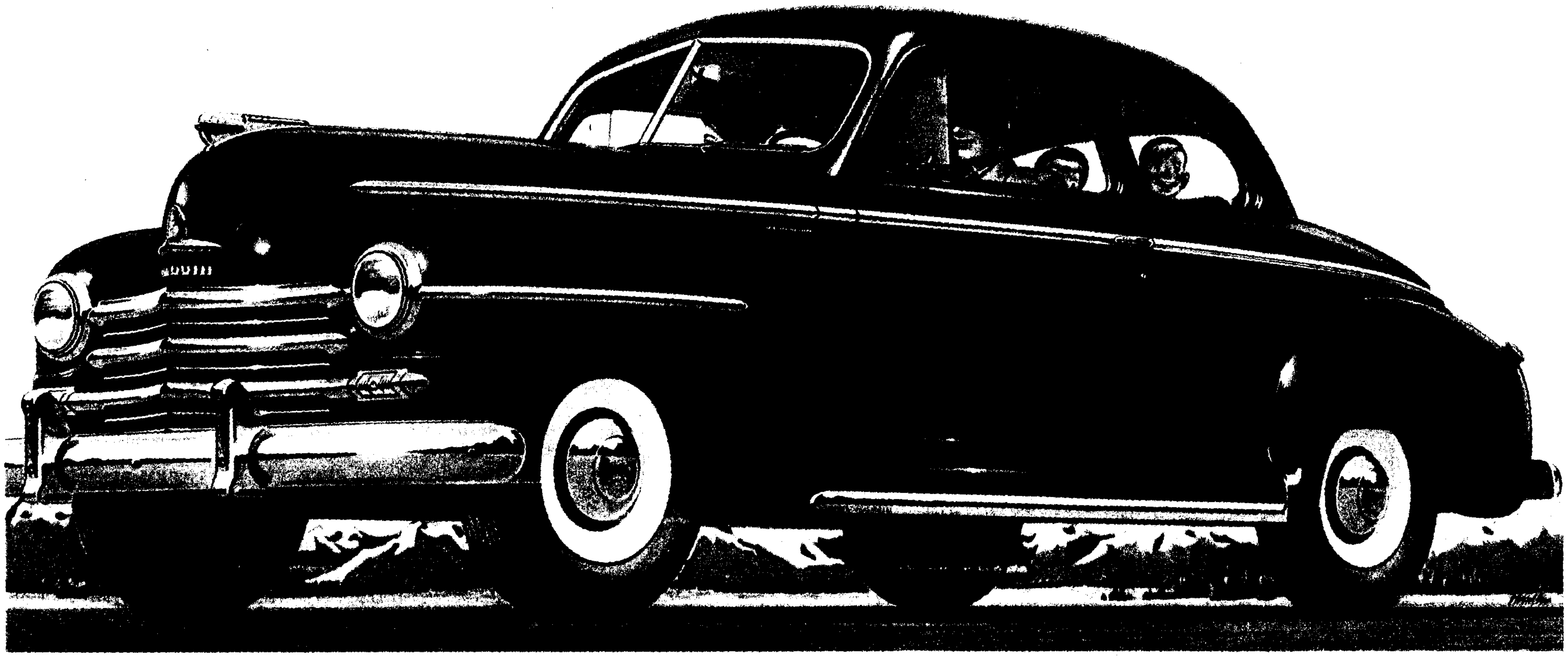


Jean's words came as a shock. A vivid streak flashed across the room and grabbed Jean by the arms. "That's not true!" Mimi said, her voice edged with hysteria

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

MEASURE THEM ALL

by the yardstick of Value!



The Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's is a yardstick for accurate car comparison. It shows you 21 features of high-priced cars . . . lets you measure the leading lowest-priced cars against them.

You see that Plymouth has 20 of these features. You check the other two leading low-priced cars and find that one has only 9 and the other only 8. You prove for yourself that Plymouth is the one low-priced car most like high-priced cars.

Then consider Plymouth's *extra* value above and beyond the 20 quality features. In the lowest-priced field, only Plymouth has Safety-Rim Wheels to reduce the hazards of tire failures. Only Plymouth has light-touch Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes, a third more effective . . . and many other basic advantages.

The protection of advanced safety features, the smoothness of Floating Power performance, the refreshing restfulness of a scientifically balanced ride—they're all yours with Plymouth. Doesn't all-around value like this make Plymouth your best buy?

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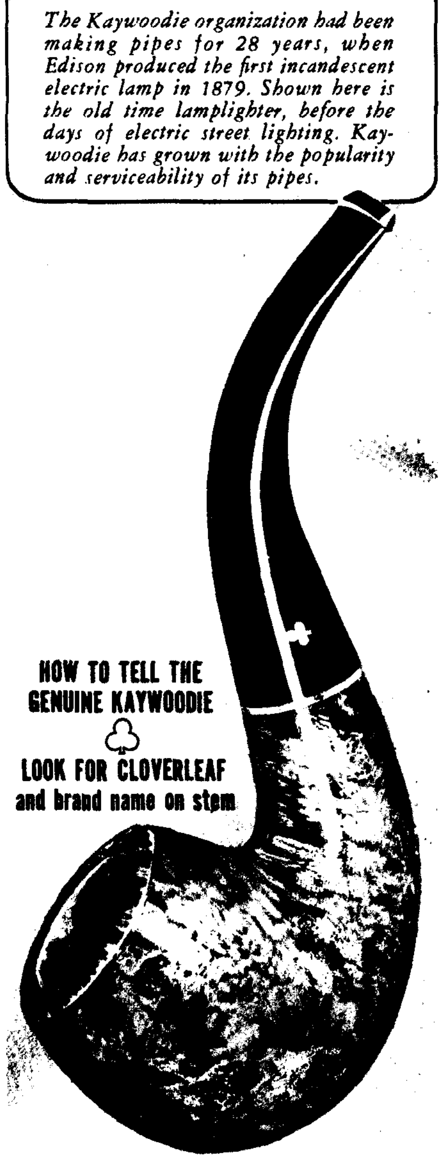
If it's VALUE you want it's PLYMOUTH you want

YOUR NEARBY PLYMOUTH DEALER WILL ACCEPT YOUR ORDER. AND HE'LL PROVIDE THE SERVICE AND FACTORY-ENGINEERED PARTS TO KEEP YOUR PRESENT CAR IN GOOD CONDITION WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR NEW PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—

The Kaywoodie organization had been making pipes for 28 years, when Edison produced the first incandescent electric lamp in 1879. Shown here is the old time lamplighter, before the days of electric street lighting. Kaywoodie has grown with the popularity and serviceability of its pipes.



HOW TO TELL THE GENUINE KAYWOODIE

LOOK FOR CLOVERLEAF and brand name on stem

Super Grain No. 30 Bent Shape $5

KAYWOODIE

backed by the record of 96 years

There's relaxation and friendliness in smoking a pipe, and KAYWOODIE'S the pipe! Its smoking-qualities proved and re-proved by independent laboratory research, by our own research staff, and 96 years of performance, KAYWOODIE is preferred by pipe-smokers everywhere.* Be sure you get the genuine—At dealers. Made of imported briar, specially selected and seasoned by us. KAYWOODIE Company, New York & London, 630 Fifth Ave, New York 20, N. Y. Pamphlet on request.

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*Six recent surveys confirm this.

DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50
SUPER-GRAIN $5, RELIEF-GRAIN $7.50, FLAME-GRAIN $10, SILHOUETTE $10, MEERSCHAUM LINED $12.50
CONNOISSEUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

five million dollars could buy if it didn't care what it bought.

But you had to admit that Jean was safe in such surroundings. Any run-of-the-mine murderer would have passed out with shock with a single glimpse of that place. He'd have to be dressed for the occasion: dinner coat, sport outfit or swimming trunks. You couldn't just walk into an estate like that and perpetrate a homicide.

Morning, afternoon and night, the house and grounds were overrun with important people from Olympus, from Magna, and from other major studios.

Once Jean was installed, Danny and I played around with such insignificant things as insurance and real estate. We tried to forget that a nice explosion was waiting to happen.

Monday morning Marty Walsh breezed into my office. He looked debonair and efficient and there was a light in his eyes that sent my guard up. He said, "Good morning, Ingram." He closed the door, pulled up a chair, helped himself to a cigarette, and then favored me with a lovely smile.

I said, "Just when did you eat the canary, Lieutenant?"

He said he thought that was very funny. "You're not a bad guy, Ingram. If we were on the same team," he went on, "we could get along fine. You see, I've changed my mind about a lot of things."

"What, for instance?"

"Fred Wilson."

MAYBE my expression changed. If it did, Marty didn't miss it.

I got cagey. Perhaps he knew something. I said, "Look, Walsh—from the minute we met, you've been riding me. On a hunch. If that's the way you've got to work, okay. But it doesn't make you popular with me."

"I could have been wrong."

"You sure could. But do you think you were?"

He gave me a friendly nod which was intended to be disarming. "Halfway. Not entirely. And that isn't a stall, Ingram. It's based on information."

I waited.

He said quietly, "I've got a pretty good idea who killed Bert Ellison."

Socko! Another one right on the button. I said, "Is it a secret?"

"Not from you, it ain't. It was Gus Ackerman."

For some reason, that let me down. I said, "What makes you think so?"

"Ballistics. The gun Ackerman was carrying the night he was killed is the same one that was used to kill Ellison."

I thought it over. Could be, of course. Jean and I had agreed that by some odd combination of circumstances, Ackerman had been at the Monterey Canyon home that afternoon. We hadn't pegged him as the murderer, because he hadn't acted—afterward—as we thought a murderer ought to act. His approach had been that of a man with dangerous information to sell, but not that of a man who might be slipping his neck into a noose by overplaying his hand.

Ackerman had been on the set at the railroad yards the night Vera Bradley was killed. He could have done that job, too. The idea was nice. Almost too nice. What was wrong with it was the gent who had telephoned Jean one night and said he was Fred Wilson, the lad who had bumped me over the head with something that hurt. That wasn't Ackerman. He had a cast-iron alibi on that.

Marty Walsh said, "What's about it you don't like, Ingram?"

"Nothing. I like it all."

"But you don't believe the way I do. You still got Madigan on your mind, haven't you?"

"Yes. Ackerman could have been working for Madigan."

"I think you're wrong, but I don't think it as hard as I used to." He smiled, then chuckled. "You won't get sore if I say something, will you, Ingram?"

"I hope not."

"You remember the afternoon we met? When we flipped that rug back and got a gander at Bert Ellison—you sure looked silly."

"So here we go again, huh?"

"Hell, no. I was just explaining something. About how come I got that hunch. You ain't naturally a silly-looking guy, but when you looked at Bert—oh, I dunno, it struck me that it wasn't the way a man would look if he was seeing something he expected to see."

I said, "Look, Lieutenant, suppose we play 'em face up for a few minutes. Just for the hell of it. What you probably came out here for was to watch my reaction when you told me that Ackerman killed Bert Ellison. Maybe I'd get all excited and say the case was closed. Maybe I'd be too happy."

This time there was warmth in Walsh's smile. He said, "Maybe you ain't hopeless, Ingram. That's nice thinking."

"I'd say you really didn't expect to get much out of it. I'd guess that you've got something else on your mind—or am I wrong?"

"You're right as six rabbits."

"Well—?"

"Direct so-and-so, ain't you, Ingram? How'd you like to go to a party?"

I blinked.

"A real swell party," Walsh continued affably. "No formal dressing, of course. But the McCoy, just the same. Lots of folks you know."

"When's the party?"

"Tonight."

"Where?"

"Valley View Towers."

"Who's the host?"

"This'll slay you. It's Rick Madigan."

Something clicked inside. A warning, perhaps. Marty was giving it to me in small bites. Just enough at a time to keep me confused.

I said, "What's the setup?"

"I know only enough to figure it'd be smart if we all played it Madigan's way. Especially you."

"Why me?"

"Because Rick's been worrying you from the first. Now he's decided to make some kind of a pitch. He's a gambler—it's just the sort of thing he'd do. Naturally, he thinks whatever he has in mind will work out fine for him. But it doesn't *have* to be that way."

"Have you got a guest list?"

"Sure. He called me first. Told me vaguely what he wanted. Said it was essential that I be there, and maybe it'd be a good idea to bring a friend. From the Homicide Bureau. I invited Pete Bowman."

"Who else?" I asked.

"Rick suggested you and Miss Rutledge and Arnold Travis. And of course Danny Singleton. And Mimi Fowler."

"It couldn't be that he's framing a fast one, could it, Marty?"

"I think yes. But that doesn't mean we got to fall for it."

"Suppose Jean doesn't want to go?"

Marty got up. He stood by the desk, looking down at me. He said quietly, "Listen, Ingram—I haven't the faintest idea what this is all about. I don't know the score any more than you say you do. But I've got one of my crazy hunches. I think it would be swell if you saw to it that Miss Rutledge and Singleton and Travis showed up."

He went to the door, turned, and put the tips of his thumb and forefinger together, making a circle. "Like that," he said. "I have an idea the whole thing will get washed up tonight."

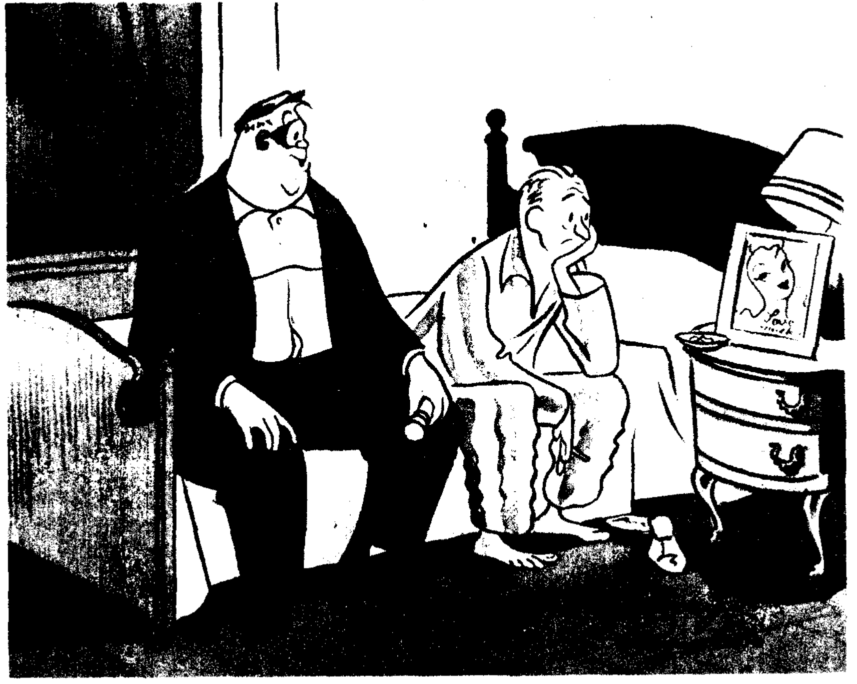
I SPENT most of the afternoon trying to figure whether I liked the setup. When it came time to close up shop, I still hadn't reached a decision. All I knew was that I was going.

Danny and I went home together. We bathed and shaved and changed linen. We took my car, started off toward the immaculate wilds of Bel Air. Danny said, "Some fun we got, eh, kid?"

I wasn't so sure. I said, "How do you peg it, Danny?"

"Something's on the fire. Trouble is, they're using a pressure cooker." He favored me with his engaging, twisted

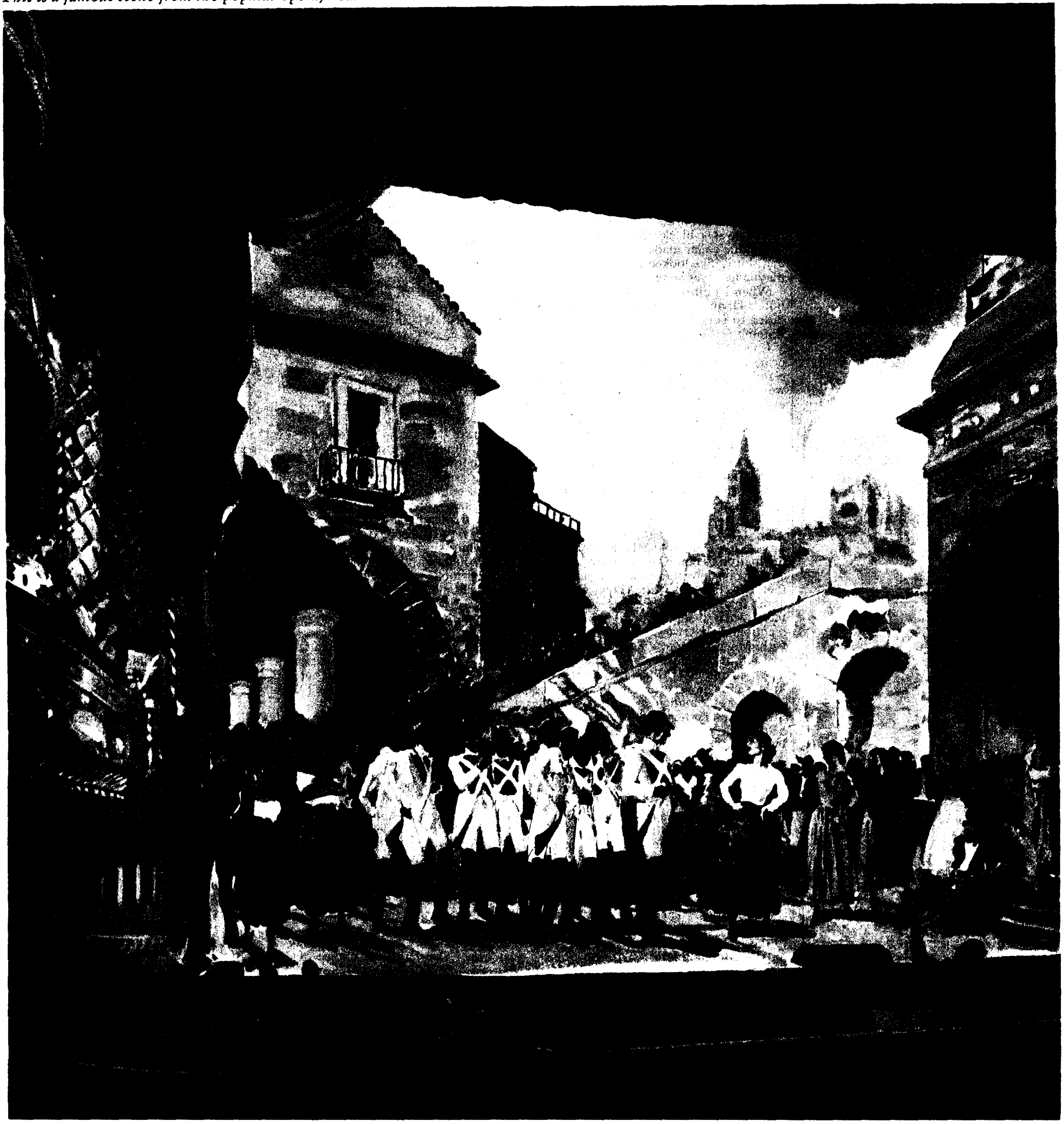
BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Your fiancée must be very amiable. I see her pitcher very often in apartments around town"

COLLIER'S

This is a famous scene from the popular opera, "Carmen."



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This thrilling series of Saturday-afternoon broadcasts begins November 15 and continues through March 13 over the American Broadcasting Company Network. See your newspaper for time and station.

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CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGER-NAIL TEST?

TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN ... 2 Network Shows! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

THE STORY

BRUCE INGRAM, young Los Angeles real-estate agent, is in love with motion-picture star JEAN RUTLEDGE. Jean, however, is still officially married to a gambler named FRED WILSON, who ran out on her four years ago. Wilson, secretly back on the Coast after his long absence, is murdered in the now abandoned house he and Jean had occupied.

Bruce and Jean discover the body, but Bruce—not wanting Jean's career to be wrecked by the unfavorable publicity that might ensue—drives her back to her studio before reporting the murder to the police. When he does report it, he arranges for his partner, DANNY SINGLETON, to be in on the "discovery" of the body.

Before police detective MARTY WALSH arrives at the scene, Wilson's body is mysteriously removed, and the body of a small-time grafter, BERT ELLISON, is substituted for it. Thus Walsh does not know that Wilson is dead—and Bruce, who is concealing the fact that he and Jean had originally discovered Wilson's body, obviously can't tell him.

That night Bruce and Jean consult her lawyer, ARNOLD TRAVIS. Among other things, Travis tells them that Fred Wilson owed money to gambler RICK MADIGAN and that Ellison was also in bad with Madigan.

A stagy brunette named MIMI FOWLER shows up in Bruce's real-estate office one day; she seems intensely interested in Jean Rutledge's abandoned house, the whereabouts of Fred Wilson, and in other matters pertaining to the murder—and she is particularly fascinated by the big, easygoing Madigan. Jean's friend and confidante, VERA BRADLEY, is murdered in Jean's dressing room just after she's told Jean that she has important information to impart to her.

A few nights later a stranger who calls himself GUS ACKERMAN appears and, claiming knowledge of her husband, attempts to blackmail Jean. Bruce and Arnold are hiding in Jean's bedroom, ready to protect her from the blackmailer. When Ackerman threatens Jean with a gun, Travis steps into the room and shoots him dead.

---

grin. "Anyhow, the teams are even. Four on our side, four on theirs."

"That still gives them the advantage, Danny. On the other side are two cops and a real bad boy named Madigan."

He said thoughtfully, "Nice of Madigan to invite me, wasn't it, Bruce?"

I'd been thinking the same thing. Just something else that didn't make sense. "Any friend of mine," I said, "is a friend of Madigan's."

The road twisted and climbed. We pulled up in front of the residential warehouse where Jean was staying. I was about to climb out of the car to fetch her, when she appeared. She was wearing a simple cocktail dress which did things to her. It was a black dress with a medallion at the collar made of something gold and shiny. She looked cute— except that maybe her eyes were too bright.

When I pulled up in front of Arnold's hotel, Danny went inside. I wasn't supposed to park there, so I kept the motor running.

I needn't have worried. Danny reappeared with Arnold Travis in tow. They clambered in and Danny said, "On your way, Egbert," which was supposed to be excruciating.

I swung to the right, went two blocks and turned right again. That put me on Sunset Boulevard, headed west. We passed the boundary of Hollywood, and rolled into the Strip. Valley View Towers stuck up into the night like a sore thumb.

FINDING a place to park in the Strip is a job in any man's language. I gave up finally and nosed the car down a short, steep ramp into the basement garage of the Towers. The attendant was just about to ask what the hell we were doing there when I slipped him a buck and mentioned that we were having dinner with Mr. Madigan. The dollar didn't register, but Madigan's name did.

We mentioned Madigan to the cute little trick who was running the elevator. It was an automatic elevator, but during the rush hours there was always a girl to help it run automatically. She, too, was impressed by Madigan's name.

We took a long time going up. Finally we got there and the door slid open quietly, without being touched by human hands. A tough-looking monkey who was making like a butler greeted us gravely, took our stuff and told us to walk right into the living room. I whispered to Danny, "A ringer. The teams aren't even any more. Already they've got five on their side."

The foyer was big. The living room was enormous. There were windows on two sides. One set of them gave access to the terrace, the other set was just for looking. But no matter where you looked, the view outside was magnificent. You couldn't help but be impressed.

Across the room, in front of the fireplace, was a couch. Its back was to the foyer. There was a woman sitting on the couch, facing away from us. By the well-shaped head, with the black hair flowing over the shoulders, I knew it was Mimi Fowler. I could see one hand. It held a glass, and the glass had something in it that looked potent and intriguing.

Madigan was facing us. He was standing near the fireplace, and obviously had been chatting with Miss Fowler. He smiled a greeting and came forward with his hand out.

Even in this huge room, Rick Madigan looked tremendous. He was wearing a conservatively cut Oxford-gray suit, a plain white shirt, a gray tie which was shot through with unobtrusive flecks of red. He looked as though he belonged here, as though he belonged in any place which was lavish and correct.

He was the charming host making his guests welcome and comfortable. He didn't overdo it. By doing nothing more elaborate than acting like a gentleman, he stripped us of antagonism, but this wasn't just a social evening. We all knew it, and he knew that we knew it.

The elevator door opened again. This time the cage disgorged Lieutenant Marty Walsh and Detective Pete Bowman. Walsh looked as correct and as at home as the host did. Bowman looked slightly uncomfortable, and a trifle on the defensive, as though determined that nothing would make him betray his unfamiliarity with such elegance.

Mimi had risen. She was a wee bit overdone, so as to put her a little on the dizzy side. A shade too much make-up, a dress which advertised her femininity a trifle too obviously. But she still looked like somebody you'd like to meet in your dreams.

A Filipino boy appeared bearing a vast tray. You had your choice of dry Martinis, Manhattans and Daiquiris. No matter which you selected, you'd be right. The lad who had mixed those drinks was an artist. I said as much to Madigan, and he seemed pleased.

The boy put down the tray, with its load of extras. He vanished, only to reappear a second later with another tray containing *canapés*. But *canapés*. The works. Caviar, anchovies, smoked sturgeon—whatever your little gastronomic heart desired. Everything was so perfect, so faultless, so pleasant, that I could almost make myself forget the purpose of our little gathering.

I found myself standing on the edge of the group next to Bowman. He was doing all right by the *canapés*, though going light on the cocktails. He whispered confidentially, "Some dump, ain't it, Ingram?"

"Yeah," I answered, meeting him on his own ground. "A helluva dump."

"I shouldn't of been a cop," he went on. "Rackets—that's what pays off."

I smiled at him. "You wouldn't like this as a steady diet."

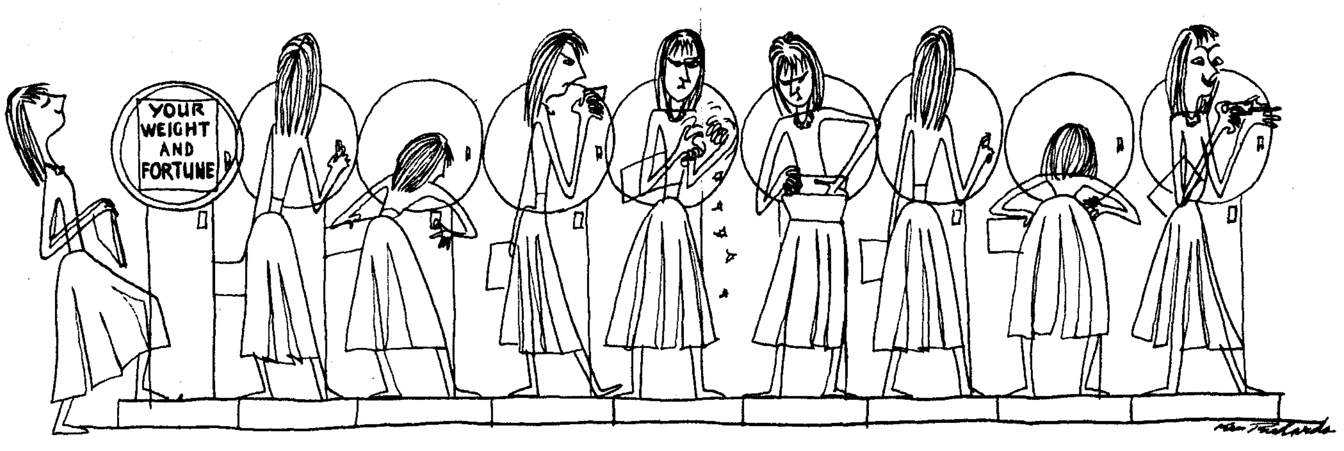
"I'd give it a riffle." He stabbed an anchovy with a toothpick. "These sure are little sardines, ain't they?"

THE dinner was something to write poetry about. Vichyssoise, mixed green salad, duck *à l'orange*, French peas, rice, tiny Brussels sprouts. For dessert, baked Alaska, which was an extra special Madigan touch. There was imported sauterne, and after the coffee came assorted liqueurs, including brandy which must have been ancient long before Napoleon was ever born.

The conversation all through the dinner was casual, pleasant and innocuous. We talked about pictures, radio, real estate, Santa Anita, television, Las Vegas and 1948 automobiles. Nobody said anything that meant anything. Homicide wasn't so much as mentioned.

But still, there was no escaping the tension, no getting away from the certainty that this was leading somewhere, that when our host got good and ready, things would start popping.

We settled ourselves in the living room. All sorts of cigarettes were available. There were a half-dozen brands of choice Havana cigars. Brandy and benedictine and crème de menthe were left on the



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JACK, THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE IF—IF ONLY YOU'D SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, HONEY!
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TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

coffee table for those who might feel inclined to repeat.

I'd been keeping an eye on Marty Walsh. The man knew his way around. He wasn't in a hurry. He had no intention of taking the play away from Madigan. He carried his end of every discussion, expressed a few conservative opinions freely and intelligently—and waited.

Rick Madigan's timing would have made *him* a success as an actor. He picked a moment when whatever topic had been under discussion had died of its own weight. Nobody was talking. He didn't have to ask for, or suggest, quiet. He spoke casually, softly. He said, "I suppose this would be a good time to begin, wouldn't it?"

He didn't spread it out. He knew that we understood. He looked at Lieutenant Walsh, and Marty nodded. I could see a general tightening.

MADIGAN spoke with meticulous care, as though his preliminary speech had been rehearsed. He said, "Naturally, we all recognize that this isn't merely a social gathering—much as I would have liked it that way. Recently, some very ugly things have been happening. I've found myself in the middle. I don't like being there."

He gave us a few seconds to think that over.

"I would prefer not to step on any toes, or to remind any one of you of things you'd rather forget." He nodded gravely at Jean. "Particularly you, Miss Rutledge."

Jean inclined her head. She looked calm, but her color was too high, her eyes were too bright.

"Unfortunately, unpleasant things have a way of remaining unpleasant until they're straightened out. Some of you folks don't like me. That goes especially for Bruce Ingram."

I said, "I don't dislike you, Madigan. This is something a lot bigger than liking or disliking a person."

"Right. But you've persisted in the idea, haven't you, that I either killed Bert Ellison and Vera Bradley, or that I was instrumental in having them killed?"

There it was. Out in the open. I said, "Yes. I've thought that. From all I had heard, I couldn't figure any other answer."

"Naturally." Madigan let that one ride. "But since I had nothing to do with either killing, there's got to be another answer."

He was taking plenty of time. "My profession is a tricky one. I'm saying that frankly before two members of the police department, and I'm not telling them anything they don't know already. I've never gone in for violence, particularly murder. I don't blame you, Ingram, for what you've thought. I only blame you for not thinking far enough."

There wasn't any answer to that, either.

Madigan said, "We're all long-time residents of Los Angeles. Our backgrounds are known. That goes for everybody in this room except one person."

One person! I looked at Mimi Fowler. Everybody else looked at her.

She was sitting stiffly in a wing chair, a half-empty glass of brandy in one hand, a cigarette in the other. She said, with astonishing calmness, "You mean me, don't you, Rick?"

"Yes. You see, Mimi—you're the only person who doesn't fit naturally. I understand you've been very inquisitive. You didn't pick the real-estate firm of Ingram and Singleton out of a hat. You went to them with two ideas in mind. You wanted to inspect Miss Rutledge's Monterey Canyon home. You also wanted to meet Miss Rutledge. Am I right?"

Mimi said, "You seem pretty sure."

Madigan turned to me. "Will you back me on those last two statements, Ingram?"

I said, "I had gotten that impression."

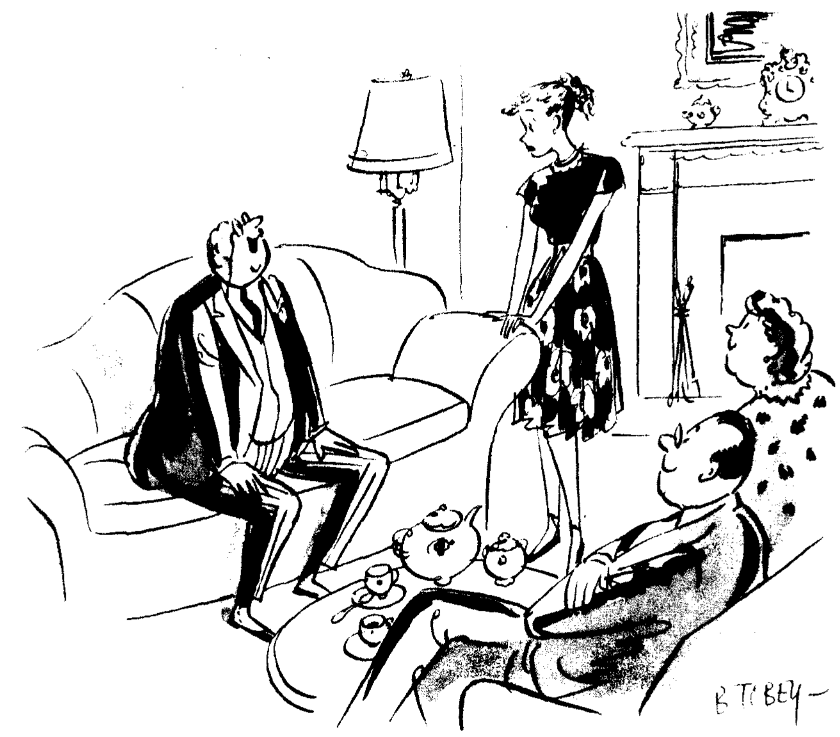
"Good. You see, all I'm asking is frankness. All I want is the truth. If it hurts me—okay. Except that it won't." He moistened his lips, and looked at Mimi again. He said, "Most men are egoists, Mimi. They like to regard themselves as irresistible. But even so, I couldn't quite swallow the play you made for me. It was too obvious and too fast. I didn't have that much faith in my own charm."

Mimi Fowler accepted his challenge. She said, "I overplayed it, didn't I?"

"You certainly did. May I ask why?"

"You're doing all right," she said. "Why not keep on?"

"I will." Madigan was addressing all of us now. "Mimi intrigued me. I'd have taken it in stride if certain other things hadn't been happening all around me. From the minute I decided that Mimi was going a little too strong, I started having her investigated. I learned something very interesting, something that explains Miss Fowler, her beautifully timed arrival in Los Angeles, her



COLLIER'S

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interest in the Monterey Canyon house, in Bert Ellison, in Miss Rutledge and in me.

"Mimi Fowler was trying to find Fred Wilson. She was pretty sure that he had killed Ellison. She thought there might be a clue in the house which Fred had once owned, and where the murder was committed. She thought that perhaps Fred Wilson's wife—Miss Rutledge—might know where he was hiding."

Marty Walsh said sharply, "Lay off the double-talk, Rick. Why was Mimi Fowler so interested in Fred Wilson?"

"Because," explained Madigan suavely, "because until recently, Mimi believed that she was Wilson's wife. They were married in Havana, Cuba, in December, 1943. It wasn't until a few weeks ago that Mimi learned that Fred Wilson was a bigamist."

WE SAT gawking at one another. No matter what I'd expected, it hadn't been this.

Only two people in the room seemed to take the announcement in stride. One was Marty Walsh, whose face was expressionless. The other was Mimi Fowler.

She said steadily, "What are you driving at, Rick?"

"Just presenting facts," he answered. "It's Marty's job to figure where they fit."

Walsh said, "Are you sure they *are* facts?"

Madigan smiled. "You know better than to ask a question like that, Marty. Would I be making this play if I weren't sure? I've got proof that would stand up anywhere. Fred Wilson met Mimi Fowler in Havana around Christmas of 1943. He'd been bucking the dice table at the Casino Nacional in Havana, and his luck had been *consistently* bad. He was flat broke. Mimi had money. I don't know exactly how much, but I'd say around fifty-sixty thousand. Am I right, Mimi?"

"Forty thousand," was Mimi's placid answer.

"She and Wilson were two of a kind. They fell for each other. Wilson was a fast worker. He had the assistance of tropic moonlight and a foreign atmosphere. I'm not trying to tell you how he thought things out, except that I knew the man pretty well. I'm not far wrong, because he'd have to have figured that way to commit bigamy."

Arnold Travis broke in. He said, "That doesn't come off, Madigan. Fred could have had a divorce from Jean any time he wanted."

"Yes. But not quick. It would have *taken time. Maybe Mimi would get tired* of waiting. She might change her mind. She might spend her forty thousand. The way I peg it, Wilson did what he'd always done. He took a chance. He had a name that was not distinctive. He married Mimi in another country. He got hold of her dough when he needed it most. I'm guessing that he figured to get a quiet divorce from Miss Rutledge soon after he got back to the States."

"Then why didn't he?"

"Because something happened just at that time that he hadn't figured on. All of a sudden Jean Rutledge stopped being an unimportant extra girl. She became a national sensation almost overnight. Newspapers and fan magazines were loaded with publicity about her. No matter who filed divorce proceedings, or where, some newshawk would spot it. The fact that Miss Rutledge was actually Mrs. Fred Wilson, and that she was separated from her husband, was fresh in everybody's mind. And, unless I'm *wide of the mark,* I'd say *the person he* feared most was Mimi."

"Why?"

"Because bigamy is a felony. It means prison. A lot of prison. Let Mimi learn the truth, she'd be sore. If I'd been Wilson, I'd have been afraid of that. I'd be afraid that the person who would start the bigamy ball rolling would be the woman who had been done dirt."

Travis nodded. He said, "It could have been that way, Madigan, but it doesn't have to be. How long would a man like Fred Wilson think he could get away with it?"

"Indefinitely. I'll lay ten to one that he even kidded with Mimi about having the same name as the husband of the famous Jean Rutledge. Right, Mimi?"

She said, "Yes, you're right."

"You see. It's simple psychology. You don't think of someone close to you as being tied up with a famous person, or of being famous. Maybe you meet Clark Gable in a bar. You have a drink with him. You say, 'You look exactly like Clark Gable.' He grins, and says that's what everybody *tells him.* Are you going to think it's Clark Gable? The answer in my book is no."

Rick was making out a strong case. He was telling the story of a reckless gambler who was accustomed to taking chances; a man who had been so foolish as to welsh on a $7,000 debt to Madigan himself; a man who saw a fast $40,000 in his hand, provided he took a chance which, at the moment, didn't look dangerous—something he could iron out quietly and in his own good time.

Marty Walsh spoke to Mimi. He asked, "Is that about how it was, Miss Fowler?"

Mimi said, "Yes."

"You never suspected that he was *the* Fred Wilson or that you were a bigamist?"

"No."

WALSH turned to Arnold Travis. He said, "That checks with a few other things you've been telling me. You say that Wilson never saw you personally in New York?"

"He refused consistently."

"How did you contact him?"

"Through a friend. I never knew his address."

"You never met Mimi?"

"No. Until ten minutes ago, Fred's attitude on the divorce proposition hadn't made any sense. He always *wanted* money. He knew he could have gotten a nice slice of it from Miss Rutledge."

"Could a divorce have been arranged so that there would have been no danger of publicity?"

"It would have been taking a chance. You can get away with that where the parties are in agreement, and where there isn't any danger of unpleasant aftermath. I'm inclined to agree with Madigan that Wilson would have been afraid of what Mimi might do once she found out where she stood."

Mimi said, "I might have, at that."

Travis continued, "Fred Wilson wouldn't have liked the idea of prison. He wasn't the type."

"One more thing," said Walsh. "As I understand it, you advised Miss Rutledge to get a Nevada divorce on the grounds of desertion, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't she?"

"I wrote Wilson what she had in mind. I assured him that it could be kept quiet. He wrote back that it wouldn't be quiet, that he'd personally go to Nevada and fight it. Not knowing the spot he was in, I couldn't figure that he was bluffing."

"Could he have fought the action successfully?"

"I don't think so. I believe Miss Rutledge would have gotten her freedom. But I was afraid he'd put up a defense that might involve a scandal. It doesn't matter whether or not a scandal accusation is true. It would be a matter of court record, and Miss Rutledge's screen career would have been ruined. It was my job, as her lawyer, to protect her."

Mimi flipped back the cover of a jade humidor. She fitted a cigarette into a long holder. Danny Singleton held a light for her, and she said, "Thanks."

Her reaction thus far had been astonishing. I looked at Jean and knew approximately what was going on in her mind: You'd almost think this party was of Mimi's arranging. Outwardly, Mimi was poised and confident. She'd taken the play away from Madigan. If she was nervous or frightened, she gave no sign.

Lieutenant Walsh looked hard at Madigan. He said, "We'll accept your facts, Rick. Mimi seems to have okayed *'em.* So I ask you: Where are we?"

"A lot closer to an answer than we were, Marty. My opinion hasn't changed. I still think Fred Wilson is the man you're after. I think Miss Rutledge knows where he is. Maybe Mimi does, too. And our friend Ingram seems to be rather constantly underfoot. He might be in on it."

Marty looked at me. "How about it?" he asked.

SPORTING ODDS

Playing its archrival, Drake, at Des Moines late in the fall of 1925, Iowa State was leading 7-0. Midway through the fourth quarter of the cloudy, rainy and dismal game, Iowa State had the ball deep in its own territory with only a few minutes to play.

***Johnny Behm, Iowa State quarterback,* ran three running plays to eat up time. Then on fourth down, to the crowd's amazement, he turned and ran toward his own goal. He crossed the goal and touched the ball down for a safety, and two points for Drake. The rules gave Iowa State the ball on its own 20-yard line.**

Behm again ran three running plays to eat up time. On fourth down he again turned and ran toward his own goal, touched the football down, and gave Drake two additional points. With Iowa State still in possession of the ball, Behm for a third time followed exactly the same procedure and time ran out before the next series of plays. Iowa State had won, 7-6.

That winter the rules committee, recognizing that Behm had abided by the rule in letter but not in spirit, wrote the present rule under which the team making a safety puts the ball in play by a free kick.

—John F. McElhinney, Ames, Iowa

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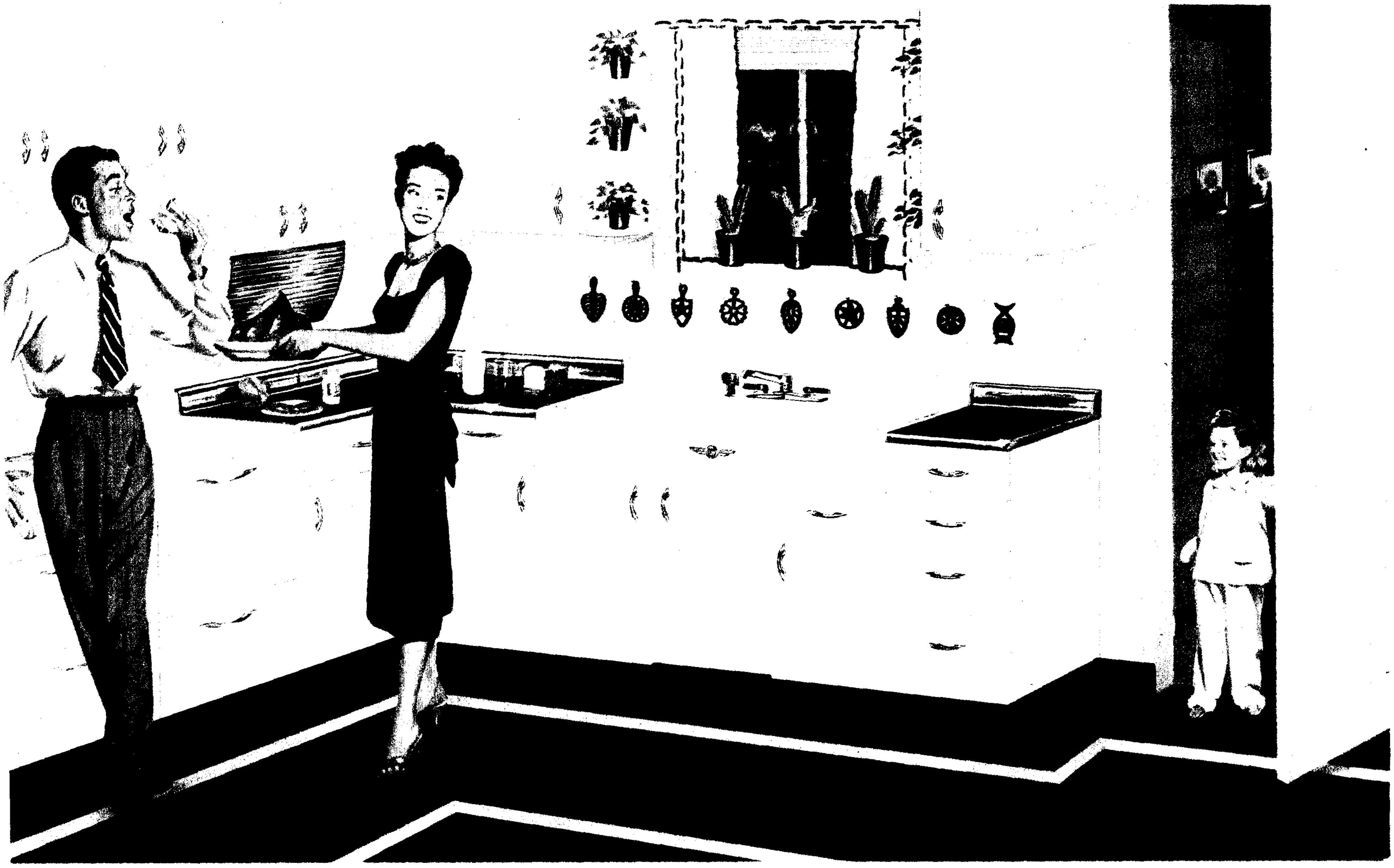

No topsy turvy days here! Husky Youngstown wall and base cabinets keep every cup and kettle handy to your counter surface. That gorgeous cabinet sink is the Youngstown 48″ twin bowl Kitchenaider with sliding-removable drainboard and *extra-deep* second bowl (it's 11″ deep!). Even the price for this all-steel Youngstown Kitchen is exciting. As little as $17.10 a month, *installed complete*, on most budget plans, including financing through your Youngstown dealer or your local bank. So why sit there dreaming?

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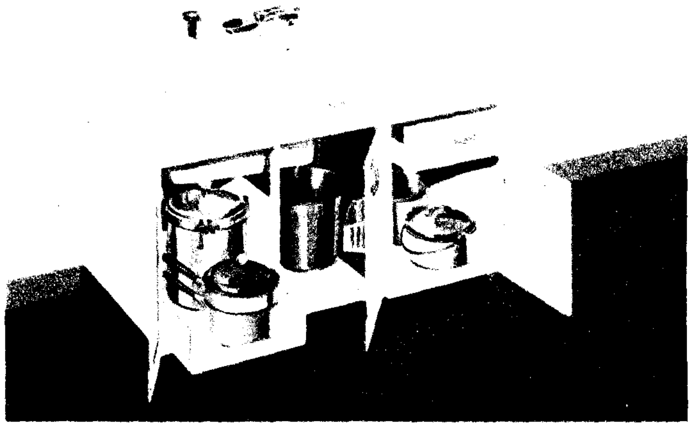

Dishwashing's a snap at this Youngstown 48″ twin-bowl Kitchenaider cabinet sink with extra-deep second bowl (it's 11″ deep). It has sliding-removable drainboard, too, of acid-resisting porcelain enamel. Also three giant storage compartments, deep cutlery drawer, sliding shelf, recessed toe space, handy rinse spray. And you pay *only* about $5.80 a month!

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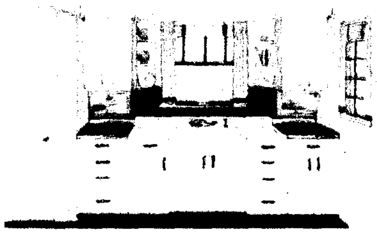

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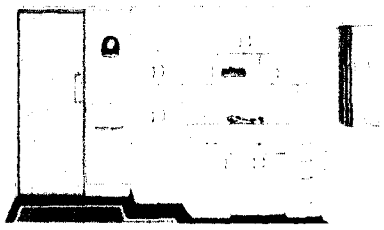

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ESSLEY SHIRTS

SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS

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"Same answer, Lieutenant. Everything I've heard here tonight is news."

"You don't know where Fred Wilson is?"

"No."

That was stretching it thin, and I realized it. In point of fact, I didn't know where Fred was. What was left of him was probably lying in some deserted canyon, or perhaps in the Pacific Ocean. I certainly didn't know where.

Walsh returned his attention to Mimi Fowler. He said, "There are a lot of blank spaces. Maybe you'd be willing to fill 'em in for us. Did you know before tonight that your husband was a bigamist?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known it?"

"I first suspected it on January twenty-second. I didn't know it for sure until after I got to Los Angeles."

"Mind explaining that?"

She got up and walked across the room. I noticed that Pete Bowman was keeping a sharp eye on her. Maybe he was figuring that she might try jumping out of a window. Anyway, he was watching, but not making it too obvious.

MIMI said calmly, "Things happened just about as Rick told them. But he didn't tell it all."

"What did he leave out?"

"He forgot to mention Bert Ellison."

Wham! Just like that! I heard an exclamation from Jean. I heard Danny Singleton murmur, "I'd plumb forgotten *that* guy."

Walsh said, "What about Ellison, Miss Fowler?"

"This last New Year's Eve," she said carefully, "Fred and I were at a brawl in a New York restaurant. A pint-sized, ratty guy drifted up and started slobbering all over Fred. Fred didn't like it. He didn't like the man. But he took it. I figured that he didn't have any choice. He introduced the stranger as Bert Ellison. He said he and Ellison had been friends in the old days, in Los Angeles."

"But you didn't believe him, did you?"

"About being friends? No! But they *had* known each other. I got the hunch that Fred was afraid of Ellison. I didn't know why. He asked Ellison to join the party. Things stayed that way until we broke up at four in the morning. When we got home I quizzed Fred. He admitted he'd never really been friends with Ellison. Said he had been sorry for him. A cheap punk alone in New York on New Year's Eve."

"You didn't believe him?"

"No. But I didn't ask any more questions. You couldn't make Fred tell things he didn't want to tell. I knew he was worried. I thought he was frightened."

"Yet you kept your mouth shut?"

"Yes." Mimi took a deep drag on her cigarette, then mashed it out carefully in one of the ash trays. "One thing I'd like all of you to remember: No matter what Fred Wilson is—no matter what he has been—I love him."

She said it quietly. With dignity.

"And then?" prompted Walsh.

"Things rocked along. Fred didn't say a word, but he acted like a man who was waiting for something to happen. On January seventeenth—" she hesitated, then made an explanation: "I memorized all the dates, Lieutenant. I'm glad I did."

"So'm I, Miss Fowler. Keep going, please."

"On January seventeenth, Eddie Morgan called up to say he had a telegram for Fred."

"Who's Eddie Morgan?"

"Friend of Fred's. He operates a handbook. Fred frequently got mail and messages through him. I knew that Morgan had been instructed never to tell where Fred could be reached."

"Didn't that strike you as odd?"

"No. I knew that Fred had walked out on the seven thousand he owed Madigan. I figured he was afraid Madigan might try to do something about it. Anyway, Fred went to Eddie's house and got the telegram. He told me he was leaving right away for L.A."

"Did you see the wire?"

"No. Fred flew out from New York on the nineteenth. He was due here the morning of the twentieth of January. He said he'd be gone only a few days. I never heard from him again."

"Then—?" prompted Marty.

"On the morning of the twenty-second I read in the papers about Bert Ellison's body being found in the house of Jean Rutledge. The article went on to state that the house had been given to Miss Rutledge by her husband, Fred Wilson, from whom she had been separated several years." Her voice broke, just a trifle, but she pulled herself together. "That's the first time it ever occurred to me that my Fred Wilson and Miss Rutledge's husband could be the same person."

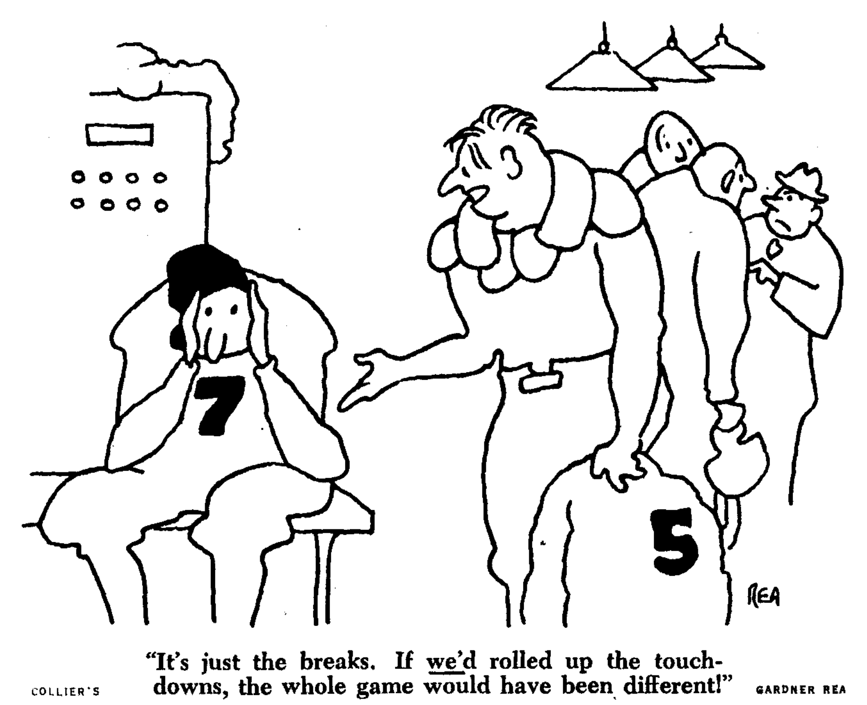
"Ellison tied them together for you, is that it?"

"Yes. It had to be."

"And you thought your husband had killed Ellison?"

"I don't know what I thought. I thought Ellison was connected with Fred's trip. Ellison had been killed in a house which Fred used to own. I was afraid Fred was in a jam. I came out to see what I could do to help."

"So—?"



"It's just the breaks. If we'd rolled up the touchdowns, the whole game would have been different!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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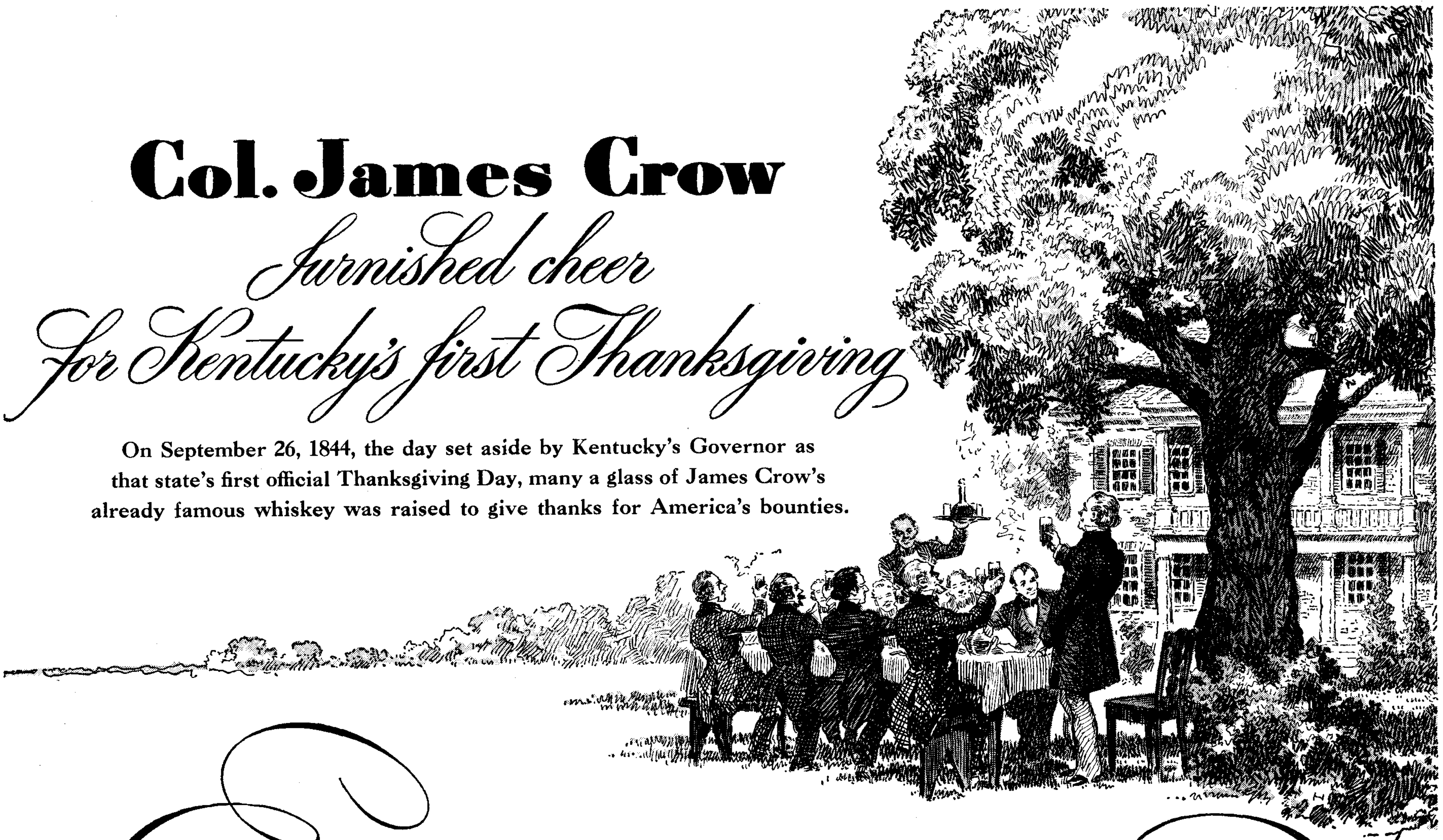
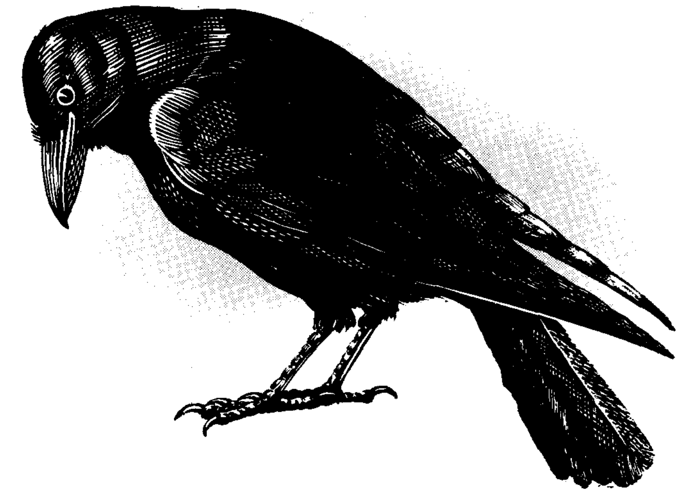
On September 26, 1844, the day set aside by Kentucky's Governor as that state's first official Thanksgiving Day, many a glass of James Crow's already famous whiskey was raised to give thanks for America's bounties.



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW



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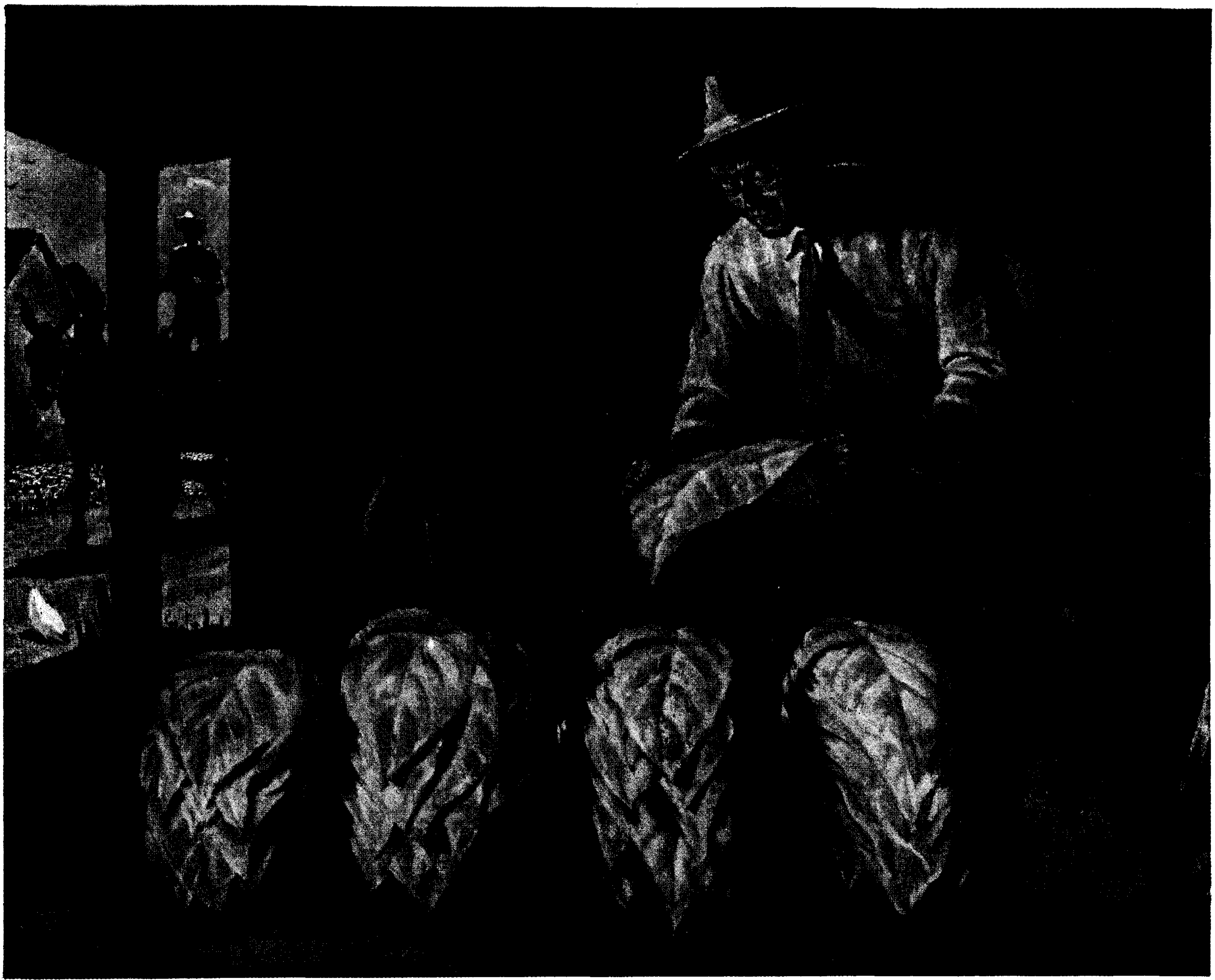

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—*C. L. Saunders, 28 years an independent tobacco buyer.*

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"I couldn't find Fred. I asked Eddie Morgan to wire me if he heard anything. But I didn't hear from Eddie. I started looking around. I wanted to meet Miss Rutledge, so I went to Bruce Ingram. People had told me they were engaged. I wanted to meet Madigan. Maybe he knew something." She made a helpless gesture. "I haven't found out anything. Not a single damned thing."

There it was. You couldn't help but believe her.

Rick Madigan said, "I believe all of Mimi's story except one thing, Marty. I think she knows where Wilson is hiding. I think she knows positively that he killed Bert Ellison."

"That's a lie!" Mimi turned on him angrily. "It's a dirty, lousy lie!"

Madigan shrugged. "I think different. But my ideas don't count. What's it add up to you, Marty?"

We all looked at Walsh. He said, "Madigan's logical, Miss Fowler. It could be the way he says."

"You mean you think Fred killed Ellison?"

"I wouldn't go that far out on a limb. But I've heard worse ideas."

"And if I'm right," said Madigan, "Miss Fowler might be an accessory."

I had always figured Mimi as a lady with a violent temper. I was right. Madigan had infuriated her. She dropped all pretense of restraint and started to say things. Things which weren't complimentary to Rick or his feminine forebears.

How long she would have continued I don't know. A cool, quiet voice knifed into Mimi's scene. The voice said, "Just a second, please, Miss Fowler."

It was Jean. She hadn't changed her position. She was still sitting on the couch, still looking relaxed, still giving the impression of a casually interested spectator.

Mimi cut it off in the middle of an ugly word. Jean said calmly, "Rick Madigan has made out a nice case. There's only one trouble with it. He's wrong."

I jumped up. So did Danny Singleton and Arnold Travis. We converged on Jean. I heard Danny say, "For the love of Pete, Jean—" and that was as far as he got.

Marty Walsh and Pete Bowman were in there somehow. They got between us and Jean. Marty was taking over now, and he wasn't fooling. He said, "You mugs back off." Then his voice lost its edge. "You were saying—?" he prompted, looking at Jean.

Danny and Arnold and I looked at Jean and then at one another. We knew the applecart was about to be knocked over. We knew Jean was making a wrong play, but she'd already carried it too far. Arnold said, "Jean! As your lawyer—"

Marty Walsh said, "To hell with that lawyer stuff, Travis. I'm warning you to keep your nose out of this."

Jean was the only placid one in the group. She said, "You'll be interested in this, Lieutenant. And Miss Fowler has a right to know. Rick Madigan omitted one important detail. He forgot to mention that Fred couldn't possibly have killed either Bert Ellison or Vera Bradley."

Marty said, "Why couldn't he?"

"Because," explained Jean steadily, "because Fred Wilson was dead before either of those murders was committed."

I HAD suspected, of course, what Jean was going to say. But hearing the actual words was still a shock.

I felt frightened and, oddly enough, relieved. No more concealment, no more subterfuge. The chips were down. For better or worse.

A vivid streak flashed across the room and grabbed Jean by the arms. Mimi said, "That's not true!" Her voice was edged with hysteria.

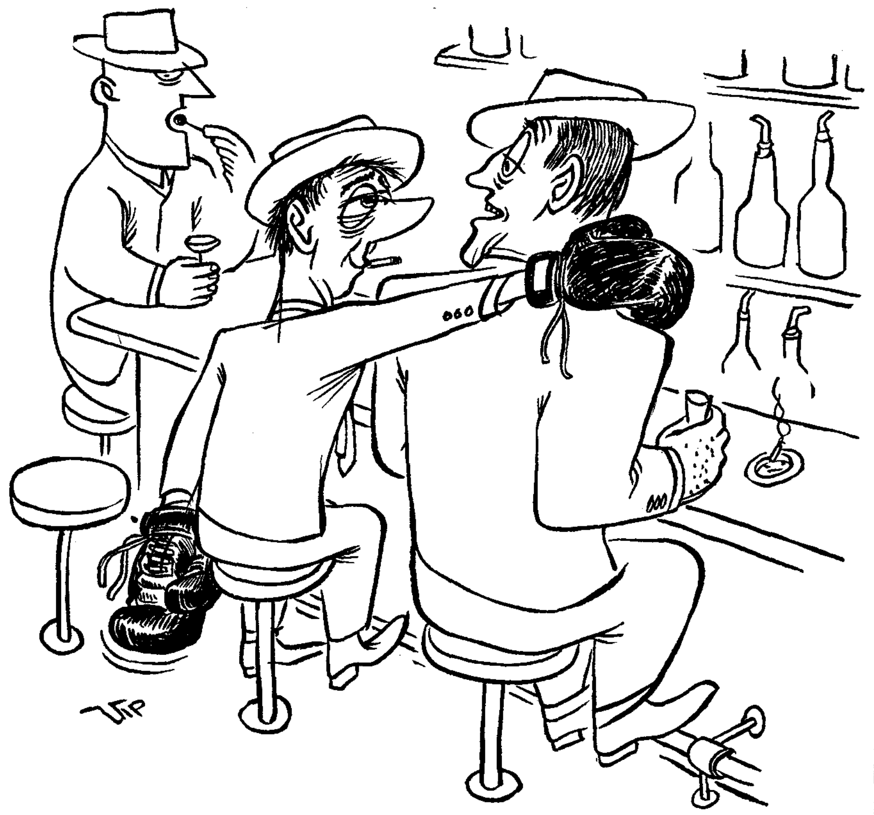
Jean took one of Mimi's hands. She said, "I'm sorry, Mimi. More than you would believe. But it's true."

The other girl stared, trying to disbelieve the truth. Then she dropped alongside of Jean. She started to cry. It was a terrible, dry sort of crying.

Jean's arms went around her. The rest of us stood around like a bunch of dopes. All of us were shocked, some of us were surprised. Even Marty Walsh was jarred. You couldn't help being sorry for Mimi Fowler. She'd been taking an awful beating, and this was the pay-off.

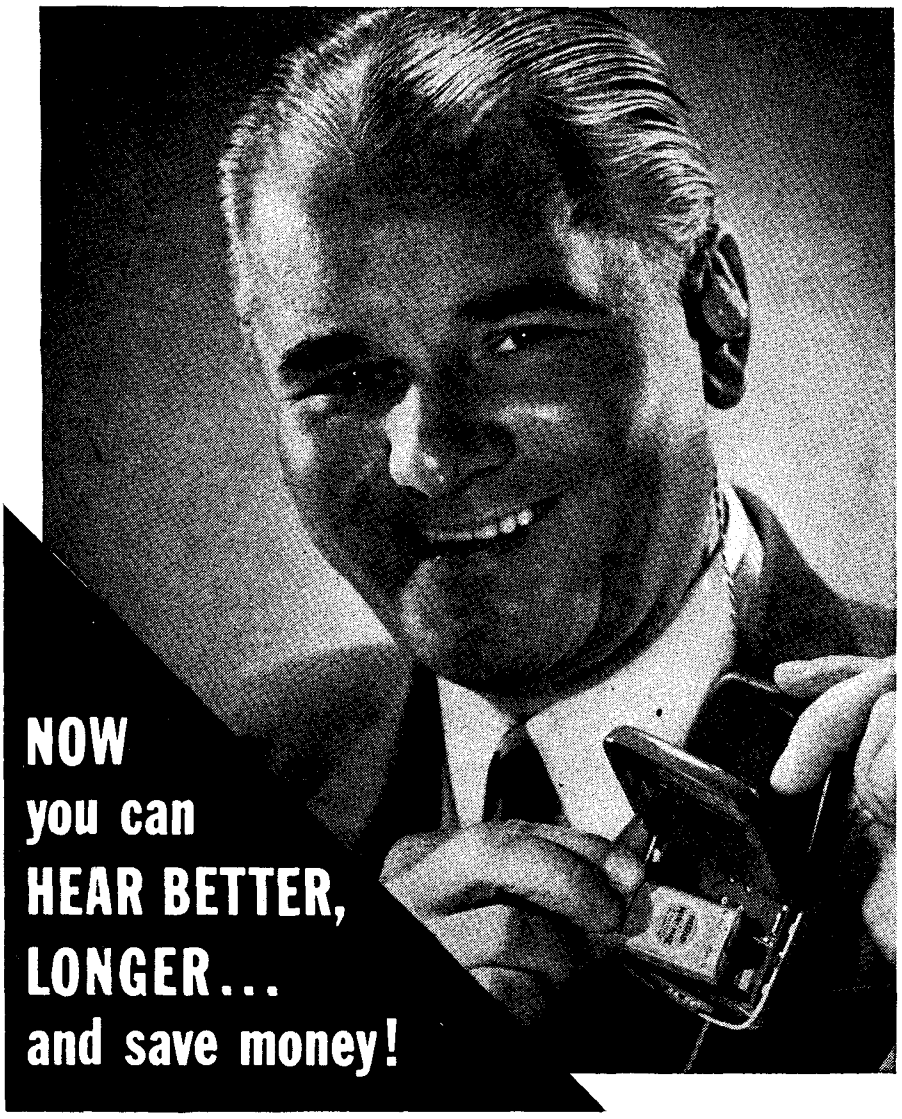
She got herself under some semblance of control. She must have realized that we were just getting under way, that there was a lot more to be said. Marty stepped back into character. He swung around so that he faced me.

"You knew it, too—about Wilson being dead?"



"Thanks just the same, sir, but I'm not really looking for a fight"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



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"Yes."

"How about you, Singleton?"

I said quickly, "Danny didn't know a thing."

But Danny wasn't having it that way. "Let's play it straight for a change," he said, with some hint of weariness in his tone. "Yes, I knew it."

"You saw Wilson's body?"

"No. Bruce told me. We went out there to find his body. Somehow, we missed it."

Marty was mad. Hopping mad. He was acting like a pressure cooker with too much pressure. He snapped, "You're in a hell of a mess, every one of you. You can't play cute on a homicide." He glared at Arnold Travis. "And of course you knew it, too, didn't you, wise guy?"

"I knew what I was told," Arnold said quietly. "No sense chewing your shirt, Marty. I got what I know as the privileged communication of a client."

"Oh, yeah? Maybe whoever hears the disbarment proceedings against you will think different."

WALSH focused his attention on Jean. His voice was heavy with sarcasm: "I hate to keep horning in, Miss Rutledge. I realize that up to this point, it's been a private affair. The fact that people have been rather indiscriminately murdered is only incidental. But you see, we have an odd institution in this town. It's called a police department. It has detectives in it. It gets very curious about murders. It likes to know things. Just a few. So if you'll be kind enough to do a little explaining. Just a few unimportant little things—"

Jean said calmly, "You're mad, Lieutenant. I don't blame you. If I were in your place, I'd be angry, too. I'll tell you everything—"

She talked slowly, carefully, trying not to elaborate things unduly, or to withhold any significant detail. She started with the morning of Tuesday, January twenty-first, when she had received a telephone call from her husband.

She told it as she remembered it. Once or twice she checked with me about the sequence of events. Marty Walsh let her have plenty of rope. She told it all, everything she knew, right down to the present moment. To me, what we had done at the beginning still looked logical. What had happened beyond that point had been beyond our control. So much for our side. But when you added it up, it looked bad. Uncompromisingly bad.

Walsh was sizzling. He was busting out all over. He tore into Jean. He ripped into me.

The telling of Jean's story, the staccato questioning which followed it consumed a lot of time. During that time Mimi Fowler had taken a grip on herself. She looked haggard, but she wasn't crying any more. Her eyes were hard, her lips were set in a straight, angry line. She got up and ranged alongside Marty Walsh. She said, "How much more do you have to be told, copper?"

Walsh looked at her. "About what?"

"The whole thing. You've got it right in your hand."

"I see. I guess you're going to tell me who did it, aren't you?"

"I sure am. It was Rick Madigan."

I glanced at Rick. He looked worried. Mimi lashed out at him: "You were cute, weren't you Rick? Holding out about Fred being dead, planting the idea that he'd killed Bert Ellison—so you'd have everybody running around looking for a suspect they couldn't ever find."

Marty said, "I've heard all that before, Miss Fowler. How's about something new?"

"Okay." She was right on the beam. "You ask for it, I'll give it to you. Madigan has commented about my play for him being too obvious. He's right. But there was a reason. The night I met him he was trying to impress me. Hell with the ladies, that's Rick Madigan. While we were all still at the table, he passed around a cigarette case. Solid gold, studded with jewels. It was supposed to knock my eye out. It did."

"Why?" inquired Marty.

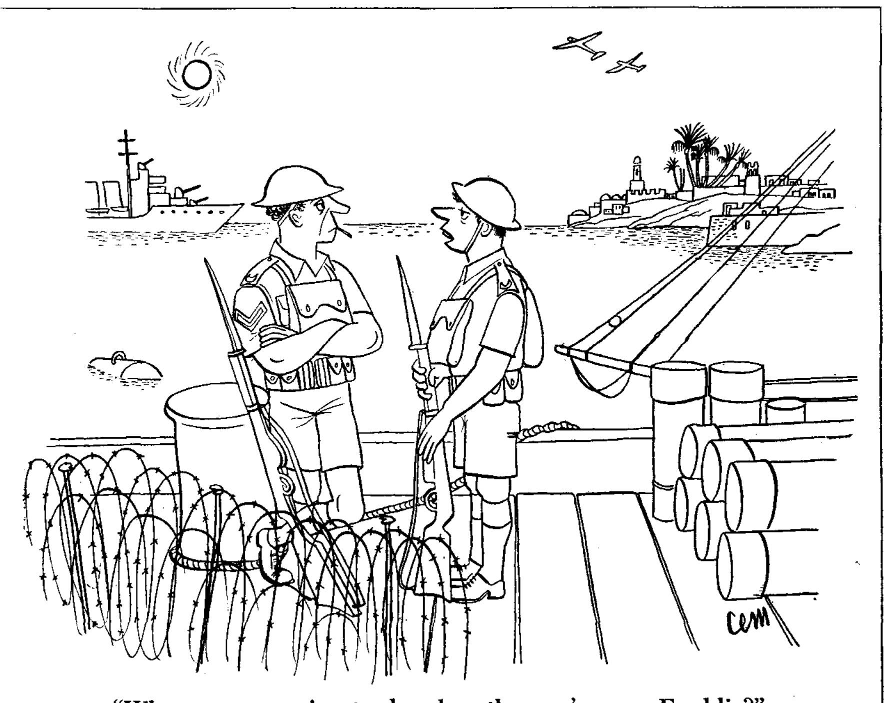
"Because that cigarette case belonged to Fred. It cost one thousand dollars. I know because I gave it to him shortly after we were married. Suppose you ask Mr. Madigan where he got it and when—not to mention how."

Rick apparently had recovered his poise. He spoke in a quiet, almost unctuous voice: "She's right about the cigarette case, Marty. I got it from Wilson the day I had him picked up, the day he got to Los Angeles. He claimed he was here on a big deal. He said he was about to get his hands on a lot of money. I gathered from what he said that he was figuring to put the bite on Miss Rutledge. In the course of our interview, he produced the cigarette case. I said I'd take it in part payment. I told him I'd give it back when he returned my seven thousand dollars."

"Wilson didn't like that, did he, Rick?"

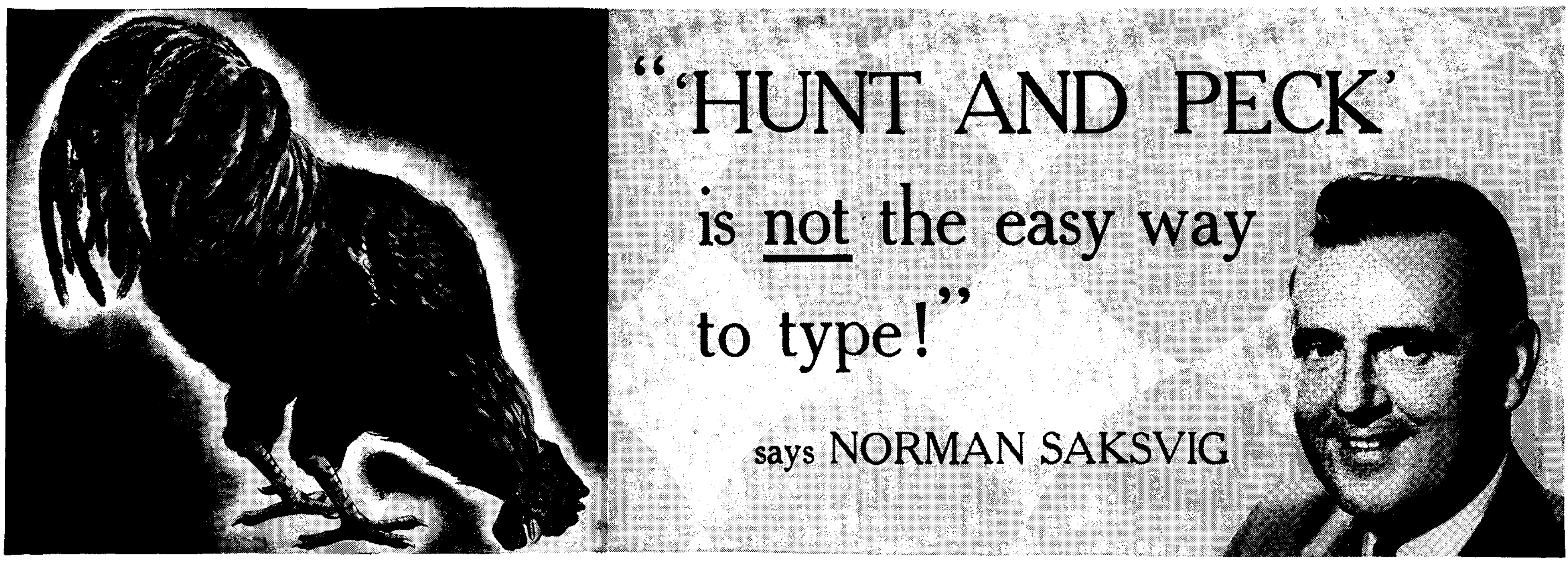
"No. But I didn't give him much opportunity to argue."

Mimi said, "Fred wouldn't have given up that cigarette case without a fight. That'd be when you killed him. Maybe Bert Ellison was in on it. We know that



"What are you going to do when the war's over, Freddie?"

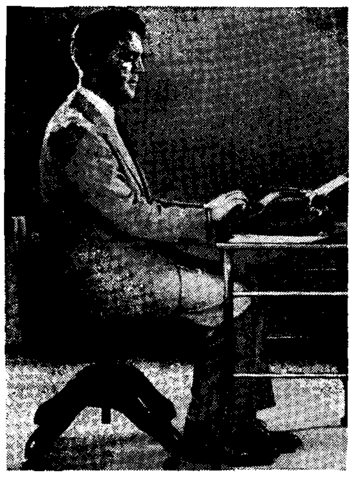
COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN



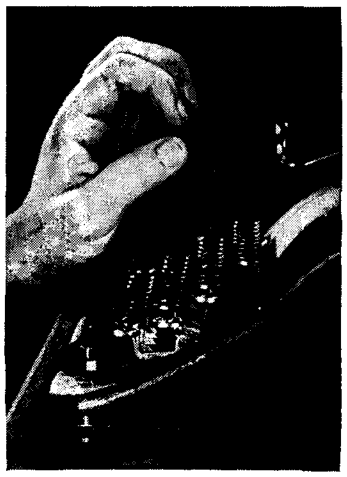
"'HUNT AND PECK' is not the easy way to type!"

says NORMAN SAKSVIG

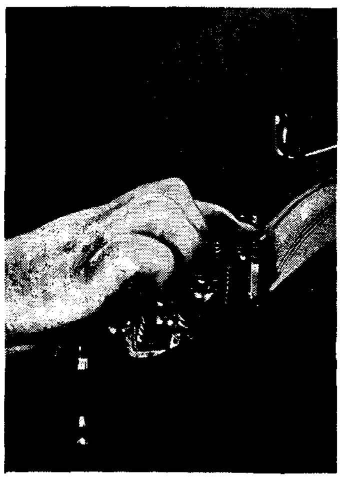
Authority on typing technique says that with the "touch" system, anyone can quickly acquire "useful" typing speed. Read his added suggestions below.



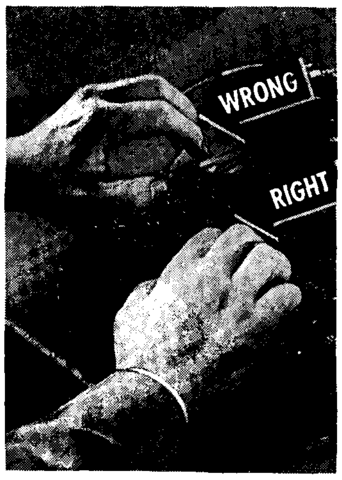
POSTURE is important. Sit erect, feet flat, to acquire comfortable balance and avoid fatigue.



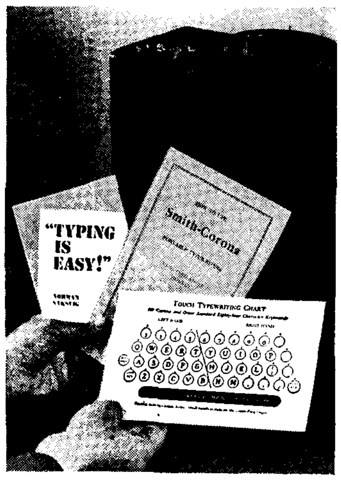
FINGERS should curve as shown, with wrists and arms relaxed. Tap keys briskly . . . finger action *only*.



PIVOT fingers from the "home" positions to strike keys with proper fingers . . . then return "home".



"HUG THE KEYS," says Saksvig—eliminate arm or wrist action, keep fingers *close* to keys.



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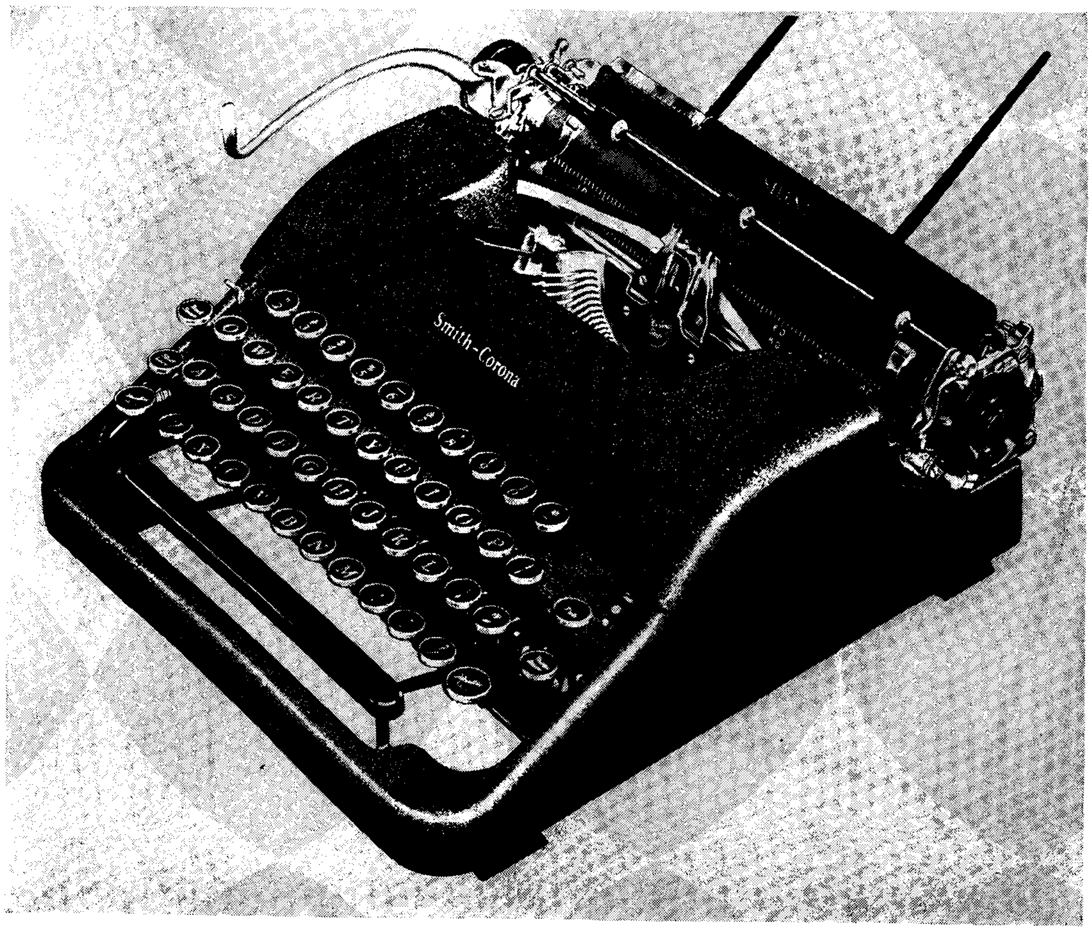

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86 PROOF

SOLE U. S. AGENT CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Ellison ratted to you about Fred being in town. You figured that if Fred's body was found in his wife's house there'd be so much juicy scandal, they'd never connect you with it. So that's where you put him. Maybe Fred had even told you he was going to meet Miss Rutledge there."

Madigan was shaken. His calmness now was forced. It was an act. He was losing a lot of his smoothness. He sought refuge in attack.

"So I toted two bodies out there in Bert Ellison's car, and shuffled them around—is that it?"

Mimi wasn't flustered. She was cold and hard and calculating. "Could be that way," she said. "Could be another way, too, come to think of it. Ellison might have been in on this. He might have seen you kill Fred. He could have helped you carry Fred's body out to the house in Monterey Canyon. It could be that, before you got away, Miss Rutledge and Bruce Ingram showed up. You could have heard what they said if you'd been hiding anywhere on the premises.

"Bert Ellison was a cheap, spineless punk. You knew that better than anybody. You'd naturally be afraid of him. You'd see how he might louse things up good. So you could have killed Ellison to save your own hide—and then have carted Fred's body away." Her eyes were hot with anger. "Where is he now, Madigan? Rotting in some canyon?"

Marty Walsh put a restraining hand on her arm. He said, "Easy does it, Miss Fowler."

Rick said, "You're not falling for that fantastic story, are you, Marty?"

Walsh spoke coldly. He said, "I'm not sure but what I like it, Rick."

"But you know I wouldn't—"

"I don't know any such thing. Mimi has built it up neat and careful. Motive. Opportunity. And the part that reeks of you, Rick, is that switching of the bodies—knowing maybe that Ingram was going to call us to help discover Fred's body, seeing a chance to get things so screwed up nobody could every straighten it out."

I was beginning to like Marty Walsh. Being sore at Jean and at me, at the beginning, that had been only natural. He could still be sore. He didn't have any reason to love us for what we had done.

MARTY WALSH had been handling this shrewdly. He'd let us toss accusations and counteraccusations at one another. He was willing to let anybody question anybody else. So I stepped in. Maybe it'd look like I was trying to tie the noose tighter about Rick Madigan, but that was okay by me. It was too late now to weigh the effect of words.

I said, "That suitcase full of Wilson's stuff that was left at Miss Rutledge's house, Madigan—what about that?"

"I had nothing to do with it."

"It was almost complete," I went on. "But not quite. There was a telegram missing. Miss Fowler told us that Fred's trip out here was probably brought about by that telegram. She didn't see it. But I did. It was in Wilson's wallet when I first found his body. It wasn't there when the wallet was sent to Miss Rutledge's house in that suitcase."

"I didn't send any telegram to Fred Wilson."

"I can't prove that you did. The telegraph company had it marked that the name and address of the sender had been requested and refused. That meant that whoever received it would know who it was from and what it meant."

"So what?"

"Bert Ellison ran into Fred Wilson in New York on New Year's Eve. He showed by his subsequent actions that he was trying to get back in your good graces. Suppose he reported to you about Wilson when he returned to L.A. Suppose he told you he'd had a talk with Wilson about you. Couldn't that fit?"

Madigan snorted. "You trying to say

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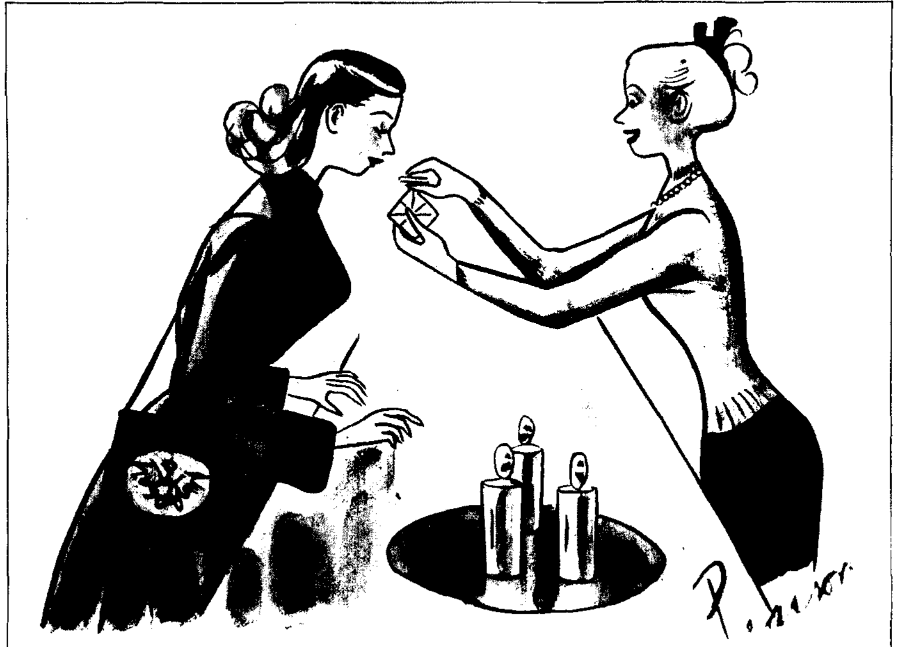
I'd take all that trouble for a lousy seven grand?" Madigan, hard pressed, turned to Marty Walsh for help. "You could tell him better than that, Marty."

Walsh was like ice. "I don't know that I could, Rick. On the seven thousand, maybe. But you're not the sort of a guy who would let go easy. You get sore at a man, you stay that way. If Bert Ellison had laid it in your lap, I can see you playing it."

THE big man was sweating. "Damn it!" he roared suddenly, dropping all pretense of suavity, "I'm being framed. They're ganging up on me, and you're too dumb to see it. Do you think I'd have had this dinner tonight if I'd been the guy you were after? Have you ever known me to lead with my chin?"

Walsh said, "It could still be you. If what Mimi says is true, you wouldn't be happy until someone else was definitely headed for the rap. Tell you the truth, Rick, I like it. It looks fine to me."

This thing was working out neatly. Just what the doctor ordered. Just the way I liked it. I had listened to everybody. I'd watched the pieces of the puzzle fall into place. I had come to understand a lot of things that were inexplicable before. Just one thing missing. Maybe two things. It was good, but it wasn't good enough. Thoughts were chasing one another around inside my head. If the right one would only catch up with another right one—



"This is triple strength to compensate for the longer skirts"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Rick Madigan had degenerated into just another guy named Elmer. He was a big, well-dressed man who didn't think a murder charge looked good on him. He wasn't a gentleman any more—just a mug. A thoroughly frightened mug. His voice was a bellow: "You're accusing me of murder—"

"Looks that way."

You never know where ideas come from. Or why they pop out of hiding. This one had been there all the time, but it hadn't jelled.

I got it suddenly. I got it clearly. I didn't like it a bit, but I knew I was right. Now every piece was in place. I had a new and fantastic idea, but this time the idea could be proved.

I said, "Just a minute, Lieutenant."

They all looked at me. I said, "I'd go slow about charging Madigan with any of these murders."

"Why?" All of a sudden I was unpopular with the cops again.

"Because," I said, "he didn't do them."

I glanced across the room. Danny Singleton was regarding me intently. He seemed to know what I was about to say, and was waiting for it.

Marty prodded me. "All right, Ingram," he said sharply, "keep talking. Ever since the first of these murders, you've been trying to pin 'em on Madigan. And with damned little justification. Now, just when it begins to make sense, you don't like it. Why are you protecting him?"

"I'm not protecting Madigan," I said. "Until just now I believed he was guilty. I wish I had been right. But I wasn't. The man you want—the murderer—is Arnold Travis."

It sounded too sudden, even to me. For a few seconds you could have heard a pin drop, if anybody had thought of dropping one.

My accusation had knocked every other theory into a cocked hat. I could be wrong, of course, and there'd have been plenty of takers if somebody had offered odds on it. I could even be crazy, and on that idea, too, you'd have found a lot of endorsers.

It was Jean Rutledge who rose to the defense of Arnold Travis. She might be in love with me, but that didn't convince her that I had called it right.

She said, "It can't be, Bruce. It just can't be."

I was shaken. But I'd made my play, and I had to carry through on it. I said, "I'm sorry, Jean. Sorry as hell. But that's how it is."

I looked at Arnold. His face was hard, his well-muscled figure tense. He was standing rigidly near the end of the couch, not liking what was happening.

Marty Walsh's voice knifed through a sudden silence. He said, "What hat did you pull that one out of, Ingram?"

I didn't pay any attention to him. I was worried about what I saw in Jean's eyes. She was incredulous. She was loyal. I said, "I hate it as much as you do, honey. I was going to say I might be wrong—but I'm not wrong."

Walsh said, "Okay, Sherlock. Let's hear you start not being wrong."

I HAD expected Arnold to do something about it. I had thought he would start defending himself. He did nothing of the kind. He stared at me hostilely, but he had a right to do that. A man doesn't learn to love you because you've accused him of murder.

I said, "I'll give it to you the way I see it, Walsh. I won't have to do a lot of talking, because you've just heard most of it. Madigan's scheme has worked out nicely. We seem to have been having a lovely little game of truth and consequences. At least there's been a lot of truth.

"Madigan has told us things we couldn't find out for ourselves. Mimi has done the same thing. They've built up

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nice cases against each other, but they've been full of holes. There's only one person every accusation could fit. That's Travis."

"Get off the merry-go-round." Walsh was impatient. "Let's have something we don't already know."

"I'll try, Lieutenant. I'll tell you a few things that maybe you didn't realize. For one thing, you've heard Travis say several times that Jean was his meal ticket. That's not true. He's not her agent. He doesn't get ten per cent of her gross income, as an agent would do. Jean meant a lot to Travis in the way of prestige. She paid him a retainer, and extra fees for whatever legal work he did. It amounted to a nice sum, but not nice enough. He always needed money. Before he met Jean his clients had been chiefly cheap crooks and chiselers. The chance to grab a lot of money without burning his fingers would look pretty good. Let's put Madigan's story and Mimi's together, apply them to Travis, and see what we get.

"Shortly after leaving Jean, Fred Wilson committed bigamy. You were not important then, Jean, and he knew he could get a quiet divorce any time he wanted. But before that time arrived, you became famous. Then he didn't dare. He was afraid of prison. So he played it safe.

"Last New Year's Eve, Bert Ellison bumped into him and Mimi in a New York night club. Ellison learned the truth. He pretended to be Fred's friend. But he, a natural-born chiseler, had gotten hold of some information that he knew was worth money. He knew the logical approach. Arnold Travis was his lawyer, too.

"Arnold could do two things: He could pitch Ellison out on his ear, or he could deal himself in. Being Jean's lawyer, he knew that a new producing company had been formed for making Jean Rutledge pictures, and that Jean owned 25 per cent of it. He knew she would be happy to pay any price for her freedom.

"He undoubtedly told Ellison to keep his mouth shut. Then he flew to New York early in January. He saw Fred Wilson."

"But, Bruce," it was Jean protesting again, "Fred has always known that he could get money out of me. He never tried."

"He wouldn't have tried this time, either, sweetheart—except that he was being pushed. Arnold had him where he wanted him. If Fred didn't play ball, he could be thrown in jail for bigamy. The chances are that he did not suspect a tie-up between Ellison and Travis."

MARTY WALSH was staring at me with cold, unblinking eyes. He wasn't liking it very much. He said sharply, "You're doing a lot of talking, Ingram. Why don't you say *something?*"

I didn't like that. It made me mad. I said, "Like what, for instance?"

"Like this. You've handed us a careful build-up about Travis having his hooks in Fred Wilson. We'll admit he could make Wilson sit up and beg. So where does that get us? What—specifically—was Travis' game?"

I looked at Arnold. He could tell them, of course, but he wasn't talking.

"Okay, Lieutenant, see how this looks: Jean Rutledge hasn't much money, thanks to the heavy income tax. She wouldn't be a very rich plum for a blackmailer. But she owned one thing which promised to be very valuable, and to stay that way. That was her 25 per cent interest in Olympus.

"Olympus is, of course, a subsidiary of Magna. It is, however, an independent corporation. Miss Rutledge owns 25 per cent of that stock. It is in her name, and can be transferred by her. Whoever owns it seems in line to get a handsome income for a great number of years.

"I figure things this way: Travis knew the exact setup between Olympus, Magna and Miss Rutledge. It could have been his idea to compel Fred Wilson to approach Miss Rutledge with the proposition of swapping a divorce for a large part—perhaps all—of her stock. She could transfer it to him, which wouldn't look too unusual. After he'd held it for a while, he could then assign an agreed percentage of it to Arnold Travis 'for one dollar and other valuable consideration.' Travis could always claim that Wilson owed him enough to warrant that. At least he couldn't be caught out on a limb."

"H'mm!" Walsh wasn't accepting anything all the way. "What makes you think Travis could trust Wilson?"

"That was easy. We already know to what lengths Wilson had gone to save himself from going to prison for bigamy. He'd be certain to continue playing it that way to save his own hide."

I SURVEYED the crowd. I wasn't doing as well as I would have liked. I said, "It's got to be that way, Marty. It's the only approach that could produce a lot of money from Miss Rutledge."

I paused for breath. Marty Walsh looked rather contemptuous; Arnold Travis, hostile.

I realized that I had to do some punching. I said, "Arnold got back to Los Angeles on the fifteenth of January. He waited two days, heard nothing from Fred, and then sent that threatening, unsigned telegram to Wilson. That's one of the things that put me on the right track, Lieutenant.

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"That telegram," I continued with more than a hint of urgency in my voice, "started off by saying that the sender had not heard from Fred Wilson regarding their recent talks. That could check with the date of Travis' last trip to New York. It then stated that the sender might be compelled to turn certain information over to the authorities. Figure it for yourself, Walsh. That would check Madigan out. Madigan wasn't turning anything over to the law. He couldn't. The debt Fred owed him was uncollectible legally. *Until I learned a few minutes* ago that Fred had been guilty of bigamy, I couldn't figure how anybody had anything criminal on him."

Arnold Travis broke in. He said, "How long are you going to let this damn' fool rave, Marty? Up to now I've listened patiently because, as a lawyer, I knew just how far I had stuck my neck out trying to protect Jean. I was willing to find out whether Ingram had anything to say that was worth saying. All I've heard is nonsense."

Walsh wasn't too impressed by what I'd been saying, either. He made an impatient gesture. "Why all the double-talk, Ingram? Anybody in this room could do as good guessing as you've been doing. Suppose you give us something definite."

I saw I'd have to let fly with both barrels. I said, "Okay. You want to know how I convinced myself that Travis is the man you want?"

Walsh's voice was heavy with sarcasm: "If it isn't too much trouble."

"It isn't." I was getting sore, too.

Walsh was demanding my Sunday punch. I knew it had to be good. In this I needed Jean's help. I wasn't keen about putting her on the spot, but there wasn't any way out.

I said to her, "Look, honey—you don't like the way things are going. You're loyal to Arnold. But you're not so loyal you'd protect a murderer, are you?"

She said courageously, "I don't know what you're driving at, Bruce. If you want to know whether I'll be honest, the answer is yes."

I said, "Answer this one carefully, dear. When did Arnold say was the last time he saw Fred Wilson personally?"

She took plenty of time. That was fine with me. I wanted her to be sure. Then she said, "Arnold told me he hadn't seen Fred since the day he left California in December, 1942."

"And was that the last time you saw him, too?"

"Yes."

I was beginning to feel better. I swung around so that I faced Walsh. I said, "Just a few days ago, Lieutenant, you were talking to us—and that includes Travis—about Fred Wilson. You said you were sorry you'd never met the man. You asked what he looked like. Remember?"

Walsh said he remembered. He asked what about it.

"Try to recall how Travis described Wilson. Among other things, he said that Fred was distinguished-looking. He told you that he had a streak of white in his black hair. Right?"

Walsh nodded.

"You wanted proof. There it is. All tied up in pink ribbon. Look. Until Miss Rutledge saw her husband's dead body she had never seen that streak of white in his hair. It hadn't been there the last time they were together. Remember that Travis claims he hasn't seen Fred since that time, either. He's made a great point of that. But he's been lying. Because if he hadn't seen Wilson, he wouldn't have known about that white in his hair."

Arnold Travis said harshly, "It doesn't mean a damned thing. In the first place, I don't remember saying it—"

"You said it, all right." That was Walsh talking.

"And if I did, the chances are that someone told me."

"Who? Bert Ellison?" Marty's voice was hard. He was the smart cop again, right on the beam. He said, "What Ingram is handing out now, Travis, I like better and better. You keep your shirt on." He turned back to me. "Is that your only clincher, Ingram?"

"No. I need Jean's help once more."

JEAN was miserable. I'd have liked to spare her this. It was tough using her to prove something against a man whom she had regarded as a friend.

I said, "I'm asking you to remember something else, Jean. Think back to the night Fred's suitcase was left at your house. We went through it together. Then I hid it in my garage while you telephoned Arnold to come over. I got back before he arrived. Am I correct so far?"

She nodded.

"Together, we described to Arnold the contents of that suitcase. But not once did we ever describe the suitcase itself."

She concentrated on that. Then she said, "You're right. We didn't."

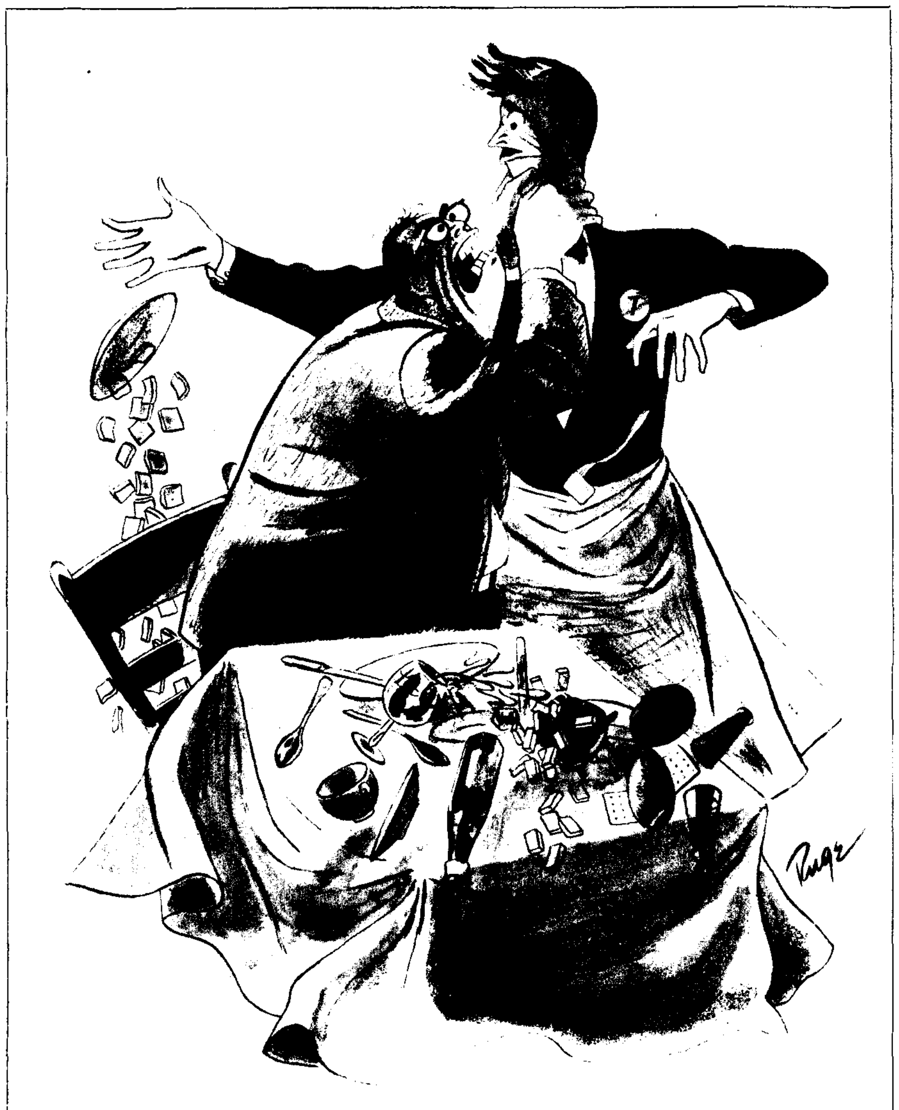
"You're sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Good! Later that night we were talking—you, Arnold and myself. We were all upset. But you were particularly worried for fear I'd get into trouble because I had hidden the suitcase. You told Travis where I had put it. Do you remember what he said?"

"He said—" Jean was thinking hard. Then her whole expression changed and I knew that for the first time she had seen the truth, wholly and clearly.

"Arnold said," she stated carefully,



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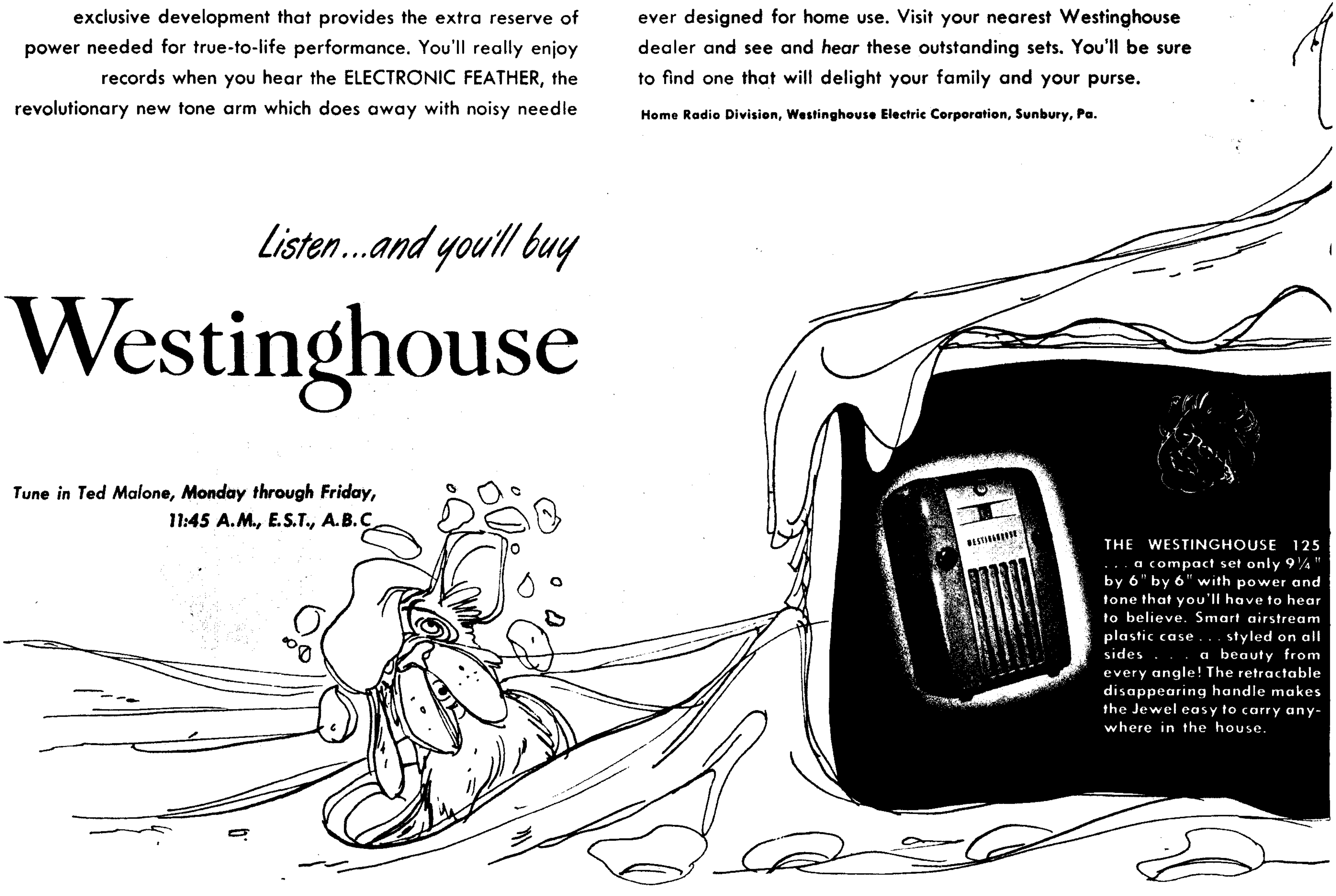

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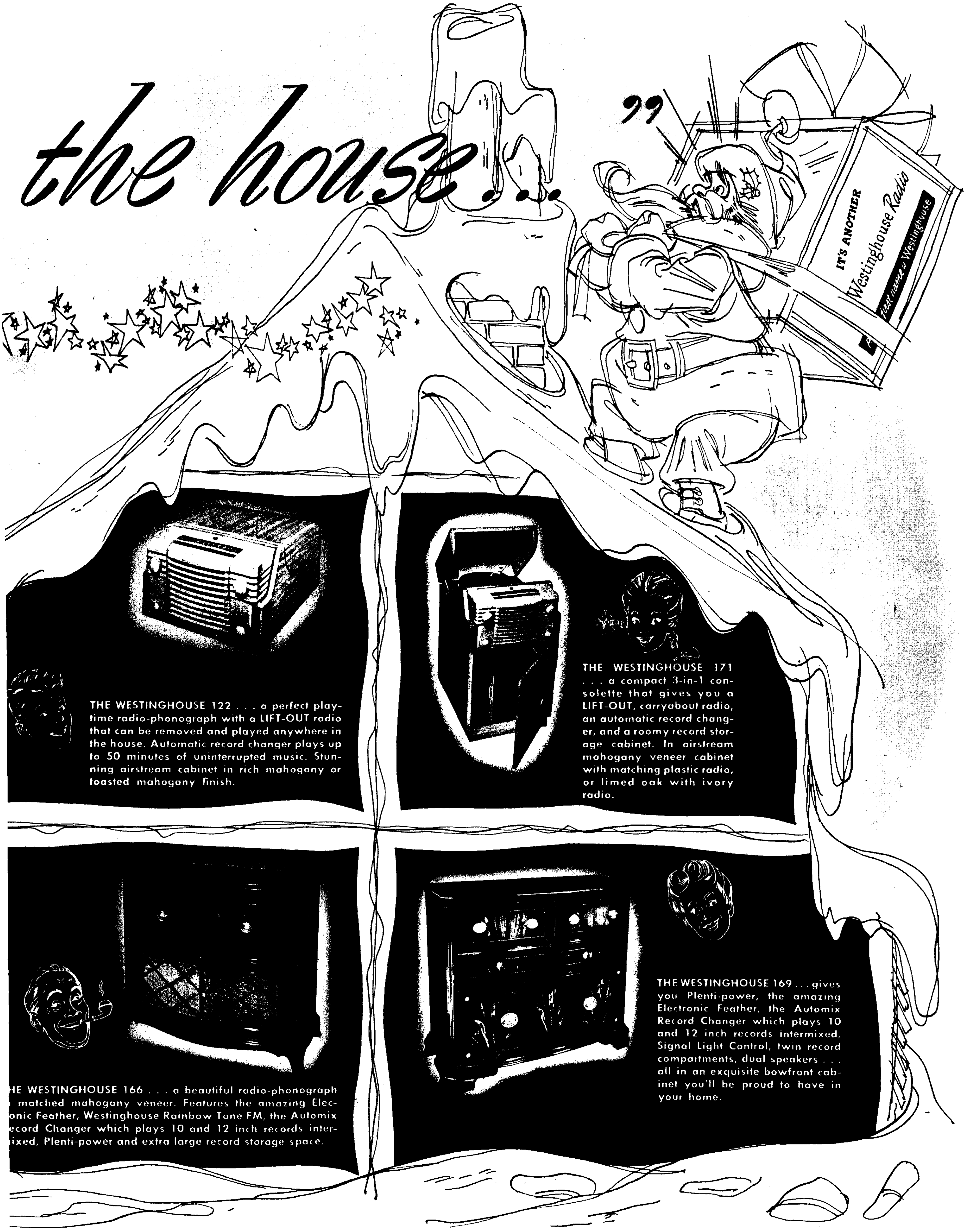

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"that Bruce had not taken any foolish chances. He said—and these were his words—'Nobody would ever notice a plain pigskin suitcase in a locker along with a lot of other suitcases.' "

"Right! How did Travis know it was a pigskin suitcase? Neither Jean nor I had told him. The answer is that he had seen it. He had seen it at Bert Ellison's apartment. He had taken it to Jean's house when he knew both she and the maid were out."

Walsh said, "Why did it take you so long to think of that?"

"Because the night it happened, I wasn't connecting Travis with the murders. Jean and I knew what the suitcase looked like. When Arnold described it, the correctness of his description didn't register."

Arnold started to say something, but Marty choked him off. He said to me, "You stated a moment ago that the anonymous telegram to Fred Wilson started you thinking. You only got as far as saying that it couldn't be Madigan because he was outside the law himself. How about that one?"

"I've quoted the telegram to you, Marty. Think it over again. It was in legal phrasing. Done just as a lawyer would do it."

"Okay. Anything else?"

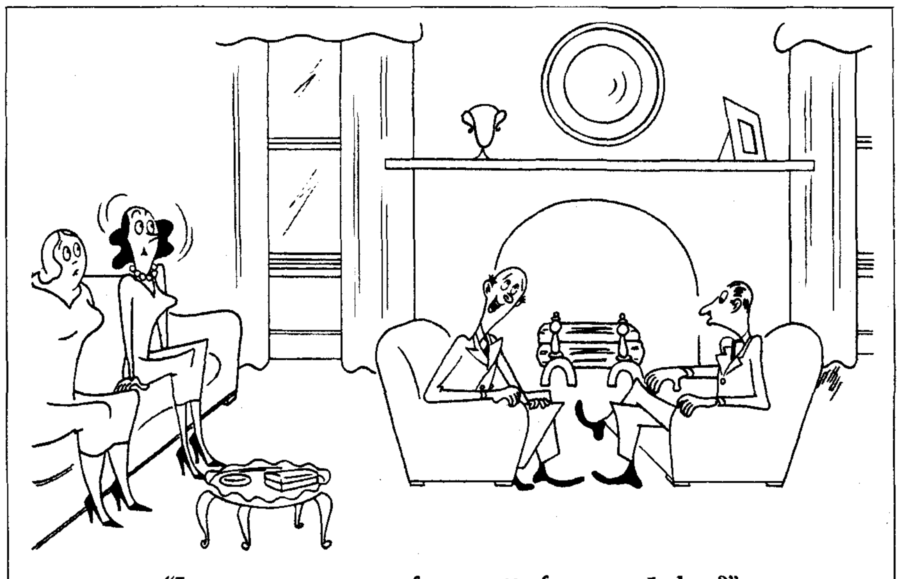
"Yes. When Fred got to town and telephoned Miss Rutledge, he said he wanted to see her alone, but he went out of his way to specify that most particularly he didn't want to see Arnold Travis. Am I right, Jean?"

"Yes," she said, though still with some reluctance. "You're right."

"Yet you had the feeling, didn't you, that he wouldn't mind meeting me?"

"Yes."

"And we know he was staying in Bert Ellison's apartment. In other words, Fred wanted to keep his presence in Los Angeles a secret from Arnold Travis, the man who in the old days had been his friend and his lawyer." I swung back to Marty Walsh. "What more do you need, Lieutenant? Don't those things wrap it up for you?"



COLLIER'S "I was never one to go for a pretty face, was I, dear?" ADOLPH SCHUS

A GLEAM of approval showed in Walsh's eyes. He said, "You been doing pretty well for yourself, Ingram."

He turned toward Travis. Arnold was on the defensive. And Walsh was the hard, ruthless cop who had gotten his teeth into something and had no intention of letting go.

He said flatly, "You're elected, Travis. It was a slick idea, but you overplayed it."

You couldn't help feeling sorry for Arnold. He was sunk and he realized it. He said, "You've got nothing that will stand up in court, and you know it."

"I don't know anything of the kind. And neither do you. And let me tell you something else, Travis: So long as we didn't suspect you, you were safe. Now that we know the truth, it'll be a cinch to dig up evidence to fit."

"Like hell it will."

"Don't kid yourself. You haven't got a chance to talk your way out of it. Four murders. We can make 'em all stick. We won't have to bother with the assault charge."

"What assault charge?"

"Your attack on Ingram that night at the Monterey Canyon house."

"Oh! For God's sake, Marty—you cops get hold of something, you chew it too hard. I never assaulted Ingram."

"I can prove you did."

"Nuts! That I'll swear you can't prove."

"Why not?"

"Because I wasn't there. I didn't do it."

"Who did?"

"Gus Ackerman."

IT CAME out suddenly, unexpectedly —just like that. No preparation. No nothing. I heard Jean gasp. But Marty Walsh didn't turn a hair. He said quietly, "That does it, Travis. You know it was Ackerman. Well, I believe you. Just as strong as I believe everything Ingram has said." He smiled bleakly. "That'll stand up in court, Travis."

There was a stricken light in Arnold's eyes. His figure had lost its rigidity, his belligerence had vanished. He stared hard at Walsh, then made a gesture of defeat.

"Okay," he said quietly. "You win."

"Thanks," said Walsh. "You're making it easier for everybody, Travis." He continued casually. "The way you knocked Ackerman over—that was cute. Had he been double-crossing you?"

"Yes."

"It fits in so neat," went on Walsh. "Miss Rutledge and Ingram accepted the fact that it wasn't Ackerman out at the house. That was because you gave him an alibi. How's about giving us the whole story?"

Arnold looked around the room. This was the end. He didn't need any more convincing. Marty said gently, "It ain't going to be good for you, Travis. So you might as well talk."

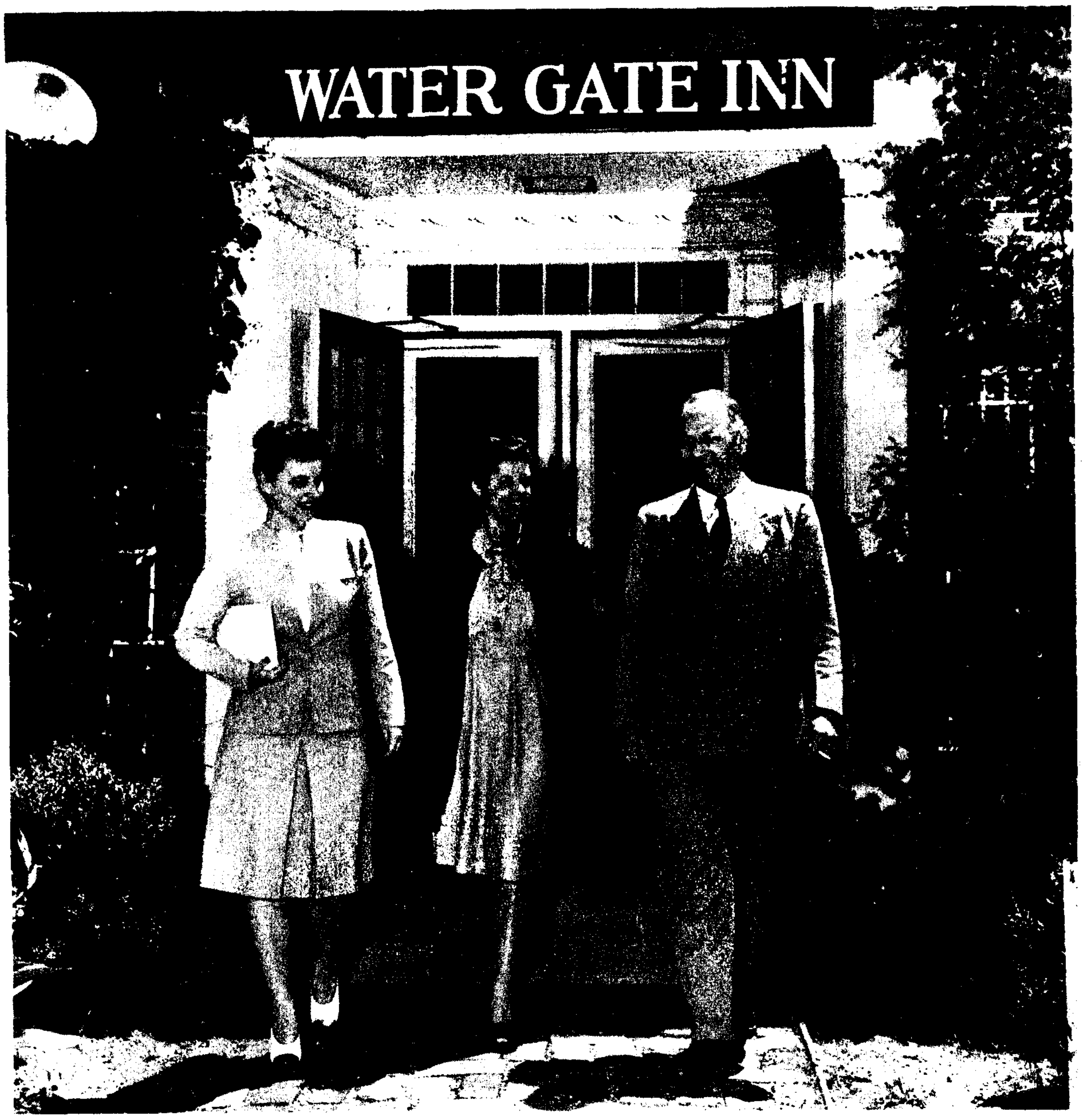
Arnold said, "It doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference, does it?" He seemed terribly tired. "I'll give it in capsule form. I might even feel better getting it off my chest."

The room was quiet. You don't interrupt a man who's talking his life away.

"Bruce Ingram figured it pretty close," he said in a flat, expressionless voice. "I got into something bigger than I expected. I couldn't get out.

"It started when Bert Ellison told me that he'd run into Fred Wilson in New York, and that Fred was a bigamist. Elli-

GUIDE TO GOOD FOOD



Along the beautiful Potomac, near Rockville, Maryland, is a picturesque rural restaurant—Water Gate Inn—dear to the hearts of Washington epicures. Mrs. Marjory Hendricks, proprietor of Water Gate, is justly famed for her light-as-air popovers and an unusual dish called Chicken Barbara. Mrs. Hendricks' meals amply demonstrate her theory that foods should look attractive as well as taste delicious. Naturally, she relies on Heinz Condiments—thick, enticing Heinz Chili Sauce, perky Prepared Mustard (Brown or Yellow) and ever-popular Heinz Tomato Ketchup—for those important extra flairs of color and inviting *flavor!*

Good old American dishes – such as thick, juicy sirloins, tender grilled chops and other masculine favorites – are featured at Ravers Inn in Youngstown, Ohio's steel center. And because folks who serve good meats appreciate the importance of superb condiments, you'll always see a bottle of spicy Heinz "57-Sauce" or racy Heinz Tomato Ketchup on the table!

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Army "Brass" and plain G.I.'s feel equally at home at the Headquarters Restaurant near New York's Broadway and Forty-Ninth Street! For proprietors Johnny Schwarz and Marty Synders—ex-mess sergeants who had charge of meals at the Potsdam Conference—*know* what men like to eat! They know, too, that nothing peps up a meal better than zestful Heinz Tomato Ketchup!

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Fine food and fine condiments naturally go together! So it's no surprise to folks when they find Heinz Tomato Ketchup or "57-Sauce" bottle on the tables of the nation's outstanding restaurants.

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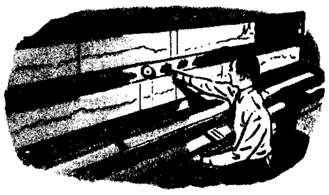
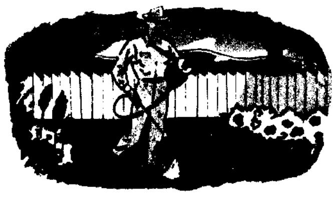


Its movement governed by control boards miles and miles away, oil travels via pipelines through State after State. Hundreds of companies are engaged in transportation by pipeline, tanker, truck, rail or barge.



Deadly enemy of ragweed—a killer of weeds, a friend of grass—this new petroleum product is one among hundreds developed through competition. 400 refineries constantly strive for new, advantageous uses.

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Prepared for the oil industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright, 1947 son, who was cheap, wanted to sell his silence to Jean, through me. We could have bought it for peanuts.

"I haven't any dough. No real money, that is. I've always had to play it sharp. This looked like a chance. I explained to Ellison how we could make a killing."

Walsh interrupted to ask gently, "What *was* your plan, Travis?"

Arnold made an impatient gesture, as though he resented the interruption. "You've heard it already," he said. "Ingram had it figured correctly. Fred was to talk Jean into giving him one half of her stock. After the smoke had cleared away, he was supposed to assign 50 per cent of his holdings to me. That way, I'd have important money rolling in every year. It was a good scheme. I was determined that nothing should go wrong with it.

"I went to New York and saw Fred. It was the first time I'd seen him since he ran out on Jean. The way I got to him was that on the phone I spilled about knowing he was a bigamist. When we got together, I told him what I was planning. I said he'd have to play it my way, or else. The best I could get out of him was that he'd think it over. But I felt certain that he'd soon see it my way.

"I returned to L. A. Not hearing from Fred, I sent the wire which Bruce found in his pocket. I took a chance when I destroyed it, but I figured Bruce would never miss it, and that it might mean a lot to a cop.

"NEXT thing I knew Bert Ellison rushed to my office and told me Fred was in town, and staying with him. He had heard Fred make an appointment to meet Jean at the Monterey Canyon house. I knew what that meant. Fred knew Jean pretty well: he felt that since the cat was out of the bag anyway, he'd run less risk by telling Jean the whole truth. He was probably right, at that.

"My situation began to look unhealthy. The least that would happen was that Jean would ditch me as her lawyer. That would ruin me. If she decided to talk, I would be disbarred.

"Ellison had loaned his car to Wilson, so he and I went in mine. I parked down the road about a half a mile, and we walked to the house. We got there right after Fred Wilson did.

"I had brought a gun because Fred didn't scare easy. But I had no idea of killing him or anyone else. I started talking to him reasonably. Things didn't last long that way. First thing you know, we were quarreling. I saw it was going to be tough. Fred intended to tell Jean the truth, no matter what I said. That would put an end to my hold on him. And he might still get Jean to deal him in for a cut of her Olympus holdings—in return for an uncontested, quiet divorce. Naturally I protested, called him a welsher.

"The quarrel got bitter. He hit me. I pulled the gun and threatened him. He jumped me, and I let him have it.

"Right after that, Jean and Ingram showed up. I grabbed Ellison, who was terrified, and we ducked behind the hedge. We overheard everything the pair of them said on the veranda. It suited me perfectly. Bruce was coming back with Danny. They would report a dead body.

"After they left, Bert Ellison threw a wingding. That really scared me. The punk had seen me kill a man. If they ever said *Boo* at him, he'd start talking. What happened then, had to be. It isn't hard to kill a second person, especially when your own life is in danger. I shot Ellison.

"I changed bodies. I took Fred's body and dumped it in Estrella Canyon. I'll show you the spot whenever you say the word.

"I began to feel better. This looked like a perfect setup. Especially when Jean and Bruce started telling me everything. That way, I was always in on the know. I was getting tips on what to be afraid of and what not to worry about. The neatest thing about it was that no one knew Fred Wilson was dead—nobody but Jean and Bruce, and they didn't dare to talk.

"It was important that no one should know Fred had been here. That's why I went to Ellison's apartment and removed Fred's things. The safest place for them was Jean's house. I left them there myself. . . ." He slowed down, but Marty wasn't having it that way. "How did Gus Ackerman get in?" he inquired.

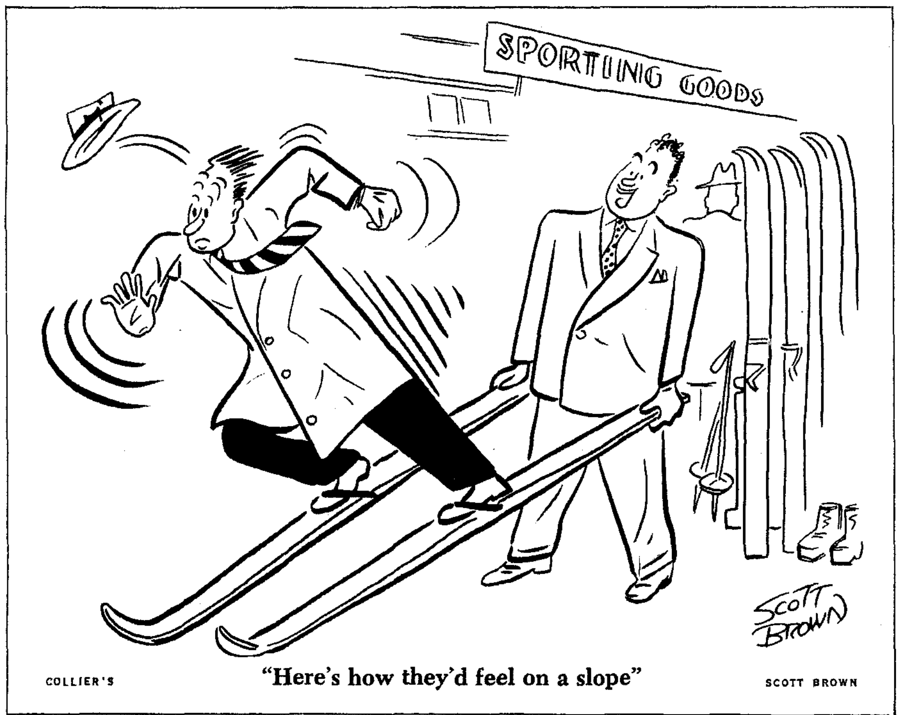
Travis shook his head unhappily. "Things had worked too well," he admitted. "Everything right out of the book. I felt certain I was safe. So I began thinking of all the money I had almost made. The more I thought of it, the more I regretted not making it.

"I had a hold over Ackerman. I had the evidence which would convict him of at least three felonies you cops had never been able to pin on him. I figured he'd be a safe stooge."

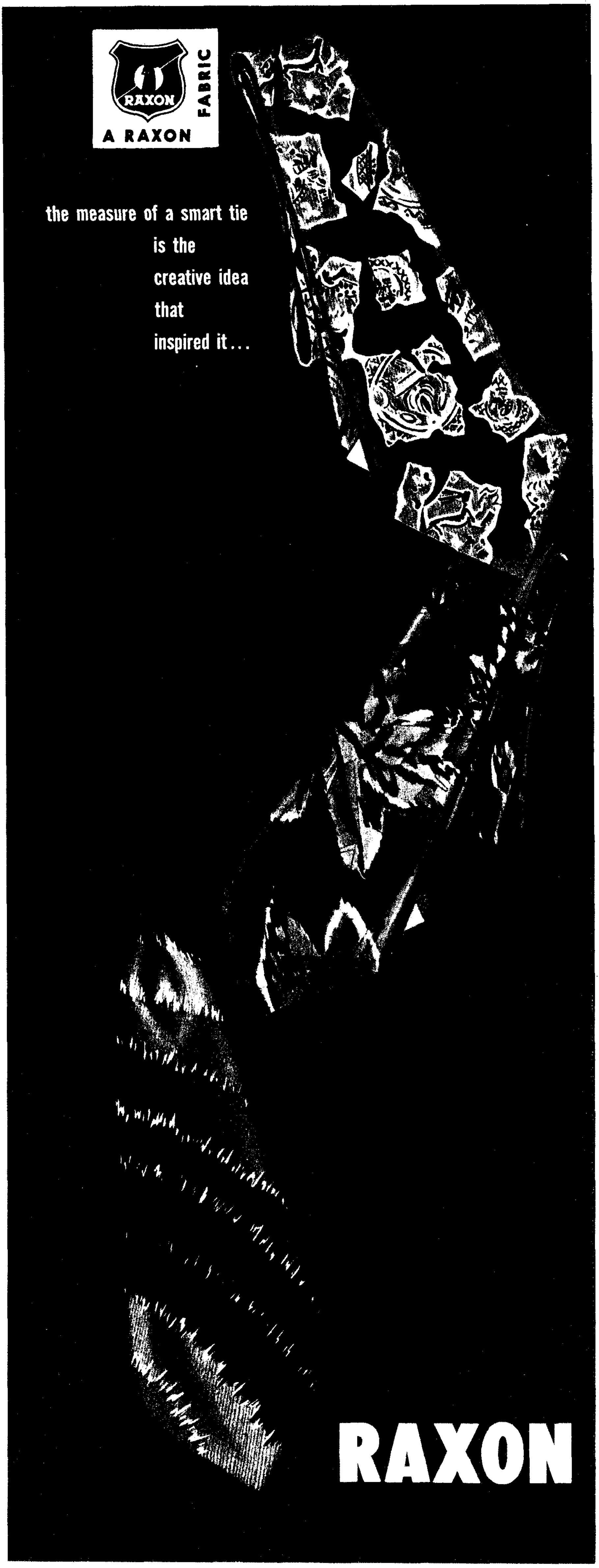
"You told him the whole thing?" asked Walsh incredulously.

"Hell, no! He understood only that we were putting the bite on Jean Rutledge. All I gave him was a set of key words: Fred Wilson, Monterey Canyon, the day, the hour. That's all he knew . . . but Jean would think he knew more. It would have worked fine, except the guy got too big for his britches.

"Ackerman started playing a lone hand. The telephone call from him say-



COLLIER'S "Here's how they'd feel on a slope" SCOTT BROWN


RAXON
A RAXON FABRIC

the measure of a smart tie
is the
creative idea
that
inspired it...

RAXON

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE

America's Earliest Thanksgiving ...Was For Corn

With joyous chants and throbbing tom-toms, the Indians celebrated each bountiful harvest of maize. How the red man would marvel to see the part his native grain plays in the nutrition and industrial prosperity of modern America!

Corn is transformed into millions of pounds of sizzling steaks, chops, roasts, savory hams, fried chicken, succulent roast goose and duck. Fresh, buttery ears grace our tables in season. Frozen and canned corn add a variety of delicious dishes for gracious living.

Yes, corn has raised our standard of living greatly—and so has its neighbor, barley. For, from America's costliest barley comes Budweiser to add its distinctive, delicious taste to the fine flavors that make such a world of difference between merely eating and really dining.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BUDWEISER
BEER
It lives with good taste
everywhere

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS

ing it was Fred was his own bright idea. You see, he didn't know that Wilson was dead."

"I've been puzzled by that," admitted Walsh. "What was Ackerman's idea in getting Miss Rutledge out to the Monterey Canyon house?"

"It wasn't a bad idea." Arnold was talking calmly enough now. "Ackerman wasn't smart, but he was smart enough to realize that he had hold of something big, provided he could find out what it was all about. Remember I hadn't told him anything. But he knew he had Miss Rutledge over a barrel. What he wanted was to find out from her all the things he hadn't learned from me.

"His pitch about being Fred was slicker than he knew. It got Jean all upset. So she agreed to go.

"That's what Ackerman wanted. He wanted to get her out to a lonely, deserted home in the canyon where the cards would be stacked in his favor. Maybe he could talk her into spilling information which would be valuable to him. Maybe he could make a better cash deal than I had offered him. But the important part of his scheme was to see her alone. That's why he played it so cagey. He had to be sure he hadn't stepped into something. If she'd actually tried to drive off without Ingram stepping into the picture, he'd have called her back. He'd have been sure then that she was alone. And he'd have had a good chance of getting what he was after.

Was it Dorcas' fault that the man who loved her was dead?—or that she was suddenly plunged into a reckless marriage with a man who hated her? Don't miss this strange and gripping story of a girl fighting for what she believed in—fighting against the passionate resentment of another woman

•

TRY TO FORGET

"Anyway, the minute Jean told me what had happened that night, I knew it was Ackerman. I knew I'd gotten into something else bad. I wanted out. Ackerman had become dangerous.

"I didn't give him a hint that I knew he'd been trying to pull a fast one. I arranged the attempted shakedown at Jean's house. He knew I was going to be there. I gave him a gun—the same gun that I had used to kill Fred Wilson and Bert Ellison. I figured it was an artistic touch. He was to pull the gun on me, which would give me a good excuse not to hop him. Bruce Ingram cut himself in on that play, which loused it up a little—but it was still good. The reason Ackerman didn't shoot when I started to pull my gun was because he thought we were on the same team."

"Too bad," commented Marty Walsh dryly, "that you couldn't use those brains for something better." He waited a moment and then prodded Arnold again: "Why did you kill Vera Bradley?"

"She had been snooping. She was a smart girl. Too damned smart. She had found out that my car was parked down the road from the Monterey Canyon house the afternoon Ellison was killed. A woman who lived in the canyon had seen it, and remembered the license number. Vera checked it. That spelled me.

"I knew that Vera was meeting Jean in the portable dressing room that night on the set. I knew what her important information would be. I got to the dressing room first. You know the rest."...

Yes, we knew the rest. No need to elaborate, no need to give any further details. It was understandable, and it was horrible. It was something I couldn't make myself believe, even knowing for sure that it was true.

What happened right after that wasn't pleasant. Pete Bowman put handcuffs on Arnold. Just before leaving, Marty Walsh said a few nice things to Jean; then he grinned at Danny Singleton and me.

"You guys are lucky," he said. "If things hadn't worked out just this way, you'd have been in a hell of a mess."

We shook hands, and Marty left. Pete Bowman left, too.

So did Arnold Travis. He went out of the door without looking back. God knows he had nothing to look forward to, either.

DANNY said he thought he'd be drifting. He seemed to think I'd like to take Jean home alone. He was right.

Rick Madigan and Mimi Fowler were standing near one of the view windows. Madigan had something in his hand. It was the jewel-studded cigarette case which Mimi had given to Fred Wilson, and which Rick had taken from him. Rick handed it to her. He said, "You take it, Mimi. It probably means a lot to you—"

Danny said good night and walked out. Jean and I got ready to go. Madigan left Mimi at the window. She was gazing down at the million lights which marked the might-have-beens. The big man came over to where I was standing with Jean. He said, "You're a right guy, Ingram. I hope we get together soon."

We told him we hoped so, too. We didn't sound very enthusiastic. It had been a hell of a party. There wasn't any rule of social procedure on breaking it up. Jean and I rode down to the basement garage and climbed into my car. We drove up the ramp and swung left.

The Strip was just waking up. Lights blazing. Supper clubs getting ready for a large night. All sorts of people emerging from cars and disappearing through ornate doorways. Gaiety was in the air. It was difficult to remember murder, and impossible to forget it.

We drove out Sunset, and turned through the main gates of Bel Air toward the big house where Jean was staying. Halfway up the hill, Jean said, in a tiny little voice, "Let's stop a minute, Bruce."

I pulled over to the side of the road. I parked right next to a small citrus orchard.

I dimmed my lights. Jean turned and put her arms around me. She started to cry. I held her tight, and said everything I could think of to make her feel better.

There was a lot of blackness behind us, a lot of fear and worry. There were things we didn't want to remember. There were things she had to cry out of her system.

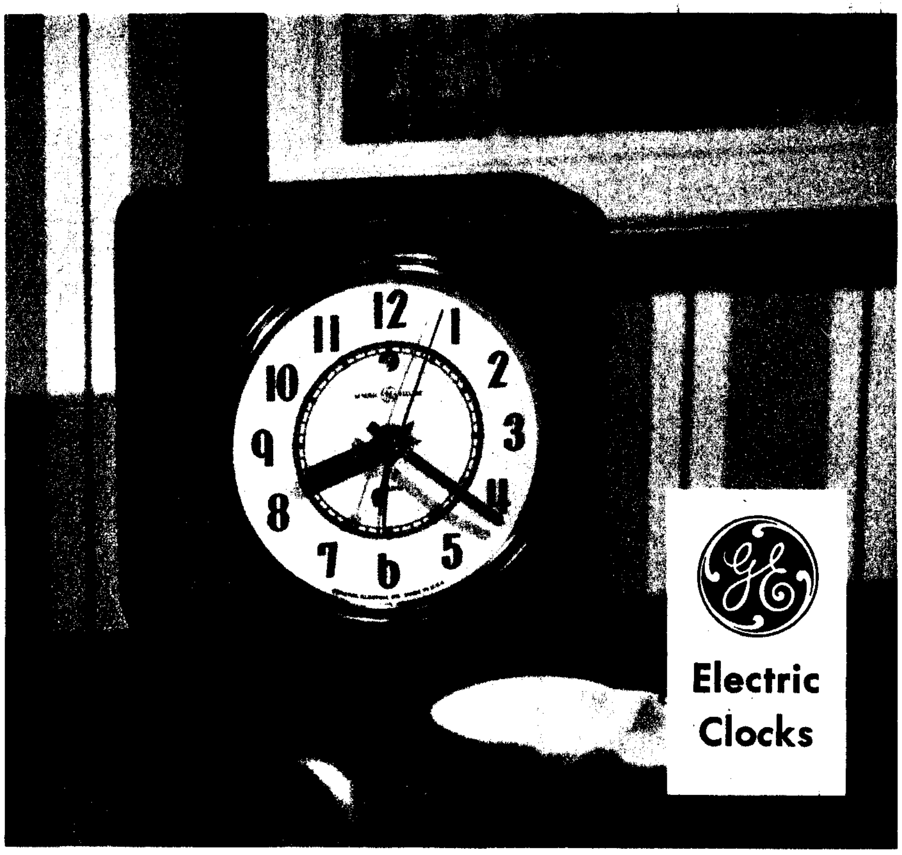
After a while she became quieter. I still had her all wrapped up.

It was a lovely night. A delightful perfume drifted through the car window from the orchard next to which I had parked.

It was the rich fragrance of orange blossoms.

THE END

Why wind a clock today?
Get a General Electric Clock
and forget it!



The DELEGATE—$9.95, plus tax

In this exceedingly handsome new General Electric Alarm Clock, you see a brilliant example of today's clock-case craftsmanship.

The design is "modern"—in the best sense of the word. The accent is on *grace.* The feature, if one could be singled out, is the unusual beauty of the richly grained golden mahogany. This General Electric Alarm Clock must be seen *to be appreciated!* It's *a honey.*

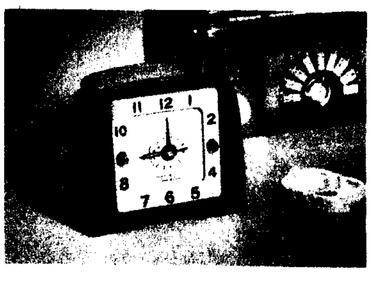
Self-starting! Accurate! No winding!

In addition to its uncommon good looks, this new Alarm Clock has all the features which have made General Electric Alarm Clocks "wanted most by most people":

No winding—runs electrically.
Noiseless—no distracting "ticktock."
Dependable—wakes you on time, every time.
Accurate—electrically checked by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time.

Christmas Gift Suggestion! Don't forget to include General Electric Clocks as gifts on your Christmas list! Prices from $4.95 to $535.00.

Awake to music with Tune-A-Larm! $7.95, plus tax



And here's another General Electric "first"! To start your day with music, just plug your radio into the back of Tune-A-Larm . . . dial your favorite station . . . flick the switches. Come rising time, your RADIO wakes you! Sweet and low, if you wish, or loud and commanding. Nice idea, eh? General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Here's the ne
that astonished

NEW SUPER-CUSHION BY GOODYEAR IS FIRST TO ABSORB LATERAL SHOCK SATISFACTORILY

Bigger, softer tire runs on only 24 lbs. of air...gives softer ride, amazing new comfort, safety and mileage

WE DON'T KNOW what you've heard about the new Goodyear Super-Cushion.

But . . . here's what you *would* have heard if you'd been present when hard-boiled automotive engineers were testing this completely new kind of tire!

"Impossible! It does what *no* tire has ever done before!"

"Make this tire standard equipment on our cars *as soon as possible!*"

"The greatest contribution to driving comfort and safety made by an automobile tire in the last 15 years!"

Why the engineers got excited

The very first tests amazed the engineers.

"This is impossible!" they said. "There's practically no trace of lateral shock. The tire *must* be absorbing it—something *no* tire has ever done satisfactorily before!"

Why was this exciting? Because lateral shock was one of the few things that still had to be engineered out of the modern motor car. Automobile men knew that if these crosswise shocks could be eliminated, a car would ride better. Not just a little better—but a *lot* better.

And here, for the first time, was a tire which satisfactorily absorbs lateral shock!

Runs on 24 lbs. of air

The Goodyear Super-Cushion is bigger than the conventional tire and takes only 24 lbs. of air instead of the usual 28 to 32. What does that mean? Listen to the engineers again:

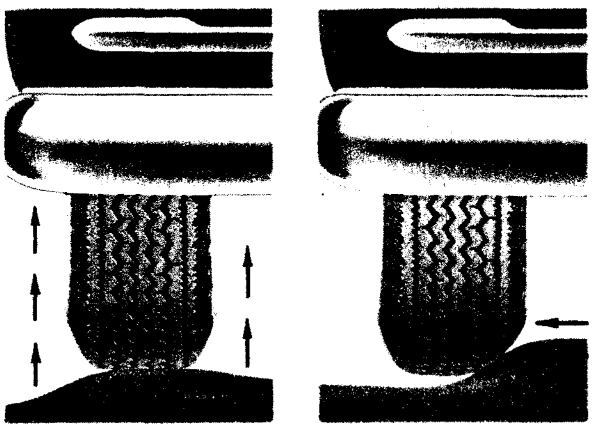
"The big, soft Super-Cushion builds up less pressure on the road. This means it does not lose its better riding qualities on a long run. It also means it runs cooler—and that means less tire trouble, for heat is the greatest single cause of tire failure!"

Different—even on smooth roads!

Naturally, Super-Cushions make a car ride more comfortably over rough roads, grade crossings and cobbles. But—and this is still the auto men talking—"even on smooth roads they make a big difference. Our test drivers find themselves less tired after an all-day drive, for these Super-Cushions soak up the vibration caused by the thousands of tiny ridges found even in newly laid concrete!"

Rolls with the punch

"This bigger tire rolls with the punch," reported one engineer. "It's a *safer* tire. Instead of resisting impacts, it yields when it hits a sharp bump, stone or broken pavement. Therefore there's much less chance of bruising, cutting, or breaking it.



• Auto makers have done wonders to cushion cars against up-and-down shocks. But till Goodyear produced Super-Cushions, lateral (crosswise) shock had never been satisfactorily absorbed. Fat, pillow-like Super-Cushions soak up lateral shocks, giving an unbelievably smoother ride.

• The speed with which leading car makers accepted new kind of tire indicates definitely that it is the

"Because it's a softer tire with stop notches (tooth grooves *molded* across the tread), you better traction—and *notice* it when you ste the brakes or gas.

Dresses up any car

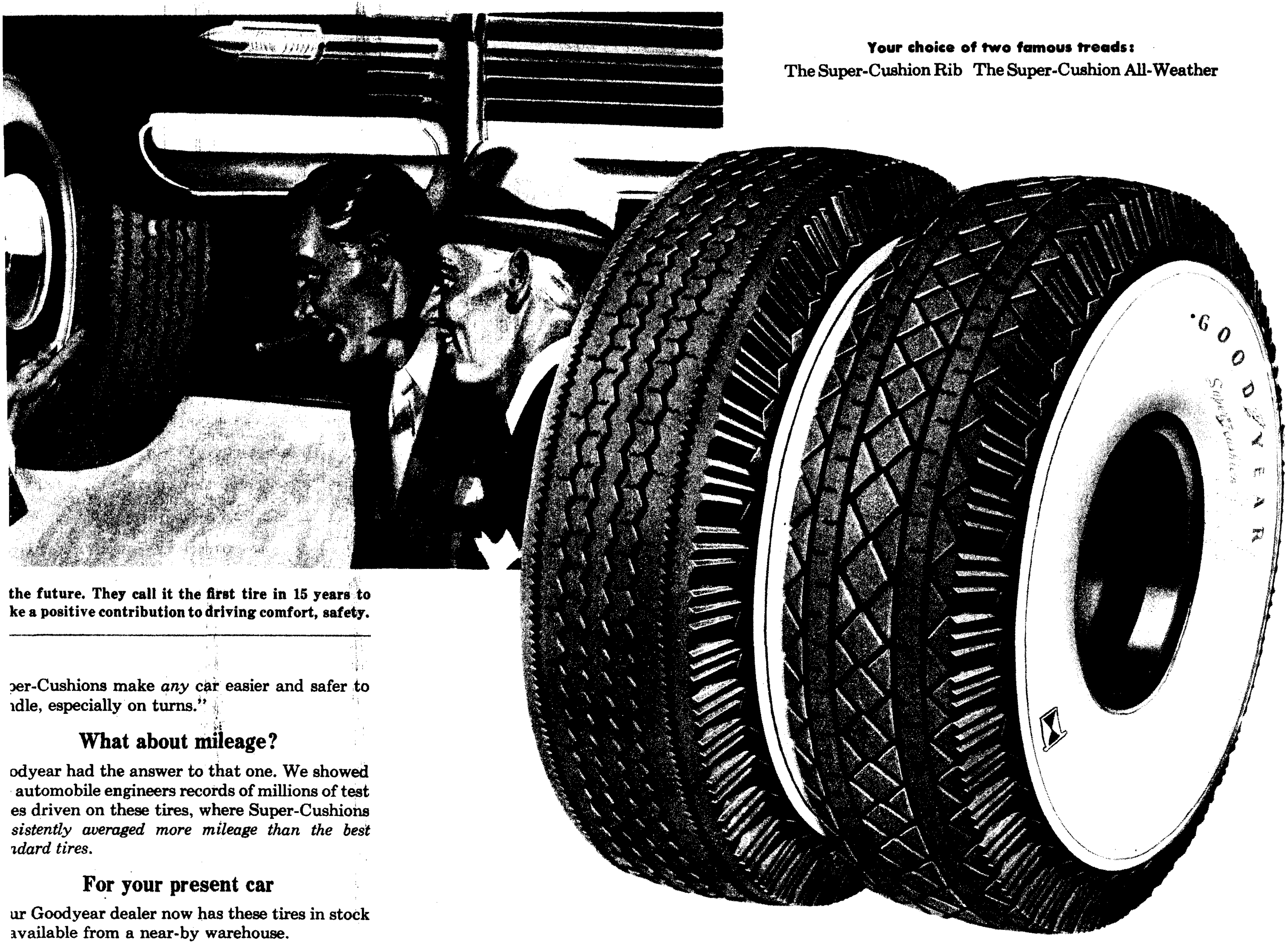
"These bigger tires do something for the look our cars—even the large ones. And what the for the small cars you have to see to believe!

Almost like floating!

"Any layman can put Super-Cushions on his and readily notice the difference. They ma small car feel like a big one. The car holds the better. You seem to float in and out of tr

The new Super-Cush

kind of tire
auto engineers!



Your choice of two famous treads:
The Super-Cushion Rib The Super-Cushion All-Weather

the future. They call it the first tire in 15 years to ke a positive contribution to driving comfort, safety.

---

er-Cushions make *any* car easier and safer to dle, especially on turns."

What about mileage?

odyear had the answer to that one. We showed automobile engineers records of millions of test es driven on these tires, where Super-Cushions *sistently averaged more mileage than the best dard tires.*

For your present car

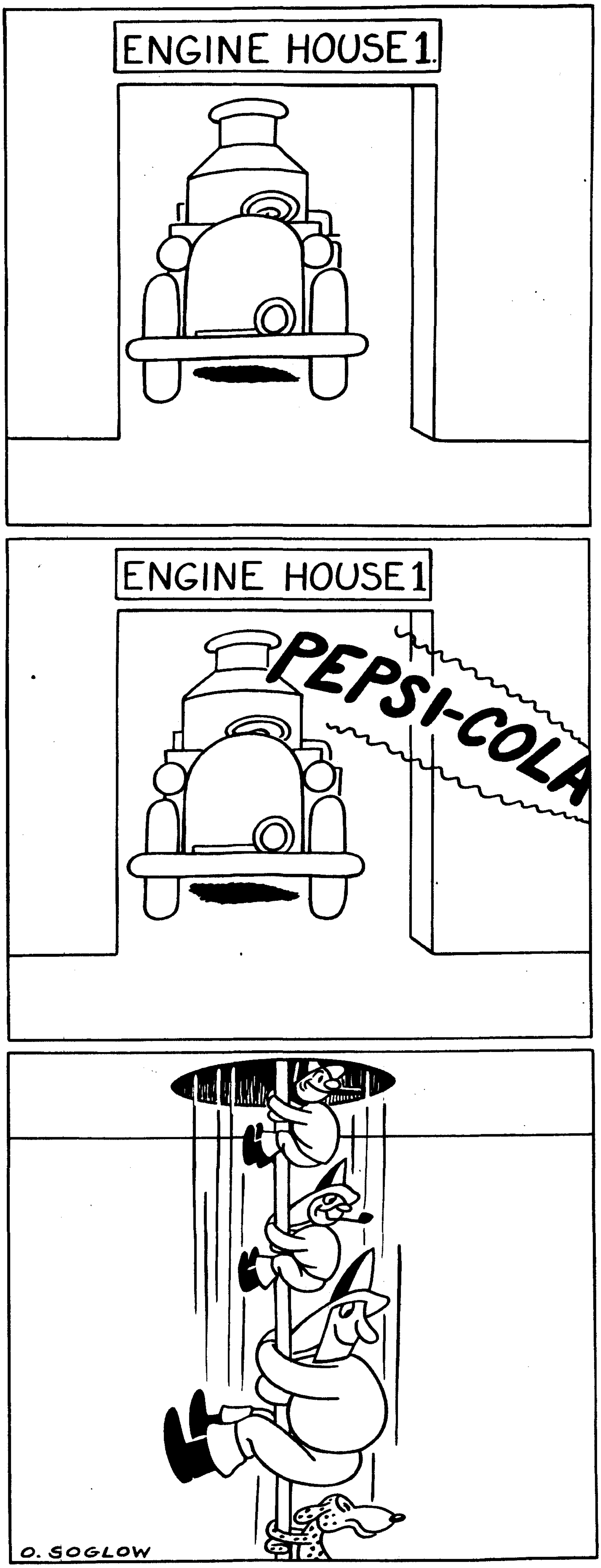
ur Goodyear dealer now has these tires in stock available from a near-by warehouse.

all on him today and find out how you can oy the advantages of Goodyear Super-Cushion s on your present car.

ALMOST LIKE FLOATING

n by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, All Weather, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



REVOLUTION ON THE ROUGE

Continued from page 21

you what is going on and why. . . . Most of all we wanted you to know that we not only hope for but expect your assistance in the big 'two-way' job of managing an enterprise as large as the Ford company.

"By 'two-way' job I mean that these meetings are not supposed to be sessions at which we hand down orders from on high. We expect to learn a great deal, too. We talk to you, you talk to your people, your people talk to people under them—and then the whole process reverses itself. You can't have good communications on a one-way street."

Young Henry, however, scrupulously avoids any social worker's attitude of do-goodism in his policies. He tries to meet the basic needs and dissatisfactions of his employees, but he doesn't get pushed around enough to notice. Some time ago one of the foremen in the foundry got sick and was out for a few days. His pay was stopped and when he returned to work he asked that it be given to him as part of his regular sick-leave allowance. There was a bit of a fuss and he finally got it, but he also got a tongue-lashing along with it from a supervisor who thought he had been malingering.

Peace Not Gained by Contracts

Later when it came time to discuss a new contract with the Foreman's Association, the union negotiators suggested that a clause be written into the contract which would prevent this sort of thing. Young Henry scoffed: "Nonsense! You can't legislate labor peace. No law, here or anywhere else, can make human beings get along."

Young Henry, himself, however, seems to know pretty well how to get along. As one Detroit old-timer put it, "Young Ford is rating himself well. He knows he's not old or wise enough to head a big firm. So he takes advice. I think everyone here in Detroit will be interested in helping him."

That's the key to young Henry's personality: He makes people want to help him. He does it by a combination of politeness, tact and forthrightness. Here's an indication: Ford executives have a squawk-box system so they can talk easily to each other in their widely separated offices. As often as not young Henry will call one of his assistants on this intercommunication system and pose a problem. If he can't get an answer right away he'll say, "Hang on, I'll come down and talk about it." Not, "You come up here and let's talk about it."

This sort of tactics has paid off. Ford is anxious of course to regain its old position as the largest maker of cars and trucks in the country. Before the war it was down in Number Three position. Ford's new team of top management people was only completed on March 15th, and there are still many in the lower ranks of the hierarchy who haven't got the new religion, but for the first six months of this year Ford moved up to Number Two position. Whether it can hold its place remains to be seen.

Other auto manufacturers are keeping their fingers crossed about Ford's chances. They're not going overboard about young Henry, either. A couple of years ago they said, "He's a nice young fellow." That's all. Today they say, "Well, he's no genius—and he knows it. He's a nice fellow and he's a long way from being stupid. He's picked himself a top-flight team out there. It'll be interesting to see what will happen."

The same tolerant skepticism is demonstrated by Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers. That's something because acid-tongued Reuther is not known for the cream puffs that he tosses at auto manufacturers. Asked about Ford, Reuther said, "He looks promising. Of course he's only been president for a couple of years and maybe it won't last. But so far he's shown a lot of intelligence."

H.F. II freely admits he wasn't much on book learning. While he was at Yale he had a lot more fun driving his swank convertible to New York for week ends and being manager of the crew than he did boning up in classrooms. He still likes to drive cars and he enjoys flying in the company plane. He has a summer place in Southampton, Long Island, and on most Friday afternoons he flies there from Dearborn. He takes the train back Sunday night, though, because he doesn't see any reason why the pilots should work on Sunday just to bring him home.

John R. Davis, Ford advertising and sales director, sums up young Henry this way: "He has the skill, stability and maneuverability of his grandfather and the sweetness of his father (Edsel Ford)." It is safe to say that the former qualities were brought to the surface by his experience during the two years after he rejoined the Ford Company in August, 1943, at the age of twenty-six.

When young Henry joined the company his grandfather was eighty and a good part of the operation of the firm was in the hands of Harry Bennett, titular director of industrial relations. Ford had always been a one-man business, and when this one man, Henry Ford, was walled away from the rest of the staff by Bennett, the other executives were leaderless. Young Henry saw the effects of his grandfather's isolation at firsthand. He didn't even have a desk he could call his own. As a result he circulated around, and as he circulated he heard a lot of talk.

But when he tried to do something about the dissatisfaction he saw, he found himself quite helpless. Every time he tried to make a move he would get just so far and then someone would pull the rug out from under his feet. He never knew who it was. He was fighting ghosts.

A Man Matured by Frustration

That kind of frustration can make a man grow up fast, and today young Henry looks older than his thirty years. Detroit observers, who knew what was going on, were betting he wouldn't have the guts to stick it out. But he did. He discovered that the firm had no advertising manager, so he became it. But he never had a chance to do the job that went with the title.

The kicking around he took taught young Henry a lot. He saw how Bennett's rule undermined the morale of employees, and how easy it was even for his grandfather to make mistakes of judgment. And he saw how chaotic and paralyzed with bureaucratic fears the management of the firm had become. Slowly the determination to do something about it hardened in him.

To help him he had John Bugas, present director of industrial relations, Mead L. Bricker, a top-flight production man, and his brilliant mother, who had watched the same Bennett blitz that her son was getting wear down and finally break her husband. Young Henry wanted some more fighters on his side. He wasn't sure whose advice he could trust so he determined to pick his man on the basis of the only impartial evidence available: the record. He checked and rechecked, talked with people after hours and off the plant grounds. Finally he came up with the name of a man he thought looked good: John R. Davis.

Davis had been sales manager four

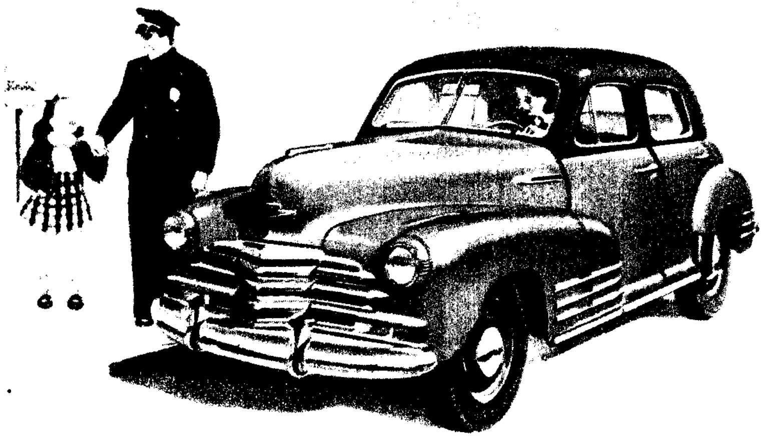
Her Safety First

She'll go hand in hand with safety in all her travel—if you see that she rides in a car with Body by Fisher. For there's no safer construction known than Fisher's Unisteel construction—steel floor, steel pillars, rigidly-reinforced steel roof all fused together into one super-strong unit without joint or open seam.

Behind the fine finish, every vital point that takes stress or strain is strengthened by braces, welded into place. The comfort of roomy interiors and smartness of exterior lines cloak durable ruggedness that is constantly on guard.

With all this—plus the craftsmanship of Fisher's 39 years of specialized experience—is it any wonder that Body by Fisher is the choice of more motorists than any other?

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, twice weekly.



1947 Chevrolet Fleetline Sportmaster Four-Door Sedan

Body by Fisher *better by far*

FOUND ONLY ON CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

Distinguished

Gold Label by

ALLIGATOR

America's most wanted Gabardine!

The best in Rainwear!

Tailored by Alligator from exclusive 100% all-virgin wool worsted. Worn proudly by well dressed men everywhere. Processed with Alligator's super water repellent qualities to keep you smart, dry and at ease in the rain.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Alligator
GALECLOTH
Water Repellent
Alligator
WATERPROOF
Featherweight

The Alligator Company • St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

or five years before, but had incurred the wrath of Bennett and had been demoted and exiled to the West Coast. Young Henry went West. Would Davis come back as sales manager of the company? As diplomatically as possible Davis said no. After all, Bennett was still the kingpin and young Henry had not yet proved that he was big enough to overrule the monarch. Davis was afraid that if Bennett opened fire on him a second time he would be blasted right out of his job.

Young Henry was stubborn. He stuck around for several days, arguing. Finally the chips went down. "I need you badly," he said. "The company needs you. Will you come back on this basis: If you go, I go?"

Davis agreed.

The return of Davis in 1944 was, of course, a direct challenge to Bennett. The silent, invisible battling intensified. Bugas, Bricker, Davis and H.F. II could no longer trust the secrecy of their own offices; they began to meet downtown in the high-ceilinged hush of the old Detroit Club. Feeling ran so high that once, on a Sunday, when Davis went to an assistant's house to talk over a business matter, he was not even invited inside but was kept standing on the front porch while they talked.

Finally the decisive day came. The battle had, of course, centered around old Henry, and no one knows how the balance of power was swung from Bennett to young Henry except the Fords—and they're not talking. But the visible result came on September 21, 1945, at a meeting of the board of directors. Young Henry was named president.

The Passing of the Big Boss

Before the directors' meeting had completely broken up, young Henry strode down the mahogany-paneled corridor to Bennett's office. He was inside alone with Bennett for several minutes; when he came out Bennett was no longer the boss of Ford, though he was allowed a face-saving directorship for another month.

Immediately the revolution was under way. How drastic it was is indicated by the report, possibly apocryphal, that when young Henry and Bugas set out to fire one top executive they discovered he'd locked himself in his office. They kicked the door down. "It was," said Frank Rising, head of the National Automobile and Aviation Parts Manufacturers Association, "as though a big wind were sweeping through the Administration Building." The big wind lifted executives out of their chairs by the dozens and dumped them outside. All Detroit was crawling with rumors and new facts. Within a month the major part of the job was done and then the outsiders began to see how drastic the change had been.

The Ford Motor Company had been a citadel of silence and mystery. Executives were never seen on civic committees, at the country club, in the Detroit Athletic Club, which is the heart-land of the motor makers. When reporters—or almost anyone else—tried to telephone someone at Ford he was put off with one excuse or another until he gave up.

Almost overnight this changed. Executives began to appear at the Detroit A.C. They began to mix, to go to parties, to join in community activities. Reporters, telephoning the plant to verify some of the fantastic rumors, one day found they were put through directly to the Ford News Bureau and told what they wanted to know. Others discovered if they telephoned an executive and were told that he was out, that before the day was over the executive would call back to ask what was wanted.

Young Henry took trip after trip around the country talking to dealers, to the leaders of communities in which Ford plants were located or were being planned, and to heads of the 6,000-odd businesses which supply him with parts. An entirely new tack has been taken with these men: Today they are asked for suggestions instead of being told what was needed and "supply it or else." They are told about the whole Ford operation with emphasis on the role their particular contribution plays in it, and then asked for advice on how to cut costs by simplifying or streamlining. They love it, and their co-operation has already saved Ford millions.

Thus, in two years, Henry Ford II has some pretty tangible proofs that his policy of treating people like human beings can pay out in hard cash. It has also paid out in good will and prestige. In July the New York Financial Writers Association voted young Henry Man of the Year.

But Henry II has a long way to go. Of Elmo Roper's four points he has done something decisive about only the first. True, he has announced that there'll be opportunity for advancement for all Ford employees, but such an announcement usually doesn't convince men; they have to see it happen over and over again. On Roper's point Number Three—to be treated like a human being—young Henry has certainly made a start, and has been pretty successful with the men immediately around him. But it takes a long time for this sort of thing to sift down to 130,000 employees scattered all over the country.

The same general observation goes for point Number Four—to feel that your work is important.

This is, of course, a basic, long-term policy. It aims to cure the causes of discontent. It's quite possible that before the full impact of it is felt—and it will probably take years—labor disputes caused by past errors will flare up at Ford. For instance, his withdrawal of recognition of the Foreman's Association and the firings which followed the recent strike may bring about further troubles before Ford's new program designed to win foremen's loyalty has had a chance to take effect. In addition, some management personnel have not yet been properly indoctrinated with young Henry's new religion, and this may cause future trouble.

A pretty good evaluation of Ford's chances of success was given by Edward Cushman, head of Wayne University's institute on labor relations. Cushman points out that there are several obstacles—some of which young Henry has no control over—which might trip him up. One of them is the possibility of the rebirth of factionalism within the management group. There has always been factionalism at Ford, and it may develop again.

The vast amount of paper work necessary in any operation as huge as Ford contains always the seeds of bureaucratic red tape. Young Henry is sensible of this danger and to prevent it, he constantly seeks decentralization of authority and responsibility as well as dispersal of the Ford physical plant. But it's at least possible that he won't be able to get away with it.

Another difficulty that Cushman pointed out was within the UAW itself. Ford Local 600 with its 62,000 members is terrifically unwieldy. It is also liberally sprinkled with Communists.

Firm Stand on Labor Policies

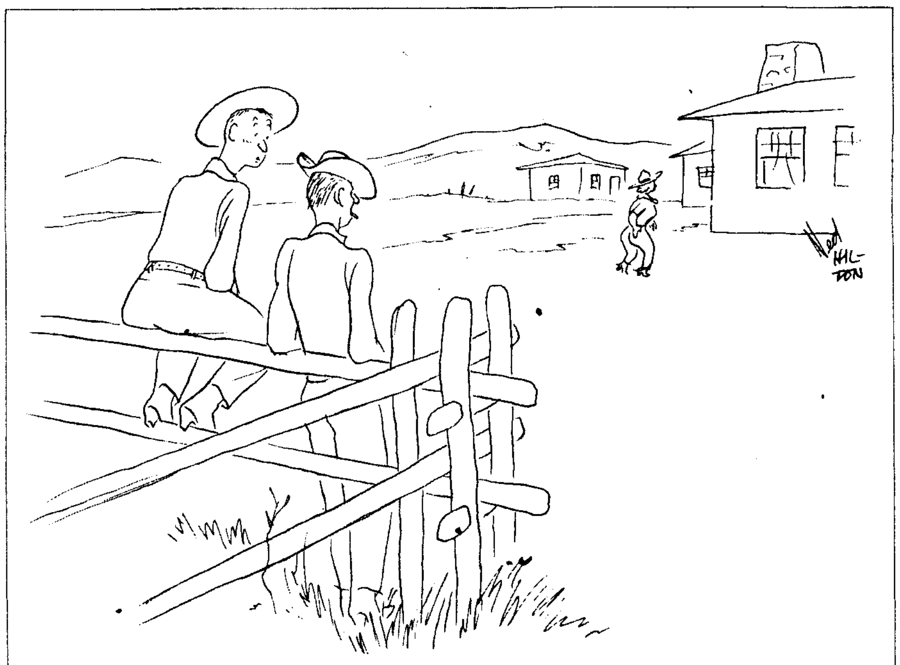
Suppose, for instance, that Richard T. Leonard, UAW national Ford director who has been pretty co-operative, should move on to another job and be replaced by someone more radical. That, Cushman thinks, could play hob with Ford's program. (When asked about this, young Henry shrugged and said, "We couldn't help that. But I'll tell you one thing: We'd never change our basic labor policies.")

Cushman also finds forces on the positive side which will help Henry II win his chance for labor peace: "He understands the basic forces working in human relations. He understands the particular difficulties in the union he has to deal with. He seems to be sincere and honest and stubborn in his desire to carry his program through."

Also, he added, the Ford Company still has the flexibility that allowed old Henry to take so many precedent-breaking steps. It has no big board of directors to sell on a bold move, no thousands of voting stockholders to satisfy. And young Henry seems to have—or is now building—the industrial power that would be needed to carry him through to his goal.

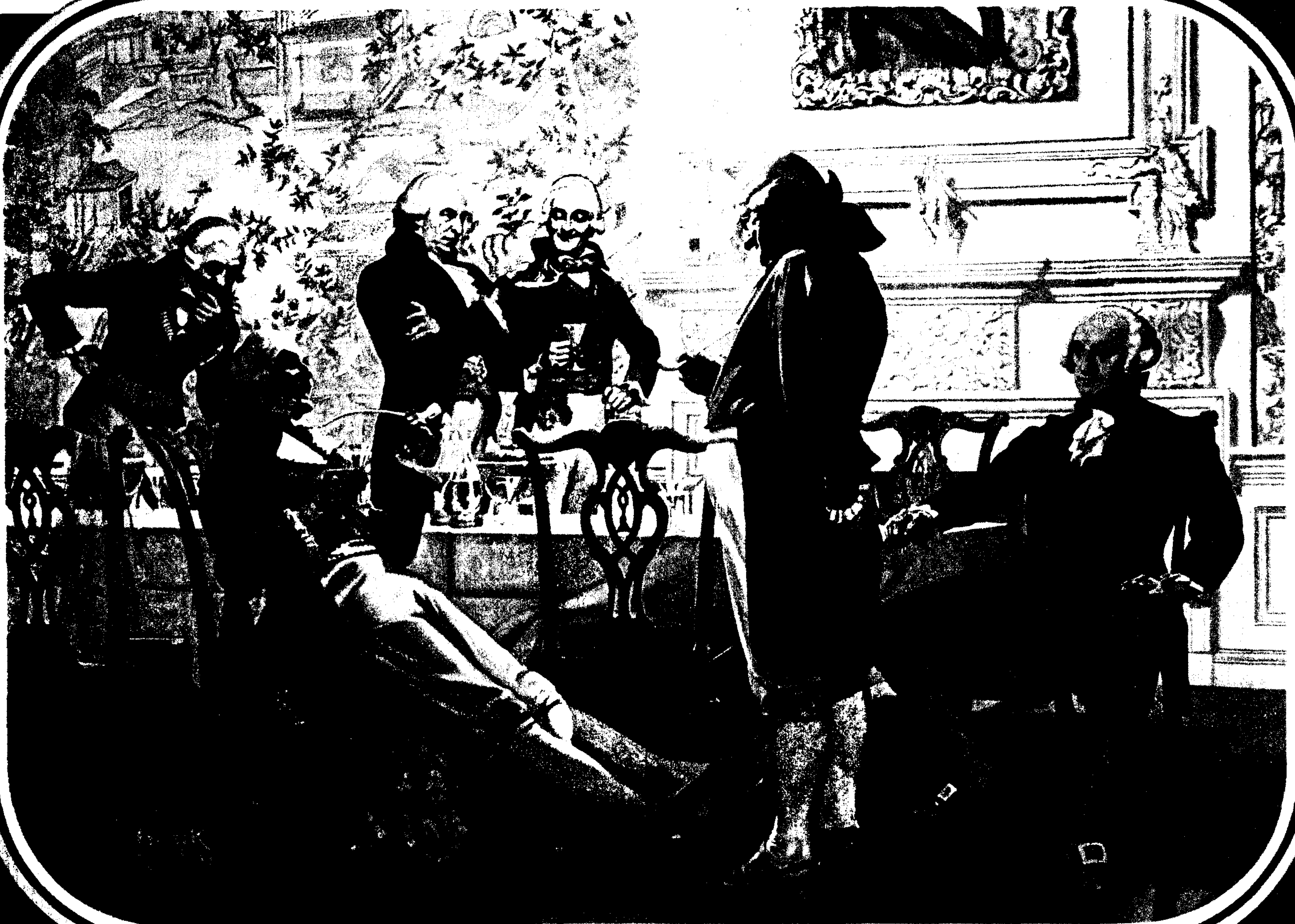
Young Henry is a man who is uncomfortable in the presence of five-syllable words and 16-cylinder economic theories. When the idea was presented to him that he might lead the nation into a new kind of economic democracy, he said nothing, but made with a grin which plainly said, "Now you're really going off the deep end, aren't you, mister?" Just the same, so strong are his convictions on his new policies, that it is certain he would love to do the job.

THE END



"I'm worried about Pinto. His rider came back without him"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON



AFTER DINNER CHIT CHAT, THANKSGIVING, PRESIDENTIAL MANSION, PHILADELPHIA, 1795*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"I, George Washington, President . . . do recommend all persons . . . to observe Thursday, the 19th of February, as a day of public Thanksgiving . . ."*
>
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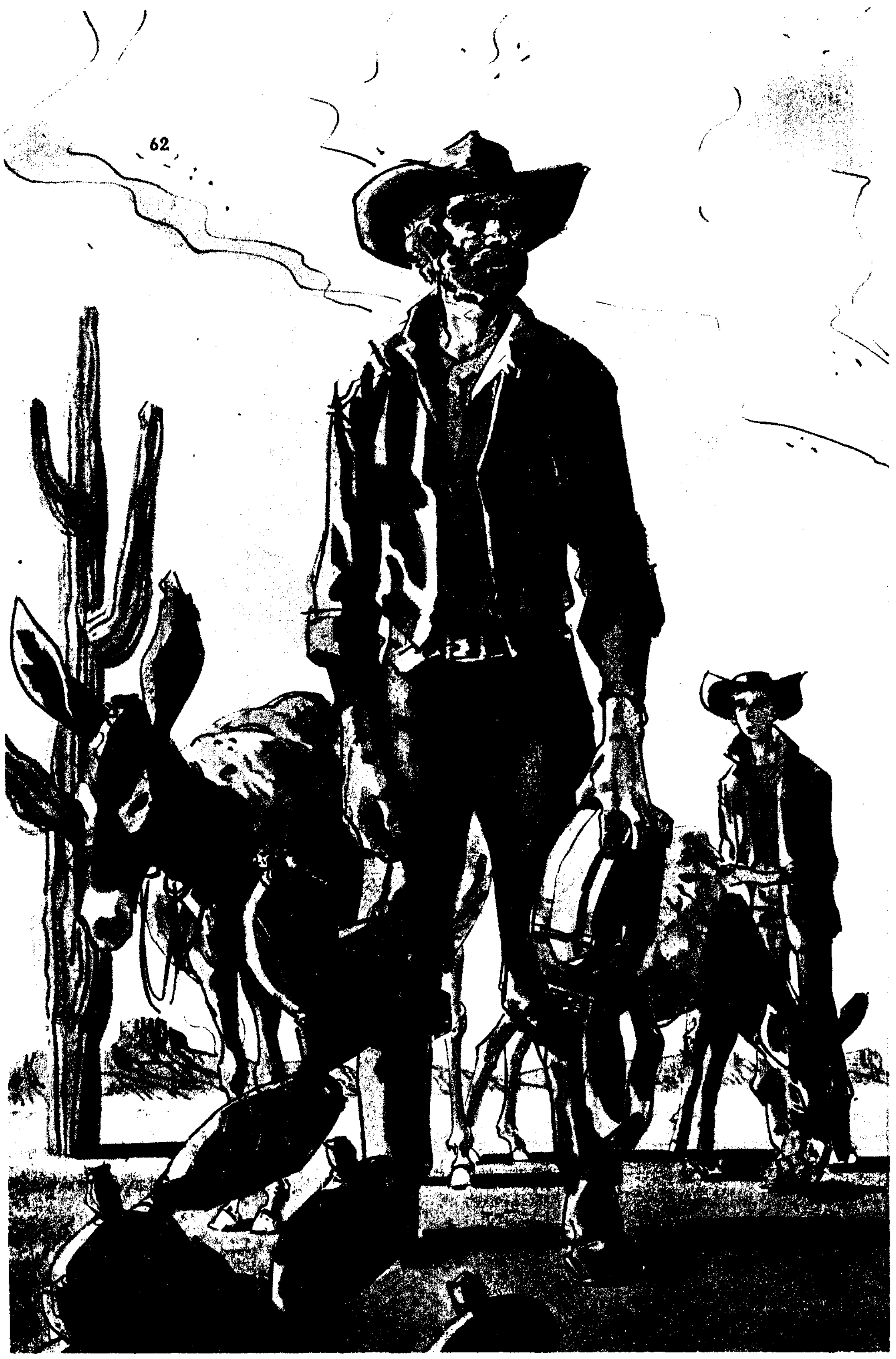

STRIKE IT RICH

BY JIM KJELGAARD

Far out, at some godforsaken place, they found themselves without water

THIS is a story about a man and his wife, and of how they, in their respective ways, made sure that their son would become a man.

For thirty years John Bascomb, the husband and father, was a prospector in America's Southwest. He didn't have to be a prospector; there are plenty of job opportunities in the Southwest. John Bascomb was a prospector because he could not be anything else.

It was not in him to accept a menial job and work for years until he either achieved a position of responsibility or saved enough to start his own business. John Bascomb always had to see the silver star. There was no sense in playing for ten peanuts when, with a little luck, he might own the whole peanut ranch.

There is plenty of precedent for his desires and ambitions. The Southwest has yielded untold riches, and there are more waiting to be discovered. Furthermore, some of the wealth already uncovered has been found in unique fashions. A prospector shied a rock at an errant burro and, when he went to fetch it, found one of the richest mines of all time. Another prospector, wishing to fashion a front sight for his rifle, hammered a piece of quartz loose and found another rich mine.

The Southwest is brimming over with such tales, and they were the only things in which John Bascomb believed. Probably he had no business getting married. . . .

When he was thirty-one he married a dark-haired, dark-eyed, nineteen-year-old girl who, up to that time, had been comfortably and even luxuriously supported by modestly successful parents. Marie Bascomb was no more versed in the realities of a harsh and practical world than a kitten is versed in swimming. She believed the stories brought to her by John Bascomb, who had already spent the larger part of twelve years on the desert. A hundred times he had been within inches of untold wealth, and always it had eluded him. The next time, or very soon, he had to win.

In spite of the fact that every fifth man in the Southwest can tell similar stories, and they're all pretty much alike, Marie Bascomb still believed them. Doubtless the possibilities were romantic and exciting. A brave young girl, who had faith in the man of her choice, left a comfortable home to go with him and prove that faith. Later, in the best salons and most fashionable places, she could tell of her early married struggles.

Probably everything would have had a wonderful, happy ending if there had been anything except struggles. With his burros and grubstake John Bascomb continued to disappear in the desert. He continued to come out, always with a tale of the bonanza he had almost found but never with the bonanza. By one means and another he managed to bring Marie a little money, and eighteen months after they were married she bore him a son.

VERY soon after the birth of her son, Marie began to change. Eighteen months isn't a lifetime, but no doubt there were many occasions when it seemed like ten lifetimes to the young wife who waited. Little by little, she became embittered.

Marie Bascomb suffered disillusionment, but, with no more faith in the dreams of her husband, she sought a refuge in other dreams. She was foresighted enough to know that the world of pack burros and pick-and-shovel prospectors was fading. Education was now the keynote of success. Marie Bascomb fiercely determined that her son would have such an education.

John Bascomb came in at intervals, bringing whatever he found of anything he could sell, and because there was always a strained atmosphere between himself and Marie he got out again at the earliest opportunity. By that time, to Marie, anything he did was of secondary importance.

She was engrossed in plans for her son, and nothing that would help bring those plans to fruition was too much. She worked, first as file clerk then as stenographer and secretary, and out of her small salary she saved as much as she could. She was able to send her son to high school, and to see that he had the privileges of his day. Marie Bascomb continued to dream of the time when her son would take his place among men such as she met in the course of her daily work. She felt that such men are the real leaders of America.

To John Bascomb, who had never been anything except a rugged individualist, who could not conceive of anyone's playing for pennies when he might just as well gamble for a million dollars, the thought of his son being brought up in such a fashion was anathema. Going to dances, sipping sodas with the high-school crowd seemed the behavior of a weakling to John Bascomb.

When the boy was sixteen, John Bascomb came in from the desert and announced that he was going right out again. He further proclaimed that, since the boy was now old enough, he could go along and help. At first Marie Bascomb was fiercely opposed to the idea. Then she consented. John Bascomb had spent thirty years prowling the desert, and he never had found anything worth while. If the boy went along on just one trip he would learn the futility of such a life.

It should be positive insurance against Marie's son ever becoming afflicted with the prospecting itch.

ON a hot morning in May, accompanied by two pack burros which carried their supplies, John Bascomb and his son went into the desert. The sun rose higher. The fierce desert heat, which is normal at about 110 and can rise to 130, seethed around them. Eventually, when John Bascomb thought they needed it, they each had a drink of water.

They traveled for days, stopping briefly wherever John Bascomb thought there was a good place to dig prospect holes. The boy suffered but never complained. He followed his father, sharing his blankets and meager rations, helping him dig. He learned, even as do the wild burros which abound in that region, to drink when he needed water instead of when he was thirsty. Then came real hardship.

Far out, at some godforsaken place from which only John Bascomb knew the way back, they suddenly found themselves without water. At night they had over a gallon. With morning there was a hole in the canteen that had held it, and no water. John Bascomb appraised the situation. Then he struck farther into the desert.

Silver and gold may be very precious outside the desert. Inside, to those who haven't got it, a pound of water is infinitely more precious than a pound of the purest gold ever refined.

Throughout the day John Bascomb, his son, and the two burros struggled across a burning hell. The boy's lips became cracked and dry, his tongue a twisted piece of rope; his eyes began to smart. Then they struck what John Bascomb had been looking for: a well-defined trail made by wild burros. They followed that trail, and a half hour later were slaking their thirst in a pool used by the wild burros.

John Bascomb looked across at his son, who had followed him throughout the desert and had met every trial the desert imposed. He saw not a spoiled tea-sipper, but a lean, hard youngster who was capable of doing things.

"What do you think of the desert?" John Bascomb asked his son.

The boy faced him levelly, "You took it for thirty years."

"Yes," John Bascomb said. "And I guess, in a way, your mother took it for eighteen. She and I sort of went different ways, but maybe there's still time to bring our trails together. As for you—I sort of let your mother bring you up, and she's done a lot better job than I thought. I was still a little afraid. . . .

"That is why, before I said anything about the strike I made on the trip before this, and gave you all the things rich men's sons usually have, I wanted you to see for yourself a little of what went into making that strike." John Bascomb put an arm around his son's shoulders, and he said very gently, "We will go home now."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID SHAW

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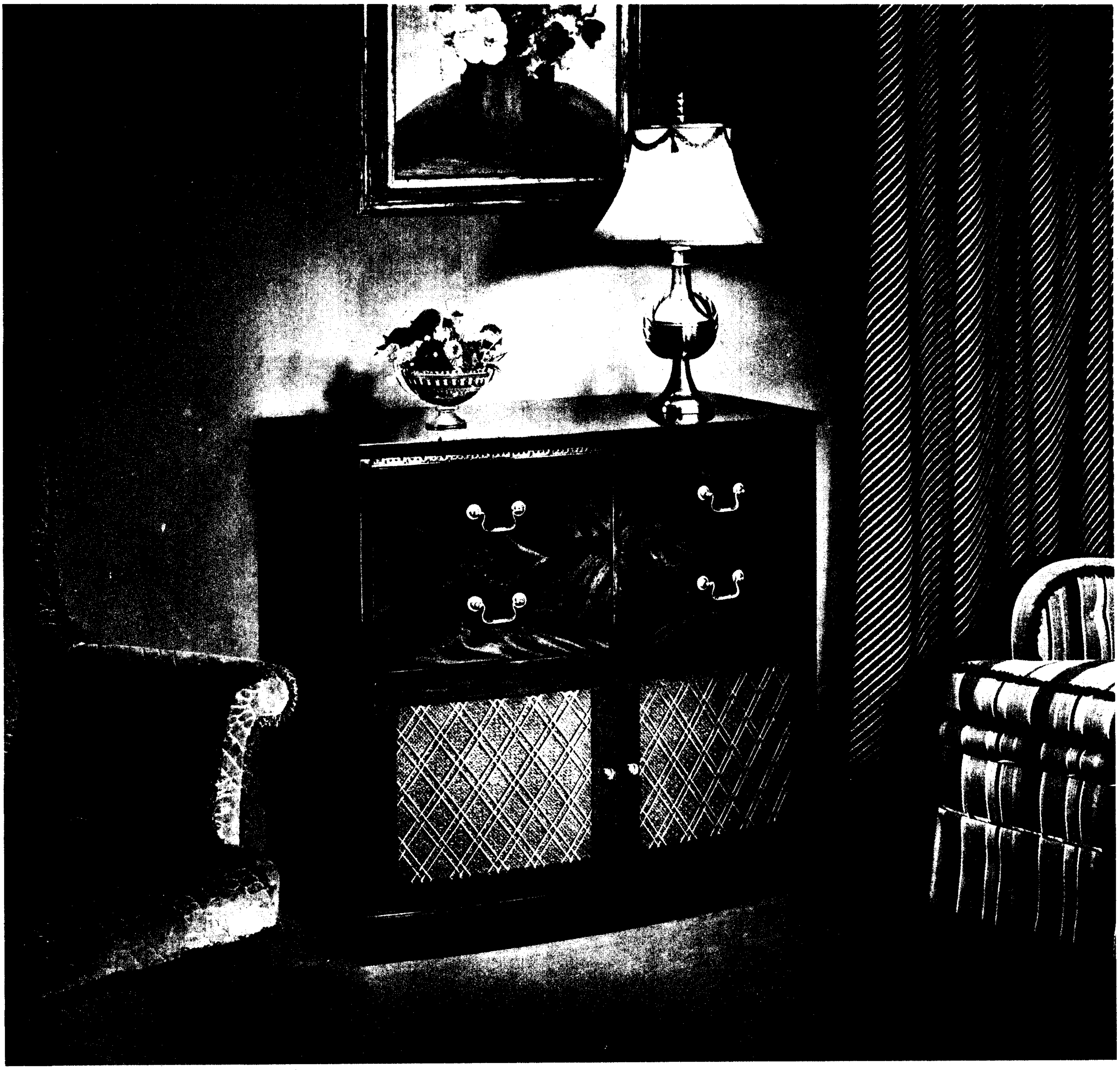

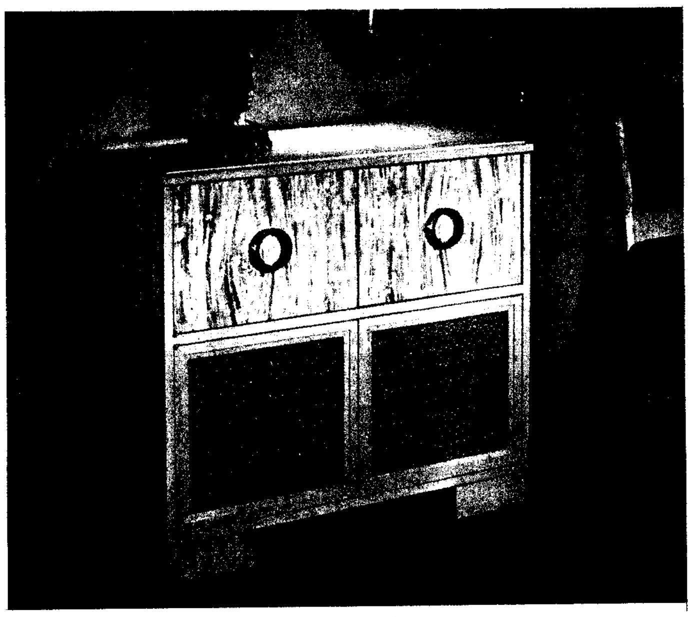

Model GK-111 A brilliantly engineered phonograph-radio, housed in a cabinet of real distinction. Automatic record-changer incorporates the sensational new Farnsworth Tonal Clarifier. Twelve-inch Alnico-5 speaker. AM and FM radio reception. Cabinet beautifully finished in mahogany.

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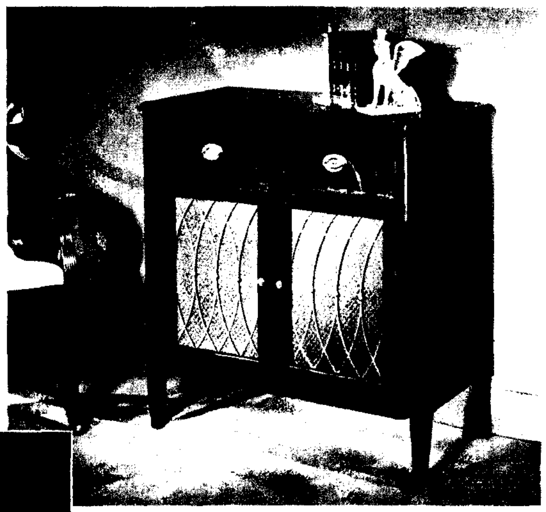
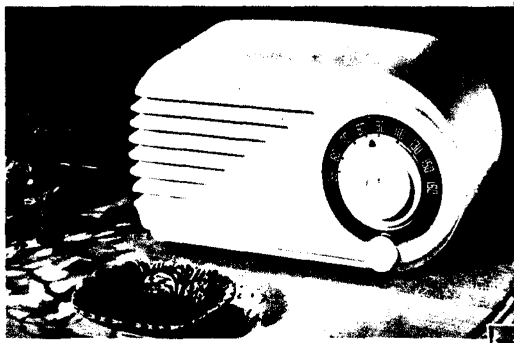


Model GK-087 Styled in classic Sheraton, this distinguished console provides AM and FM radio reception, and pleasurable, carefree, uninterrupted music from your recordings. Finished in lustrous, dark mahogany.



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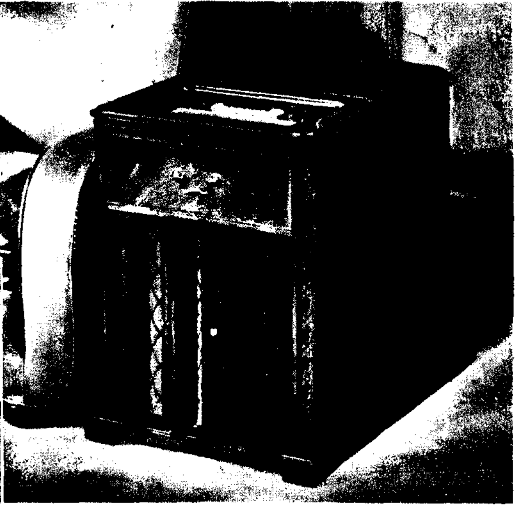

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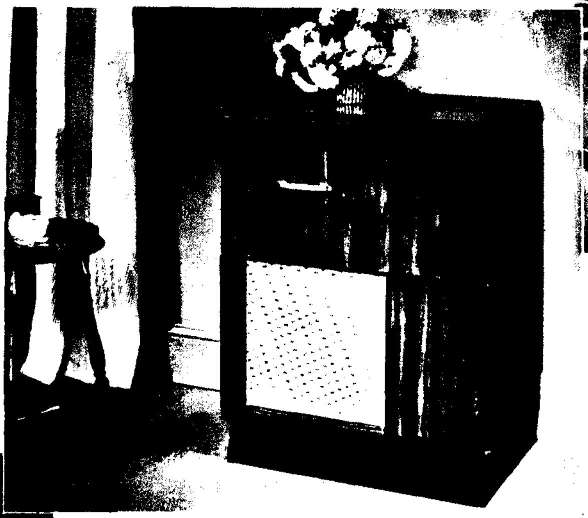
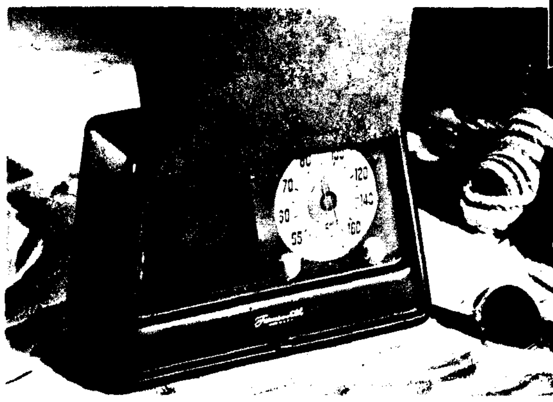
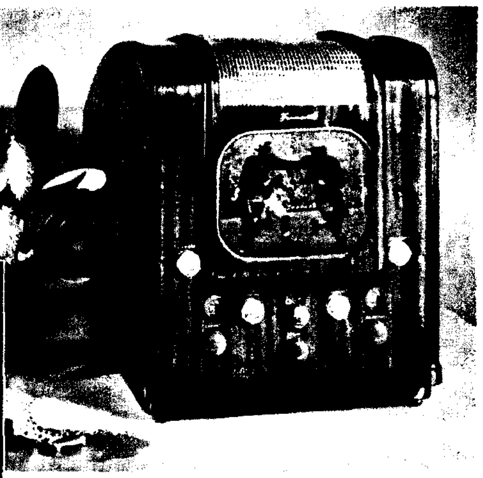


Model GK-266 Brand-new phonograph-radio in strikingly modern cabinet. Equipped with Farnsworth 3-point suspension record-changer playing 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch records. Mahogany or blond finish.



Model GP-350 Wherever you go, this light, sturdy portable will provide music and entertainment. Fine, clear tone; ample volume. Serves also as a table radio on either AC or DC. Perfect gift for outdoor enthusiasts.



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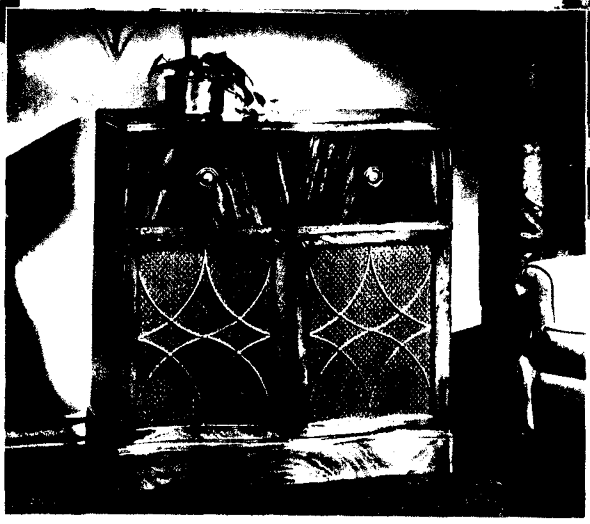

Model GK-115 A distinguished phonograph-radio offering brilliant AM-FM radio reception and record reproduction. Automatic record-changer incorporates revolutionary Tonal Clarifier. Twelve-inch speaker. Cabinet finished in beautifully swirled mahogany.

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PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Get a giant tube or big 9-oz. jar today!

GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE U.S.A.

Continued from page 26

those American and British businessmen and politicians who would like to see a return to free enterprise in Germany.

The industrialists also managed to get their men into key positions in the Anglo-American governmental setup. Anxious German democrats can tell you that camouflaged Nazis occupy posts in Germany's transportation system, in her food distribution, in farming and industrial organizations and others.

The industrialists' policy of doing nothing paid off in August when America and England agreed to a higher level of industry for Germany. In view of this victory they may, for a while, show what they can do, but they will also continue to arrange passive-resistance spells to obtain new concessions whenever they believe they can get them.

A Victory That Endangers Unity

Thoughtful Germans fear that this victory of Germany's industrialists may further endanger German unity. One of the chief leaders of the Christian Democratic Union holds that the fission of Germany into two diverging camps has already taken place and that Germany "is doomed to be the battleground for the class warfare and ideological warfare between the East and the West." He says:

"Shortsighted Germans may think that we can reap benefits out of the competition between the East and the West. For a short while we may. But each side will use different means to achieve its aim and this will increase the estrangement between the two Germanys. Though all victors say they favor unity, they don't do much about it, and daily the differences between the two Germanys become greater." These differences are evident in many fields.

"The Russians are deliberately trying to develop a new upper class in the eastern zone of Germany to take the place of the Nazis, *Junkers* and businessmen who fled," said the engineer from Dresden, in the Russian zone, whom I interviewed. "Seeing the advantages this new upper class enjoys, it wouldn't be astonishing if its members went to bat for their Russian protectors, should the occasion arise.

"It must be realized that the step from Nazism to Communism is not a big one. Hundreds of thousands of Communists took the step from Communism to Nazism in Germany in 1932 and 1933. One of their leaders, the Prussian deputy, Obuch, stated flatly at the time that the workers were co-operating with the Nazis by orders of Moscow. To switch back is not so difficult. Nazism is the ideal conditioning course for Communism."

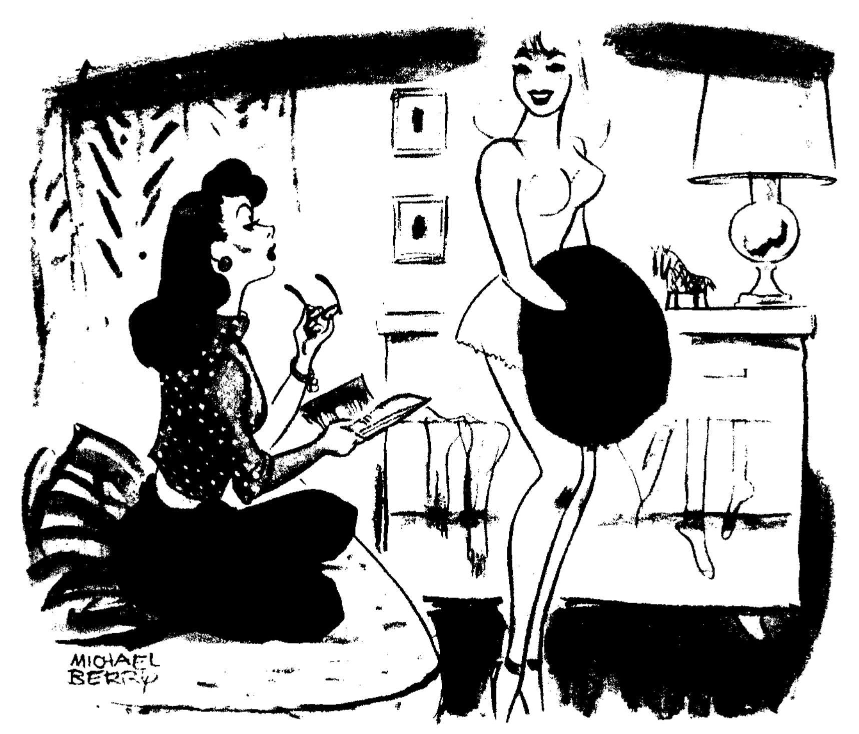
Those who get along best in the Russian-controlled zone of Germany are the former Nazi radicals, who took the word "Socialism" more seriously than "nationalism" in Hitler's National Socialism. Many of them fare better than the German Communists themselves—because the Communist need no longer be won, whereas the Nazi who turns may bring new groups into the Communist fold.

Besides the ex-Nazis you find the old-time German nationalists who believe that Germans can ride back to power by playing with the Russians. The charming though elderly baroness who came to Berlin from her estate, which is occupied by the Russians, made that quite clear when she said happily, "Once you know how to handle the Russians, they are like children. They are pitifully anxious to learn our ways, to be considered part of polite society. There is much we can do together, once we pool Russian strength and resources and German leadership qualities."

Many fanatic followers of Hitler's last adjutant, Martin Bormann, share this view. That is why the young SS men, who escaped from an American detention camp in Darnstadt, told their friends they were heading East. They would join, they said, the German Free Committee or the German army in Russia, which they said was under direction of General von Seidlitz. They also hope that somewhere along the line they will contact Bormann, whom they believe to be alive.

Besides the Nazi fanatics, there are the National Bolshevists, who for years have been advocating co-operation with the Russians. Their leader, Dr. Ernst Niekisch, played an important role in Germany's intellectual life in the last days before Hitler. He was one of Hitler's rivals in calling for revolution in Germany. When Hitler won, he had Dr. Niekisch tossed in jail. His health was ruined but he is alive and very active.

When I interviewed him in the People's University in Berlin, which he directs, Dr. Niekisch told of conferences which



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Have you heard that song "It's Witchery"—recorded for RCA Victor by Charlie Spivak?

he had in the late twenties and early thirties with General von Seeckt and General Schleicher which were designed to perfect Russo-German co-operation, with the help of the German army. Thus it is apparent that the trend toward Moscow in Germany is not wholly proletarian as many like to think. Today Niekisch and his friends seek a new, semi-Communist form of government "because as long as the barons of industry of western Germany remain all powerful, there will be no peace."

The Russians make great efforts to win the intellectuals, the engineers, inventors, artists, politicians, foremen in their zone. The best homes available are allotted to them—after the Russians are taken care of. Every month the protégés of the Russians receive a *Russen Paket*, a food package, on top of their regular rations as "hard workers."

Special Diet for Hard Workers

This bounty includes twelve pounds of butter, twelve pounds of sausage (the hard kind that keeps well, the recipients stress), noodles, flour, cigars, cigarettes and sweets. This may seem like crude propaganda—especially since the food is German—but try to live for four weeks on eight ounces of fat, fourteen ounces of meat, eighteen pounds of bread, potatoes and what vegetables you can scare up, and you will realize how important this is.

In Weimar, the Russians took the huge Nazi army warehouses and filled them with clothes, textiles, furniture, china—anything a home builder might want. Two state officials, with the rank of *Ober-Regierungstat,* or upper government councilor, travel through Germany's factories, buying whatever they think their bosses and the pets of the bosses would like. What this means to those who do not enjoy Russian favor can be gauged from the fact that only part of the goods produced in Germany are reserved for Germans and 70 per cent of these go to the new favored groups, leaving little for the workers.

"The Russians have understood how important it is for the morale of the German to be working regularly," said the ardent Social-Democrat who hates Communism fiercely. "So there is a certain measure of contentment in labor ranks in the Russian zone. The workers, as a whole, are not aware of the fact that most of what they produce goes to Russia as secret reparations. They are convinced that by working they can get ahead and that someday they'll feel the benefit of their labors.

"In the meantime those who work hard get extra food rations, and there is much ado about social welfare. The differences between the new labor unions and the Nazi Labor Front are small. If the Russians had been smart and had not allowed the NKVD to kidnap workers and start punitive camps, they might have won the German workers to their system."

The spectacular reorganization of the finances of plants in the Russian zone has not stirred the workers much yet. Whether the big boss is SMA, the Soviet Military Administration, or the Nazi state, or a huge impersonal combine, is immaterial to workers whose main worry is to get food and warmth for their families.

But German bankers are up in arms about the "extraordinary financial reorganization of all important plants in the Russian zone." They see in it proof that the Russians want to remove the control of vast industrial combines from Germany. In one issue of the official gazette for the province of Saxony, the Russians listed ten newly formed companies "with headquarters in Moscow and a branch in Halle," aggregating a total capital of 1,885,000,000 rubles. They included steel mills, plants producing cement and building materials, construction machinery, copper mills, transportation equipment, electrical equipment, films, synthetic rubber, plastics, mineral fertilizers and dyes.

Financial experts in Berlin hold that 150 such combines have been formed by the Russians. Should the Allies decide to withdraw from Germany quicker than expected, the Russians would still control important industrial centers.

The Russians are making quite an impression on intellectual circles in Germany, even outside their zone, thanks to the high quality of the intellectual experts they send around the country. The experts are not numerous but they speak German well and they can talk at length about German literature and *Kultur,* which impresses the Germans no end.

With women in Germany outnumbering men by more than 10 per cent the Russians were quick to get women's organizations going. They gave a helping hand to the Democratic Association of German Women, which achieved a measure of success by concentrating on practical helps for everyday life. The association is trying to unite all women's groups in all four zones.

At the same time that the Russians try to win friends among the intellectuals with their own experts, they like to shout hypocrisy at us. They love to quote Americans and Englishmen who have talked about salvaging German intellectual and spiritual life and then point out that little is done to bolster the material position of the intellectuals.

We bank heavily on the help we grant the German churches, believing that the spiritual rebirth can come from them. Before it does, many churchmen will have to undergo an evolution themselves. They spend much of their time formulating and voicing the discontent of their people, strengthening it and trying to bolster their own political positions.

The Sunday after the meeting of the Catholic bishops in Fulda, which shapes the policies of the German Catholic Church, the bishop of Osnabrück addressed Germany over the radio. He clamored for "Justice from the victors!" as if the American and British governments had not spent hundreds of millions of dollars to feed and supply Germany.

Niemoeller Parries Criticism

The Protestant pastor, Martin Niemoeller, is not much more helpful. When he was attacked for failing to give any part of the numerous packages he received from America to men who had been in concentration camps, Niemoeller's only comment was: "All that trouble was started by an old maid who thought she should have gotten something out of the packages sent to me for distribution."

In Berlin, where the competition with Russian propaganda is keenest, authors, newspapermen, intellectuals who don't want to accept Russian hospitality have to live shabbily on their rations. We offer them no help. The same is true of Germany's university professors and teachers, to whom we entrust the task of re-educating Germany. There are professors at Bonn, Cologne and other universities who get less than six hundred marks a month, after tax deductions, which is about the price of two pounds of butter on the black market.

Our traveling experts, who are supposed to compete for the allegiance of German people with the stars that Moscow sends out, are often junketeers who have not the slightest knowledge of Germany.

Even in such simple fields as home economics our experts manage to be a source of ridicule for us. There was, for instance, a teacher of home economics from Georgia. She spent five months in Germany visiting agricultural schools and incidentally teaching German women how to dry rhubarb and sundry vegetables. Any good *Hausfrau* could have

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told her that for years Germans have been processing some vegetables in ordinary bottles, with plain water, without wasting any precious coal or gas for the job.

The lady expert also officiated at the first big meeting of women from all German zones in Bad Boll. It was an important meeting because efforts had to be made to prevent the Communists from getting control of Germany's women's organizations. When America's representative was called upon to speak, she gushed sweetly about the joy of being in the land of her forebears. This delighted and encouraged the old battle-axes of German chauvinism who were at the meeting, because didn't it show that America was part of Germany, that it had strayed but was now coming back to the fold?

In the industrial field a tremendous reputation for energy and efficiency preceded us. It has been marred by our inability or unwillingness to compel German industrialists in our zones to work as hard as they could. Some of our people may have felt that they were respecting the democratic rights of the Germans; if so, they fooled themselves. The vast majority of the Germans are convinced that the delay in resuming operations is inspired by America's and England's fear of German competition.

Laying the Blame on Red Tape

In every part of Germany that I visited people complained shrilly: "The British and Americans don't let us work. Their bureaucrats try to kill German competition by compelling our businessmen to fill out 36 kinds of forms before they can put over a deal." Much of the red tape is of German devising but that does not bother the accusers.

To get German industry going we continue to try to repair her transportation system. Bosses of many of the repair plants tell us that they cannot do more because they lack the necessary metals.

The directors of the Hentschel Locomotive works, for instance, are indignant about our refusal to allow them to build new engines. "You will see," said one of the directors, "the Americans want to get the Chinese market away from Germany. As soon as the Chinese will have placed orders with American companies, our firms will be told that we can go ahead and build new engines."

Americans asked him, "If you have enough metal to build new engines, how come you cannot scare up enough material to repair cars and engines that are desperately needed in Germany and in Europe?"

The Germans have already alerted their millions of relatives and business friends throughout the world, and for years to come we can expect to hear innumerable charges of persecution of German industry—despite the fact that other countries have made sacrifices to get Germany's industry going.

Despite these mistakes we have an advantage over the Russians in the race for German approval. Millions of Germans owe their lives to the American and British military governments, which saw to it that the danger of epidemics was removed, and which rushed food to Germany and distributed it fairly in the worst winter Europe has known, when German farmers, German hoarders and German black marketeers were willing to watch their countrymen starve. The Germans like to forget the help they received, but they can be reminded of it.

Most important of all is that our representatives succeeded in making the Germans realize that we respect human rights and human lives. We have reduced their fear of confiscation of property and increased their feeling of security.

And this is where the Russians failed because of the continued terrorism of the NKVD. Even Germans who enjoyed

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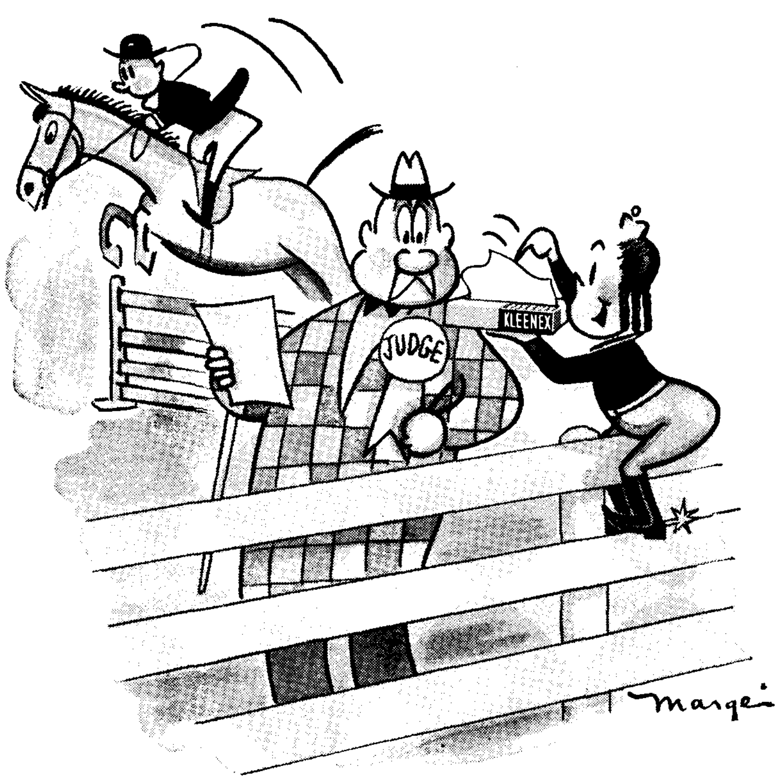

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Russian favor at the moment live in constant dread. They have seen too many friends drop out of favor and disappear.

When asked to choose now between the East and the West most Germans reply passionately that the matter is not up for discussion and that they will not tolerate a permanent division of their country. It would, they feel, lead to civil war, with each side trying to impose its pattern of life on the other—and that, they say, would be the end of Germany. But a united Germany, they feel, will choose between the East and the West, in its own way. When they choose, they will reject both the Communism and the democracy that they have seen in action on their soil, according to men who know the German situation well.

They Want Their Own Democracy

They reject Communism because of the terror that still comes with it and because it fails to protect the rights of individuals. They reject democracy because it involves too much uncertainty and tends to develop red tape. What the Germans want is their own kind of democracy, evolved out of their own needs and experiences.

Authorities point out that there are 2,000,000 men, women and children who live illegally in the British and American zones, sponging on their relatives or living through theft, vice and black-market operations. "This seething mass of potential criminals or potential cannon fodder must be brought under control if peace and decent living are to return to Germany," say social experts. Some of these people have taken matters in their own hands. There is, for instance, the story of the novelist and playwright Karl Schnell, who literally went back to the woods to start a new life.

With other Germans, Schnell and his wife were expelled from Austria. They arrived in Germany with almost no money, but I found them in a tiny but nice reconditioned summerhouse, nestling in the woods high up in the Odenwald hills, in Stallenkandl, a toylike village above Darnstadt. Schnell said that he and his wife and their refugee companions took one look at queues in the overcrowded cities and then decided to fend for themselves. They headed for the woods.

Berries and mushrooms, ferns and colorful branches, firewood and medicinal herbs they found in the forests, and they sold them to florists, to peasants, to pharmaceutical plants in the towns and villages in the valley below their hill. At first they carried their loads on their backs. Then they were rich enough to hire and buy carts and horses. They bought a derelict loom and repaired it. From remnants found in war plants they wove tough material for work clothes, colorful rugs and shawls for barter deals with peasants who had chickens, geese, pigs, seeds and tools needed to start the new settlers on their own tiny lots.

Today Karl Schnell is the head of a co-operative of 55 self-supporting refugees, which has prepared homes for twelve German-Hungarian families that want to work with them. Their children go to church and to school. By last June they had enough money to hire a biologist who spent the summer in the woods with them to teach them how to grow more berries, more medicinal herbs.

In many a German factory you'll find a small group of men hard at work, experimenting, believing that they can build something new as soon as the worst shortage of raw materials is surmounted.

One of these little groups centers around an engineer, Heinrich Wuttke, who is perfecting machinery and raw materials which he believes will enable him to build low-cost houses at top speed before next spring. He tried to work with government help, but red tape interfered incessantly, and he and his men decided to go to work on their own. It has taken them almost a year to get the parts needed for their special presses. When I asked them if they had protected their invention, they shook their heads: "There is such a need for new homes that we would be glad if other groups made use of our findings to carry on the experiments in which we cannot indulge because of the shortages."

That type of dogged purposefulness and perseverance has become rare, but the fact that it still exists under the most adverse conditions justifies the assumption that Germans will find the way back to work.

In the turmoil and confusion that is the Germany of today, constructive elements are beginning to emerge and to find an echo among the younger people. At the University of Mainz, for instance, Professor Armbruster, who canvassed the students carefully, came to the conclusion that 20-25 per cent of them are actively interested in helping create a free democratic Germany. They are opposed by the young "Nihilists" and their Nazi friends, who claim that there is no hope and that war is as good a solution as any. These number about 15 per cent of the students and meet with indifferent echo—at the moment. What lies between these two groups is, as one professor put it, "the average cattle that will follow whoever seems to be the winner."

In Berlin University and in the rest of the Russian zone, Communism plays a more important role, but the emphasis is still on a German way of life. The eminent psychologist, Professor Mueller-Freienfels, states that in the long years he has taught at Berlin University, "I have never seen a generation as touchingly eager to learn, to get at facts, to hear both sides of every question, as these young and older people who experienced the full horror of war. Their minds are wide open. They want to know how the conservative, the Christian mind works, as well as how the Communistic mind works, before formulating their own opinions."

This eagerness to know enough to build a sound future also distinguishes the young people of professional schools, according to Professor Franz Joseph Furtwaengler, director of the Labor Academy of Frankfurt, which trains labor-union specialists. He looked almost like a proud father when he spoke of his young workers: "They are cruelly critical. They want to find efficient ways. They don't care whether they fit into somebody's old party theories or not."

Another Totalitarian Menace

From these discussions quite a number of ideas have begun to crystallize. You find some concrete proposals advanced by the Heidelberg Political Action. Some of its members advocate the Free Socialism mapped out by Professor Alfred Weber and Professor Alexander Mitscherlich. They believe that initiative can be brought back to the prominence it deserves by forming competitive corporations controlled by employers and workers. They hold that one of the main tasks of today is to combat "totalitarian bureaucracy," which threatens all governments in existence, including Washington, London and Moscow.

Another group, at work on plans for a new German constitution, centers around Dr. Eugen Kogon, author of The Schutz Staffel State, one of the outstanding works on Hitler's state, and publisher of the immensely popular monthly, Frankfurter Hefte.

Dr. Kogon outlined some of the ideas for the Germany of tomorrow which have emerged most clearly to date:

"Our goal is a social democracy, without international ambitions, integrated into a peaceful European community of law and prosperity. The forces of peace and progress lost the first two rounds in the battle for peace, but we can still win the third round on condition that we face facts squarely. One of them is that you have seventy-some million Germans in the heart of Europe, who from time immemorial have not been satisfied with the simple joy of living, of mere existence. They have always wanted a goal and a mission in life.

"Give the Germans the idea that it is their mission to be the *bridge, the mediators between East and West,* and you will have filled the dangerous vacuum left in their minds after the collapse of their idol, Hitler. You will also reduce the chances of warmongers precipitating a new war. Germans were eager for a new creed when they saw their armies defeated. They did not find it. For lack of ideas they are again turning to their chauvinistic dreams and catering to their old persecution complexes. There is still time to counteract these trends, but not much.

"The future Germany, to be sound and peaceful, will have to be a united, federal Germany, but not a centralized Germany. Any revival of a centralistic state would automatically lead to the revival of German supernationalism, and it would pave the way for a victory of Communism."

Socialist Elements to Prevail

The new Germany, Kogon said, "must not be foisted on the Germans from above; it must grow from the grass roots. Twice in a lifetime, democracy came to Germany with defeat. You cannot expect Germans to have a passion for it under these conditions. Yet they definitely want the things for which democracy stands—respect of their rights, of law and order—tolerance. The German democracy won't be a copy of the American or the British version. It will be much more Socialistic, partly because there were Socialistic elements in the Nazi system that the Germans liked, partly because Germany is a densely populated country that must plan carefully to make all ends meet.

"To be able to live, this country must have a sound economic life—that is where the third round for the battle of Europe's peace comes in. For years Germans have thought only of themselves. They can and must be taught to think as Europeans. That can be achieved only through practical co-operation, as heralded to a certain extent in the Marshall Plan."

The Germans can learn to become good Europeans if they are made to cooperate with their neighbors on a practical basis, on concrete projects. Take the various industrial groups, let them form committees in which Frenchmen and Germans, Poles and Germans, Dutchmen and Germans, Russians and Germans, and so on, work on specific, preferably technical plans that call for practical work, such as canals, river control, electrification, reclamation of whole areas. At the same time show the other non-German Europeans how to make use of German co-operation, of the technical ability of this country. Get regional interests going. That is the way, and the only way, to revive personal and business initiative, which alone can save Europe."

An influential German to whom I repeated the suggestions of the Kogon group believed they were right on one condition, and that was: "The Germans must never be allowed to feel that they can use the industrial power that is being revived for them now to restore their economic domination over Europe, because that would be the first step to political arrogance. If their American and English friends should be tempted to help the Germans reconquer their position of top dogs in Europe, then the peace of Europe would be lost—irretrievably . . ."

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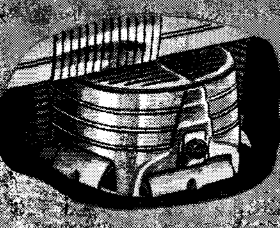

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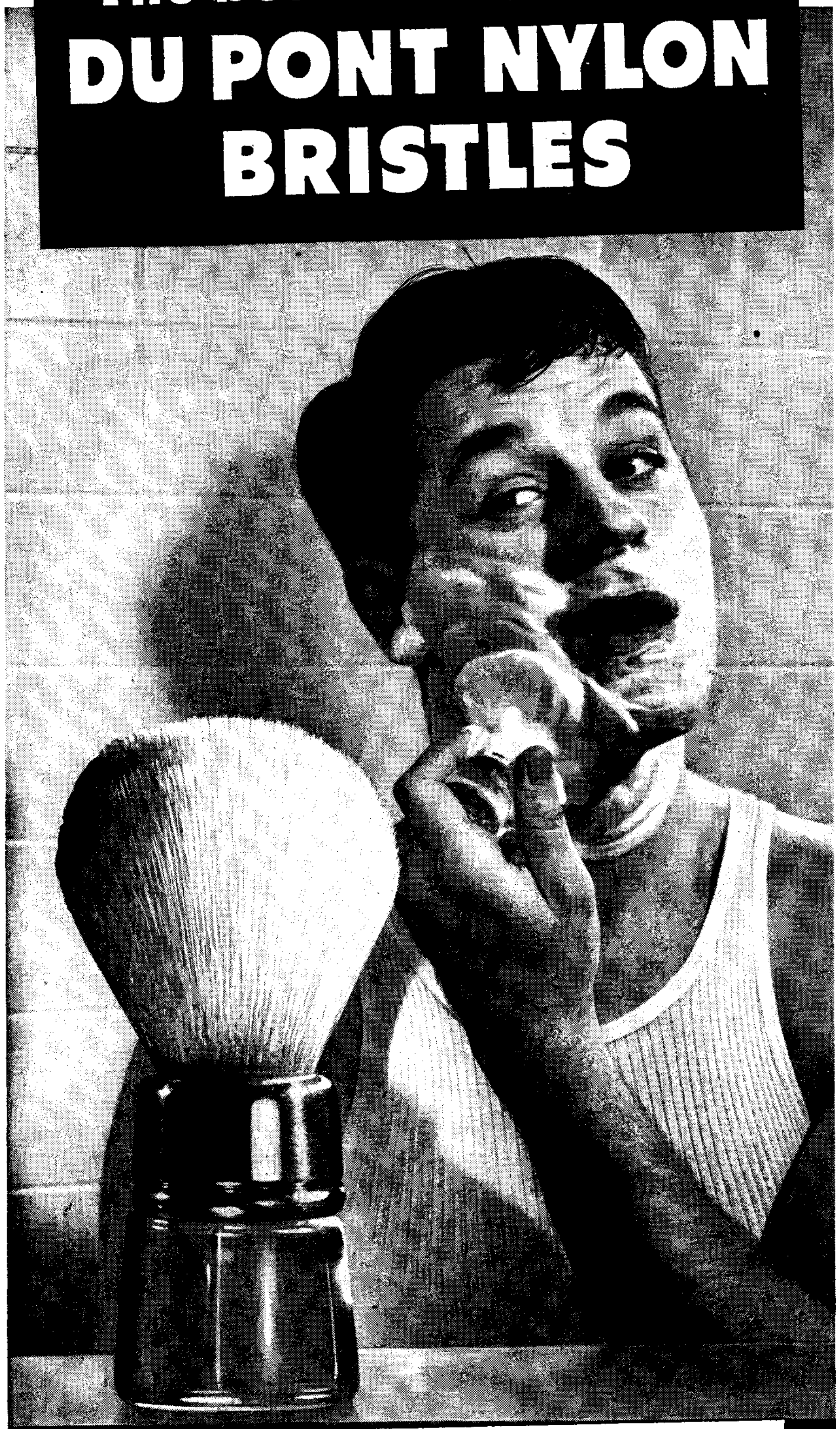

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MAIN LINE FOOTBALL

Continued from page 17

I'd probably put people to sleep instead of waking them up. The practice of using a football coach as a glorified cheer leader always has struck me as a silly stunt, anyway. If you're winning, you don't have to make speeches and if you're losing they can't help you.

"I feel the same about pep talks to the team. I don't suppose there's another coach who never has delivered an oration in the locker room. Other men have gotten good results, I know, slapping inflammatory slogans all over the place and getting their players hopped up emotionally, but I can't do it. I got a bellyful of that corny stuff as a player. You can appeal to a boy's pride of performance—the reason he plays the game—without ranting and slobbering all over yourself. There's no substitute in football for the spirit to do and die for Pennsyltucky, but you can't arouse it five minutes before a game."

People who have been groping for the answer to Munger's wholly unexpected success can begin and finish with the foregoing. It explains his chief asset as a coach as well as the pretty significant change that has taken place at Penn in the entire attitude toward football.

Although its players always have been drawn from the same sources tapped by other colleges, there was a time Penn seemed to have a corner on willful, obstreperous youths who devoted more attention to knocking the coach than knocking down the other side.

Strained relations between the players and Munger's two predecessors were reflected on the scoreboard and provoked a series of incidents that brought unfavorable publicity to the university. Lud Wray, a hard-boiled gent of the old school, was forced out after one year in 1930 when the team rebelled against his tough tactics, and Harvey Harman did not exactly enjoy boundless popularity during his seven-year tenure.

The easy familiarity between Munger and his players marks such a sharp contrast with the unhappy past that Penn has not fully recovered from the shock of discovering that a nice guy also can win football games. The man who steadied the Quakers has a disarmingly simple formula for handling players. He merely treats the kids as individuals rather than faceless tackling dummies.

Munger's methods are so artless that it's almost silly to set them down. He encourages varsity regulars to call him "George" instead of the stiff, formal "Coach." Team captains have been reduced to figureheads in this era of high-pressure football, but at Penn they pick the starting line-ups and run the team during games without too much direction from the bench. If a kid pulls a boner, Munger does not broadcast the lapse by yanking him summarily. He lets three or four plays pass before sending in a substitute.

Players are not herded together like so many sacred elephants and kept under rigid supervision by house dicks masquerading as assistant coaches.

"If you've got to stay on a boy's tail to make him keep in condition," Munger says, "the chances are he's not intelligent enough to help the team. Sure, we've had occasional infractions of training rules, but nothing to get excited about. I wouldn't dream of announcing a culprit has been demoted or suspended from the team. That results in national publicity out of all proportion to the offense and it's liable to hurt a boy after he leaves college.

"I've been criticized for being too easy with my teams. I wouldn't know about that, but if it's true, it's all right with me. All I know is that you can't win unless the boys put out for you. The record shows our spirit has been pretty good over the years."

The spirit dispensed by Munger's heroes in recent years has been entirely too good for several Ivy League opponents who are jolly well miffed by the enthusiastic shellackings they have absorbed. The Ivy League is a loose confederation of ten schools—Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Columbia, Cornell, Penn, Brown, Army and Navy—rich in prestige and associations. Penn was an unwashed brother in the lodge, dropped by every member but Cornell, its traditional rival, until the Gates Plan in 1931 curbed abuses of overcommercialization by transferring control of football from an alumni corporation to the university athletic department.

Everything was dandy until Munger began to beat the patrician ears off the Ivy League too regularly and too convincingly. He started this season with a record of having lost only three Ivy League games in nine years, apart from jousts with Army and Navy. The service academies had so many war-sent blessings that they were in a class by themselves.

LOVE

When the thirteenth month of the year rolls round
And the speed of light lags after sound,
In the twenty-fifth hour of the week's eighth day,
And the month's thirty-second day, then I *may*
Learn to do without it
But, I rather doubt it.

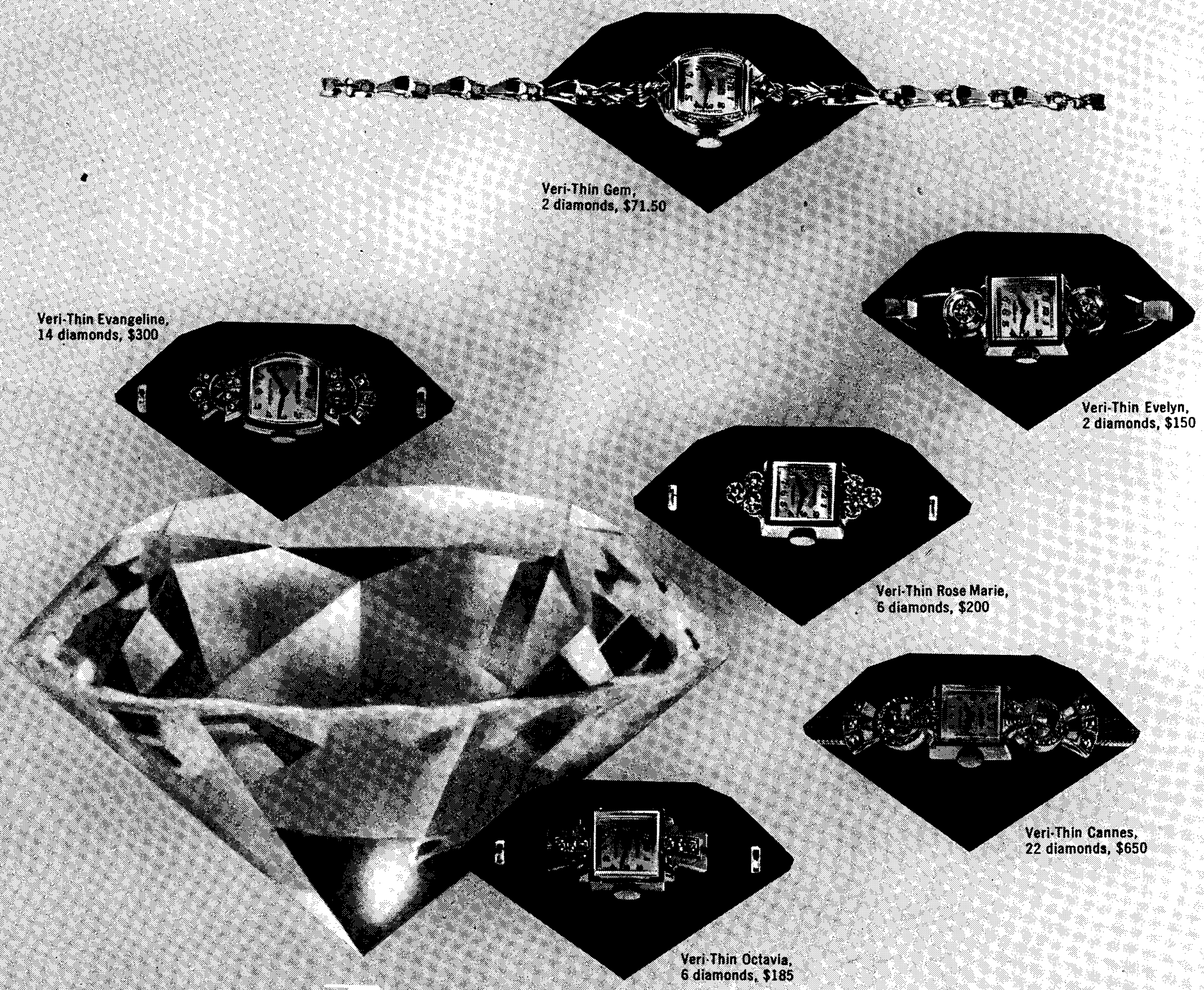
—Edith Asbury

It is an open secret that schedule difficulties are giving Penn authorities more concern than they care to admit. Harvard and Yale have refused to play the Quakers since 1942 and '43, respectively. Princeton, another cherished opponent, was ready to break off last year, but thought better of the series—and the cushy checks visitors collect at Franklin Field—when it pulled a terrific upset by winning, 17-14, on a field goal in the final minute.

The big beef against Munger is that he runs up humiliating scores when games are safely won, an antisocial attitude that is no help whatever to brother coaches worrying about next year's contract. Munger, a former math teacher, carried his exercises in higher arithmetic to such extremes that he was directly responsible for the most spectacular development in football of recent times. That was the resurgence of Army, and it began on the November afternoon in 1940 that Penn murdered the cadets, 48-0.

Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger, superintendent at West Point, who later commanded the 8th Army in the Pacific, vowed such disgrace would not be inflicted upon an Army team again. He scrapped the Military Academy's archaic semipro coaching system and brought Red Blaik from Dartmouth to do something about the deplorable situation. Blaik did with the conspicuous assistance of Davis, Blanchard and other talented hulks. Army presently got hunk with Penn by piling up 62-7 and 61-0 scores in 1944 and '45.

Yale would give a year's endowment to ram the same dose down Munger's throat. The Yale-Penn romance began to curdle in 1940 when Penn won by 50-



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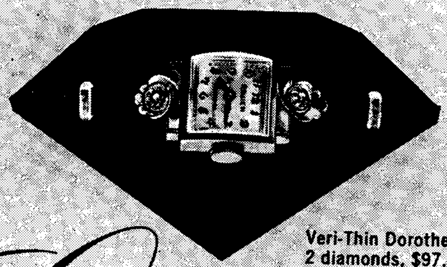

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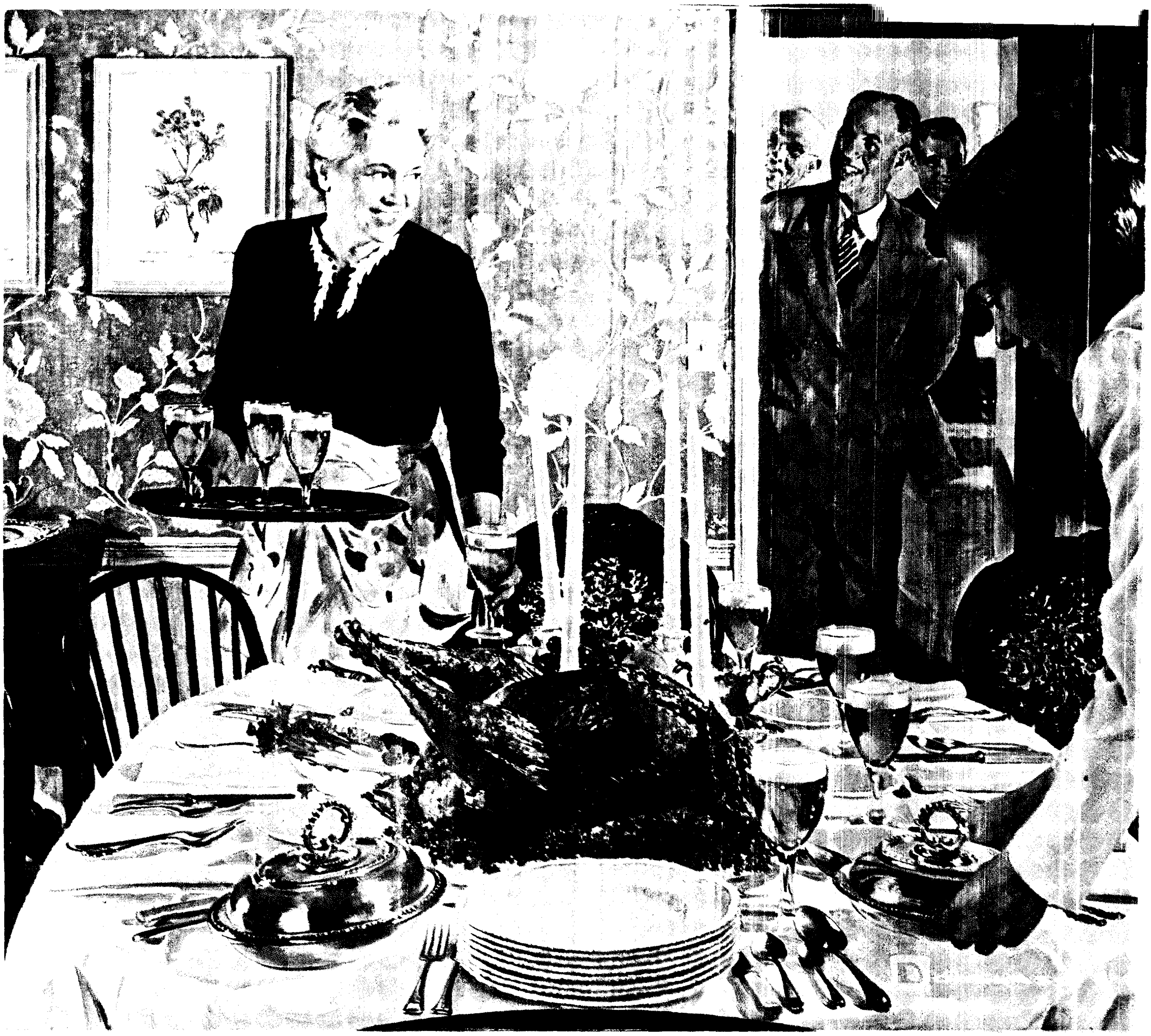

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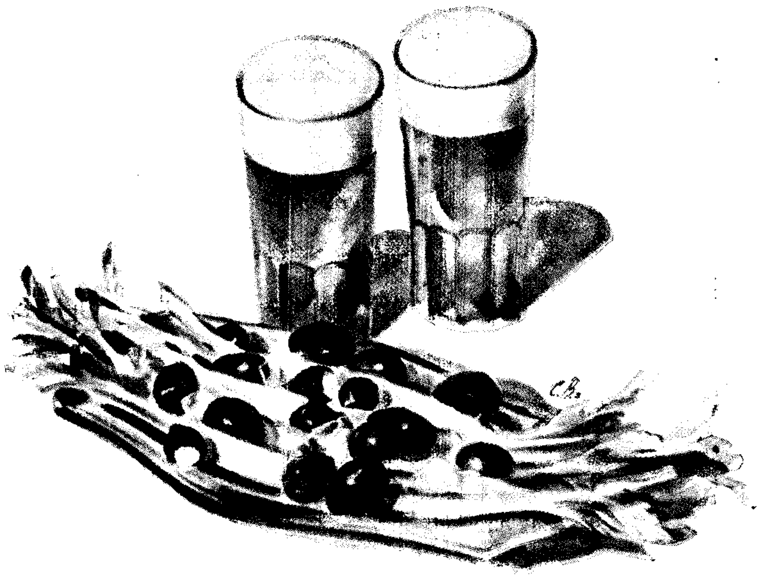

7, the worst hiding the Bulldog ever suffered. In 1942 Munger and his former backfield coach, Howard Odell, then the headman at Yale, exchanged harsh words after Penn won, 35-6. Football relations were severed the following year. Munger is reluctant to dwell on the matter, but he intimates that he held down the score, as his former chum well knew. He adds, parenthetically, that Odell showed no inclination to open the gates of mercy while the Penn backs he coached were running wild in the 1940 game.

"I don't know what you can do in one-sided games," he says morosely. "If you take out the regulars, the substitutes are so much fresher and stronger than the tired opposition that they're liable to keep on rolling. If you leave the varsity in there and tell them to go through the motions, they may get hurt. Most injuries occur when the players are careless. Anyway, you have an obligation to the public to put on a show. You can't make a travesty of a game by telling the boys to run the ball out of bounds or fall flat on their faces deliberately.

"Whatever you do, you're marked lousy. Like last year in the Navy game. We ran up 32 points in the first half, so I played the subs the rest of the day. Navy came back strong and made the final score 32-19. Then you should've heard the screams from old grads and gamblers who had given two touchdowns on Penn. They lost their bets by one point and they practically accused me of selling them out."

Harvard broke off with Penn in 1942, insinuating that the splendid concentration of football talent on the hoof attracted to Philadelphia was not entirely the product of sheer coincidence. Specifically, Harvard mentioned the two scholarships annually awarded by each of 67 state senators and made snide asides about the inducements offered athletes by zealous alumni. The proposition was put bluntly to Munger: What does Penn give its football players?

"Not a damn' thing," he snapped. "People have been spreading rotten rumors about us for years and it's time somebody talked back. Those senatorial scholarships cover only tuition. All appointees must pass standard college entrance board exams to be eligible. The same is true of the scholarships the university gives.

"Like all colleges, we prefer boys who have shown qualities of leadership by taking part in extracurricular activities, including football. The determining factor, though, is the competitive score a boy makes on those entrance exams. If he's not up to scratch, the President himself can't get him in. Wait a minute."

Figures That Refute Charges

He called the registrar and asked how many applications there were for the September, 1947, freshman class. The answer was 35,000. How many would be accepted? Twelve hundred.

"With that sort of pressure on the university, how much finagling do you think can be done for a football player? I can't promise him a dime because no provisions are made for getting jobs for athletes. Sure, some boys get help from alumni. This is a small town in football and the alumni work like hell to get good prospects into school. So do I. But every player must qualify for admission and he's got to keep up on his classroom work or he's kicked out."

Munger went to the team pictures on the walls of his office and recited the family background of each player on the last three squads. Fully two thirds, incidentally, lived within a 100-mile radius of Philadelphia. Of the 55 players in the 1945 picture, the most recent one framed, six had scholarships and perhaps 15 were ex-servicemen aided by the G.I. Bill of Rights.

"Few of our players work their way through school. Most are sons of rich alumni who don't have to worry about money. Maybe that's why we do well. A boy can't keep up in his studies, play good football and lead a normal social life if he has to scramble for a buck."

He sighed lugubriously. "Having dough is very pleasant. I can remember the sensation quite well. I was a gold-spoon boy myself. I came to college with all the trimmings, including a roadster, a raccoon coat and a derby. I wound up parking cars and posing for R. Tait Mackenzie, the sculptor, to pay my expenses. My family went busted right after I entered college in '29. Seems there was a depression, or something."

Running out of folding money was not the only disenchanting experience Munger suffered at Penn. It soon was obvious that he was not the ring-tailed wonder he had been at Episcopal Academy. There have been more spectacular child athletic prodigies than Munger, but seldom beyond the covers of juvenile fiction. He played on a championship baseball team, captained an undefeated basketball team and set academy records in the high jump, pole vault and discus that still stand.

Football, however, was the pearl in Munger's oyster. In his last two years at Episcopal, he was the captain of teams that won 19 straight games in climaxes that still give superannuated prep school boys goose bumps. In 1927 both Episcopal and Chestnut Hill were undefeated and untied going into the final game and Munger won it for his side, 14-7, by scoring a touchdown and throwing a pass for another score. The next year Germantown Academy went down to the finish with a spotless record until Munger ran 85 yards with the opening kickoff. Close friends and relatives began to compare George with Red Grange—not unfavorably—after he went to work on an ice truck during the summer. His silver-plated tongs occupy a place of honor in his office.

SMOKING THEM OUT

The ash upon my cigarette
Grows perilously long.
I'd let it drop, dear hostess, yet
I'd hate so to be wrong.

Pray tell me, though I ought to know,
Are these wee hats and shoes,
These souvenirs from Mexico,
To look at or to use?

—Richard Armour

Nobody can explain it, but Munger was just another useful plugger at Penn. Never a first-string varsity back, he had only one big day, against Navy in 1932, when he engineered the two touchdowns in the game. He was considered a sure shot for the Olympic team when he won the decathlon at the Penn Relays in 1932, but he flubbed the final tryouts at Chicago badly.

"Everything went wrong," he says sadly. "I lost a shoe in the high hurdles. I missed the first height in the pole vault, my best event. Had I repeated my Penn Relay performances, I would've finished a close second to Jim Bausch, who won the Olympic championship. Muffing that chance was the biggest disappointment of my life."

After graduation, Munger embraced the pleasant obscurity of coaching and teaching math at Episcopal Academy until Penn called him in 1936 to serve as supervisor of freshman athletics. When Harvey Harman resigned the varsity football post 15 months later, Munger merely was given polite passing attention as a possible successor. The alumni were shilling for a dozen more celebrated candidates, and their dismay was profound when President Gates picked the darkest horse in the field.

"The only objection to you I've heard," Gates told our hero, "is that you're too young—and you'll outgrow that."

Munger promptly antagonized the old guard at his first official function, the Varsity Club dinner. Carl S. Williams, captain of the unbeaten 1895 invincibles and head coach from 1902 to '07, delivered one of those "now-in-my-time" addresses deploring the lack of courage shown by modern players. Aroused by such nonsense, Munger hotly defended the present generation's guts and ability in a speech that inflicted grave wounds to the vanity of the audience.

Confounding the Hatchet Men

His professional neck was in jeopardy when his first two teams won only half their games, but the hatchet men retired in confusion after the 1940 club, beaten only by Tom Harmon and Michigan, finished the season by upending Cornell, 22-20, in one of the most psychotic games ever seen on the North American continent.

In comparing the stability of the setup at Penn today with the turmoil of a decade ago, it is evident that Munger was saved, paradoxically, by the aloofness which kept his few original rooters at arm's length. Predecessors, besieged by meddling advisers, attempted to please all factions and wound up satisfying no one. Munger avoided the trap simply by making himself inaccessible to volunteer masterminds.

Strictly a lone wolf, Munger isolates himself from all distractions during the season and spends interminable hours studying movies and blueprints of plays. Nothing but his interest in horses and fox hunting, a Main Line tradition, cuts into his absorption in football. Training colts and riding to hounds are his only hobbies.

Sheer concentration and devotion to details compensate for his lack of technical brilliance as an imaginative strategist. Penn, for example, is one of the few top-flight teams in the country that has not adopted the T formation. It sticks to the single wing and doesn't have much truck with passing or trick plays.

"Maybe I'm a dope," Munger grins sheepishly. "I go to coaches' clinics all year and hear nothing but the T, but I go on teaching the same old stuff. It seems to me, though, that you can get as much variation (and possibly more power) with the single wing as you can from the T. Everybody's gone overboard for the T, but we've stopped all teams that use it except Army, and nobody was holding those guys when they had Blanchard and Davis."

The alumni occasionally bleat, just for the hell of it, but the general attitude toward Munger is expressed by Bert Bell, commissioner of the National Football League, who was the star of Penn's 1916 Rose Bowl team and coached the backfield in the 1920s.

"Munger," Bell says, "is one of the best young coaches in the business. There's no doubt he's the best coach we've ever had at Penn. A lot of people think he's an overgrown sophomore, but that's his greatest asset in handling college boys."

The sweetness and light now pervading Philadelphia doesn't fool Munger for an instant. He knows better than anyone that two bad seasons in a row will bring out the wolf pack in full cry, and he began preparing for a fast getaway as far back as eight years ago, when his son was born. He named the boy after Greville Haslam, headmaster of Episcopal Academy.

"I can always get a job there," he says. "I may need it someday. A football takes an awful lot of funny bounces."

THE END

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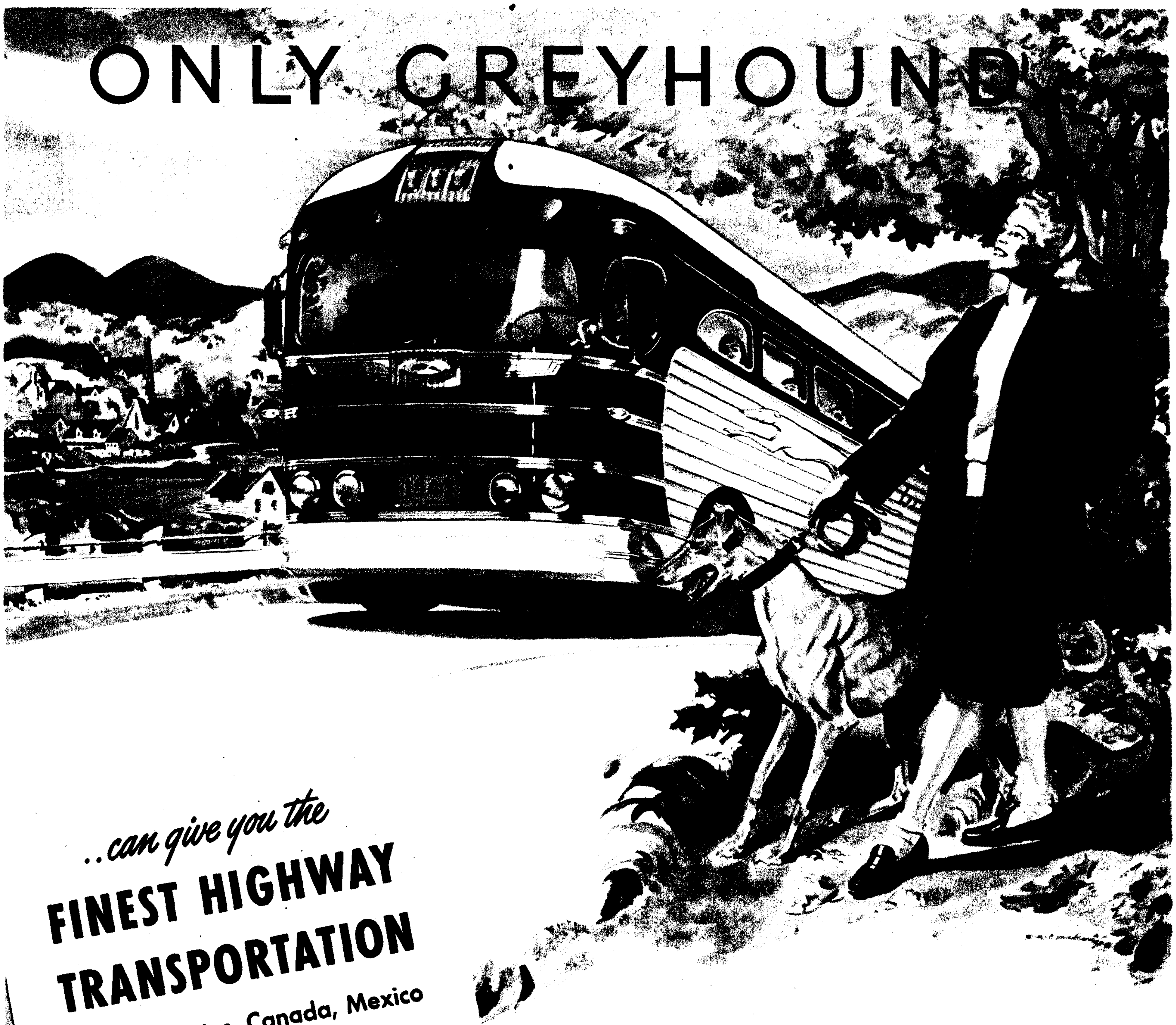

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GREYHOUND LINES

CLIPPING THE CLIP ARTISTS

BY HERBERT ASBURY

There's a sucker born every minute, and there's always a sharper waiting for him. Except when Mickey MacDougall clips the sharper first

THE young businessman, grown wealthy from war contracts, thought he could outsmart the big-shot mobster from Chicago who had opened a tavern and gambling house on the outskirts of the prosperous Middle Western war-plant town. He shot craps in the place every night for a week, and lost $30,000. He finally quit the game, good and mad and convinced that he had been cheated. The local police listened politely to his complaint, but did nothing because the joint was not within their jurisdiction. Moreover, the big shot was operating with the connivance of politicians who received a large cut of the house take. The state police knew from experience that they could do nothing.

"But we can move in," they said, "if you'll prove that the games are not on the level. They're supposed to be run straight."

"How can I do that?" asked the contractor.

"Well, you can't and neither can an ordinary cop. But Mickey MacDougall could handle it, if you can get him to come out from New York. His business is investigating crooked gambling, and he knows more about it than the gamblers themselves. He's worked with us on other cases. If Mickey brings in evidence that the games are crooked, we'll close the place."

Mickey had no trouble getting into the resort. It was running more or less wide open, and besides, Mickey is a small, innocent-looking man with no distinguishing physical characteristics. To the big shot's lookouts, he was just another sucker. He wandered about the gambling room for a while, as if uncertain which game to tackle first, but his sharp blue eyes were wide open. In ten minutes he had learned two important things: one, he'd better be careful—the big shot's games were protected by half a dozen very tough-looking gorillas, to whom cracking a skull would be a pleasant diversion; the other, the place was what gamblers call a "bust-out joint"—a dive in which everything but a gun is used to get the sucker's money.

All the mechanical appliances, such as the roulette wheel and the bird cage, were electrically controlled. The slot machines were set to give the house about a 60 per cent break. At the blackjack table the houseman was using a marked deck and second-dealing; when necessary he dealt the second card instead of the one on top. In a big stud poker game, Mickey spotted two of the players as "shills," working for the house. They were using a Bee "sort-edge" deck (the only unmarked marked deck in the world). The cards had an all-over design on the back consisting of a series of small diamonds, the arrangement of which told the dealer the value of the cards. By second-dealing when necessary he could always give one of the shills the best hand. The house dealer,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

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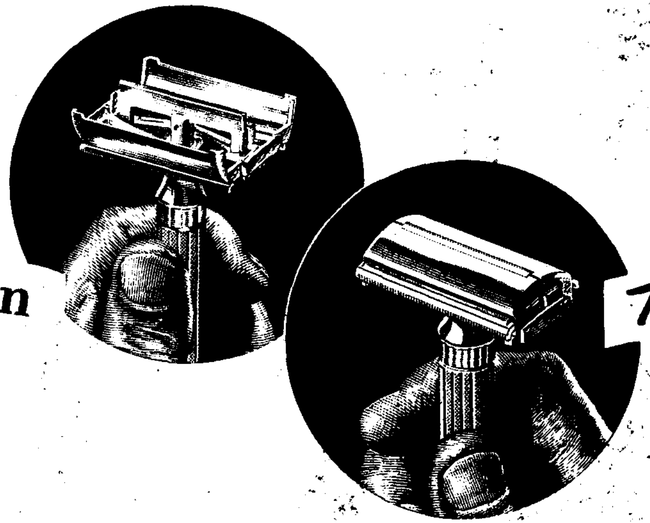

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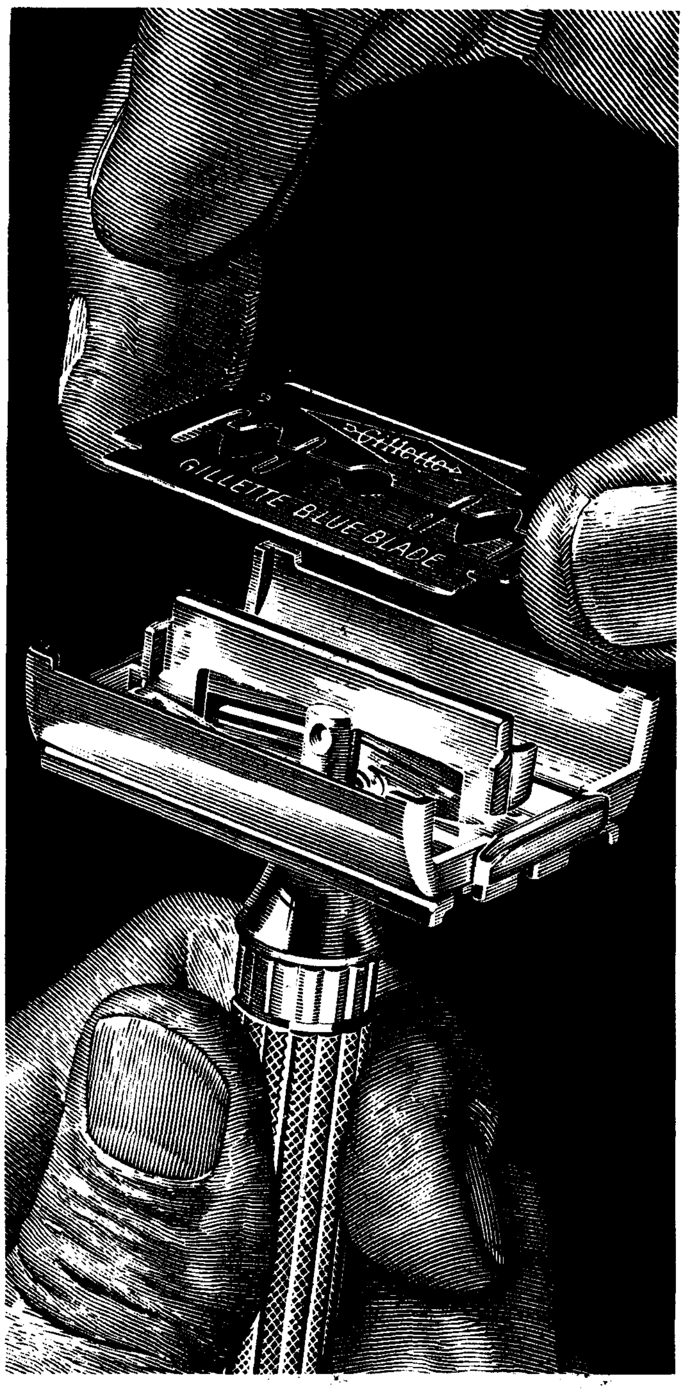

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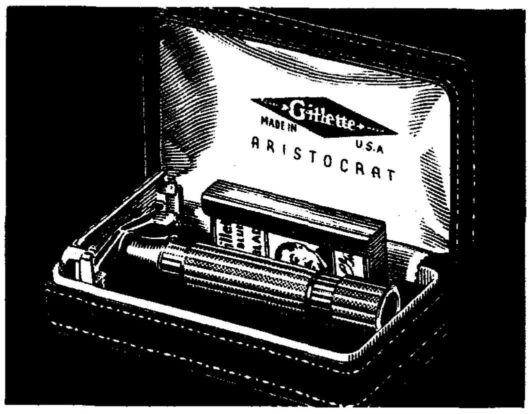

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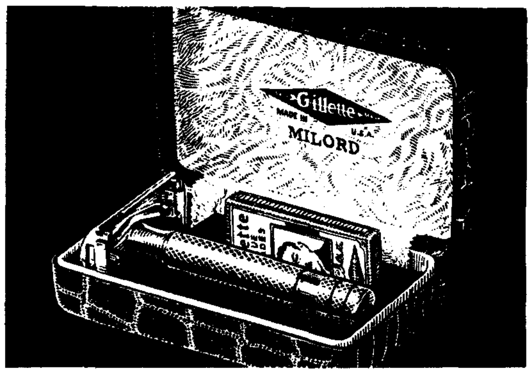

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be *SHARP!*

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known to the trade as a "mechanic," was dealing from the center and the bottom.

What Mickey had to do was palm a pair of crooked dice, and a few of the crooked cards, and get out alive. He was prepared to make the switches; he had learned the types of cards and dice used by the house, and had substitutes in his pockets. Or so he thought.

The big play was at the dice layout, and Mickey decided to start there. Of the 20 or 30 men absorbed in the crap game, he identified six as working for the house, two openly and four under cover. One of the former was the man who sold chips; he stood on a small platform overlooking the layout. The other was the stick man; after each throw he raked in the dice with a crooked stick, picked them up, and tossed them back to the shooter. On either side of the stick man was a cover man; their job was to see that the stick man was not jostled or interfered with. There were two shills, who played during the early stages of the game to get things going and won a few small bets to encourage the other players.

Sizing Up a Sucker's Chances

Mickey stood where he could watch the game for a few minutes before his turn came to shoot. He soon saw that the stick man was handling the switch; in the palm of his hand and elsewhere on his person, he had secreted several pairs of crooked dice. Each player, as his turn came, could use the dice already in play, or choose a new pair from a bowl offered by the houseman. All the dice in the bowl were alike, and all were honest. If the player was a piker, and the side bets were small, he was allowed to continue with the fair dice; the house would win anyway with the normal percentage of the bank.

But if the shooter proved to be hot, and the side bets increased, the stick man palmed the fair dice and threw in "bustouts," known variously as tops and bottoms, tops and tees. These are misspotted dice, with only three different numbers instead of the six of a normal die. If the player chose to use the dice thrown by the man before him, and they happened to be fair, the stick man switched them for a pair with two deuces, two fours and two sixes on each die. With them it was impossible to throw seven or eleven. The player's point would therefore be four, six, eight or ten. The stick man would then switch again to dice so spotted that the player would quickly seven out. The only chance to win in the big shot's joint was on the first roll of the fair dice; as soon as the stick man picked them up he controlled the situation.

When Mickey's turn came to shoot he called for new dice, and to his dismay found that the dice in the bowl, and of course the crooked dice held by the stick man, were not quite the same as the ones he had in his pocket. So he had to change his plan.

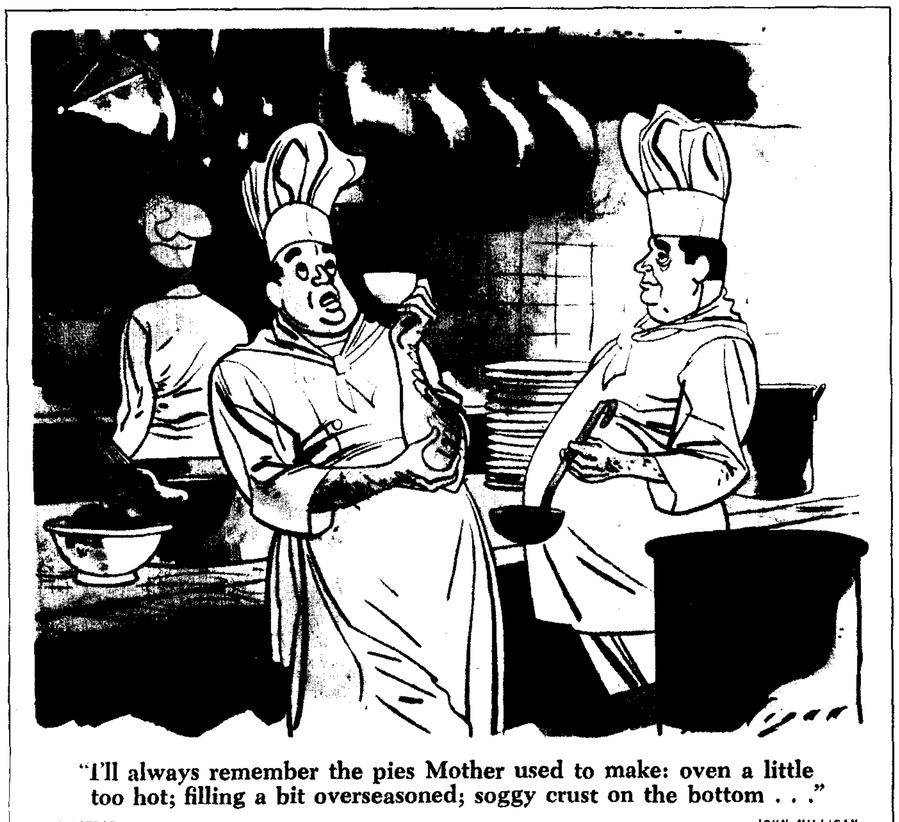
As he dipped into the bowl he clumsily overturned it, and more than a score of dice spilled on the table. In the scramble to pick them up Mickey palmed a pair, and then picked out another pair to throw, making a very small bet. The stick man left the fair dice in play, and Mickey made his point, which was six. Then, since he wanted the stick man to put the tops into the game, he made a fairly large bet. He threw a ten, which was his point, and when the stick man threw back the dice he switched a pair so spotted that it was impossible to throw ten and almost impossible not to throw seven.

But Mickey didn't throw the tops. Instead, he palmed them, and threw out the fair dice which he had previously filched. He had his evidence, but to keep it and get out reasonably intact he had to throw a seven. And with the fair dice. He tried several times, without success. Then he attempted the Greek Roll, which an expert can perform nearly every time with round-cornered dice, but which is very difficult with square-cornered cubes.

He held one die, with the four uppermost, between the first and third joints of the first finger; and the other, with the three uppermost, between the first and third joints of the second finger. His hand was vertical, at right angles to the table. He rattled the dice together, without permitting them really to move, and then flipped them out, rather than threw them. The lower die skidded from his hand, revolving rapidly but not turning over. The upper die, propelled by a flick of the finger at exactly the right instant, spun on its lower corners, but also failed to turn over. Mickey executed the throw perfectly, but the stick man scooped up the dice just as they were about to stop.

"No fancy stuff, Bud!" he warned. "Make 'em hit the boards."

So Mickey threw again. But luck was against him, and two fives came up. The stick man knew that nothing short of a



"I'll always remember the pies Mother used to make: oven a little too hot; filling a bit overseasoned; soggy crust on the bottom . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

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miracle would make the dice he had put into the game show ten. He slowly pushed Mickey's winnings across the table, and at the same time signaled to the house gorillas. Two of these tough characters came up behind Mickey and tapped him on the shoulder. One said: "You're wanted on the phone, mister."

The gorillas took Mickey down a hallway into a little office, where the big shot sat glowering behind a desk. The stick man was there, too; he had gone on ahead to explain what had happened. As Mickey walked through the doorway one of the gorillas clipped him on the head with a blackjack, then jerked him to his feet as he started to fall.

"That's just a sample," said the big shot. "The boys are going to work on you a little, and then you'll get a cement overcoat."

Mickey knew what that meant—after he had been beaten to death, his body would be encased in a block of cement and dropped into the river. He thought fast. When the gorilla came at him again with the blackjack, he dodged and ran to the big shot's desk.

"Listen a minute!" he cried. "You know why I tried to take you?"

"You don't dance at all like a girl who gets A's in ancient history, and who belongs to the science club!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"I don't give a damn!" said the big shot. "Why?"

"Because," said Mickey, "your joint is known all over as a soft touch. I know a dozen dice hustlers and mechanics who've clipped you for plenty and you never knew it. I'd have got plenty myself if my hands hadn't been sweaty."

"Quit lyin'!" said the big shot. "Nobody beats a game where tops are used."

"I did, didn't I?"

"Guess he did, boss," said the stick man. "He made a pass after I'd thrown in the busters."

"Look," said Mickey. "I'll make you a proposition. Give me a job and I'll watch all your games. I'll guarantee that no hustler will clip you again. Send these mugs out of here and I'll show you how they do it."

The gorillas left the room, and Mickey sat down at the big shot's desk. With a deck of cards and a pair of dice, he showed the big shot and the stick man everything he'd learned in the twelve years he's been in this curious business of his. He showed them what gamblers can do, and, besides, a lot of magicians' tricks that are flashy but of no use in a card or dice game. Finally the big shot was so impressed that he offered Mickey a job and told him to report for work the next night.

"You can bet I didn't do it," said Mickey. "I gave the state police the dice I'd palmed, and told them what else to look for, and then I got out of town. But everything turned out all right for everybody. The joint was raided and closed, the contractor got his revenge, and I got a nice check from the contractor. Even the big-shot gambler wasn't unhappy long, for he opened up again in a few weeks, and his business was better than ever. And what do you think? That crazy contractor, believing that everything in the new joint was on the up and up, went back and dropped another bundle!"

Mickey says that this, potentially at least, was the most dangerous situation he ever got into. On several other occasions, however, he had escapes from death or serious injury that were about as narrow. Once he was engaged by a steamship company which operated passenger liners between New York and the West Coast, to investigate gamblers who had made several big killings aboard ship. Mickey broke up the gang's operations by exposing two of the sharpers, very dexterous fellows who had been using half a dozen different methods of cheating. They were not put under arrest, because the captain wanted to avoid scandal, but were ordered to leave the vessel at Colón.

The night before the ship docked, Mickey was standing at the rail, alone, when someone suddenly grabbed him by the ankles and tossed him overboard. Luckily it was a clear night, with a calm sea, and a sailor who heard his shouts threw him a life preserver. A boat put out and he was rescued. There was no evidence to connect the two sharpers with the incident, but Mickey has never forgotten that as they walked down the gangplank one of them grinned at him and said, "We had tough luck, Bud. Better luck next time."

A Lady Cardsharp Plays Pinochle

A few months after he had returned from the cruise Mickey went to work on a case at an Eastern resort town, where a national Women's Club was holding a big convention. One of the delegates had organized a pinochle game, and there had been complaints that she was entirely too lucky. Mickey kibitzed the game a few times, and found that she was using a belly-stripper deck, so trimmed that she could deal herself as many aces as she wanted.

The lady sharper was pretty good; she could cut the cards so she'd also get the aces when the player on her left dealt. The convention managers wanted to get rid of her quietly, so Mickey fixed up a little surprise for her. He prepared a stripper deck of his own, got into the game one afternoon, and managed to put his deck in play. When the woman dealt, instead of getting aces she got nines, which are virtually worthless in pinochle.

"She caught on after a couple of deals," said Mickey. "So she laid her hand down, picked out the nines, tore them across, and threw them on the floor. Then she looked around the table, stared at me, and I nodded. She smiled and opened her handbag, and I thought she was going to powder her nose and exit gracefully. Instead, she pulled out a long nail file and lunged at my eyes. I dodged, and she hit me near a nostril. I still have the scar."

By and large, Mickey MacDougall's profession doesn't seem to be the safest way in the world to make a living. But he's pretty fatalistic about it. "A gambler once told me," he said, "that I was in a crazy racket, and sometimes I think the boys are trying to prove it. But I suppose if they really wanted to get me they could; I'd never get anywhere if I went around with bodyguards or any other protection. Maybe they're only trying to scare me. Just the same, I don't take any chances. I keep an office in Manhattan, but I haven't told anybody where I live or about my family since I got an anonymous letter a few years ago threatening to get revenge on my family."

Mickey isn't interested in the little

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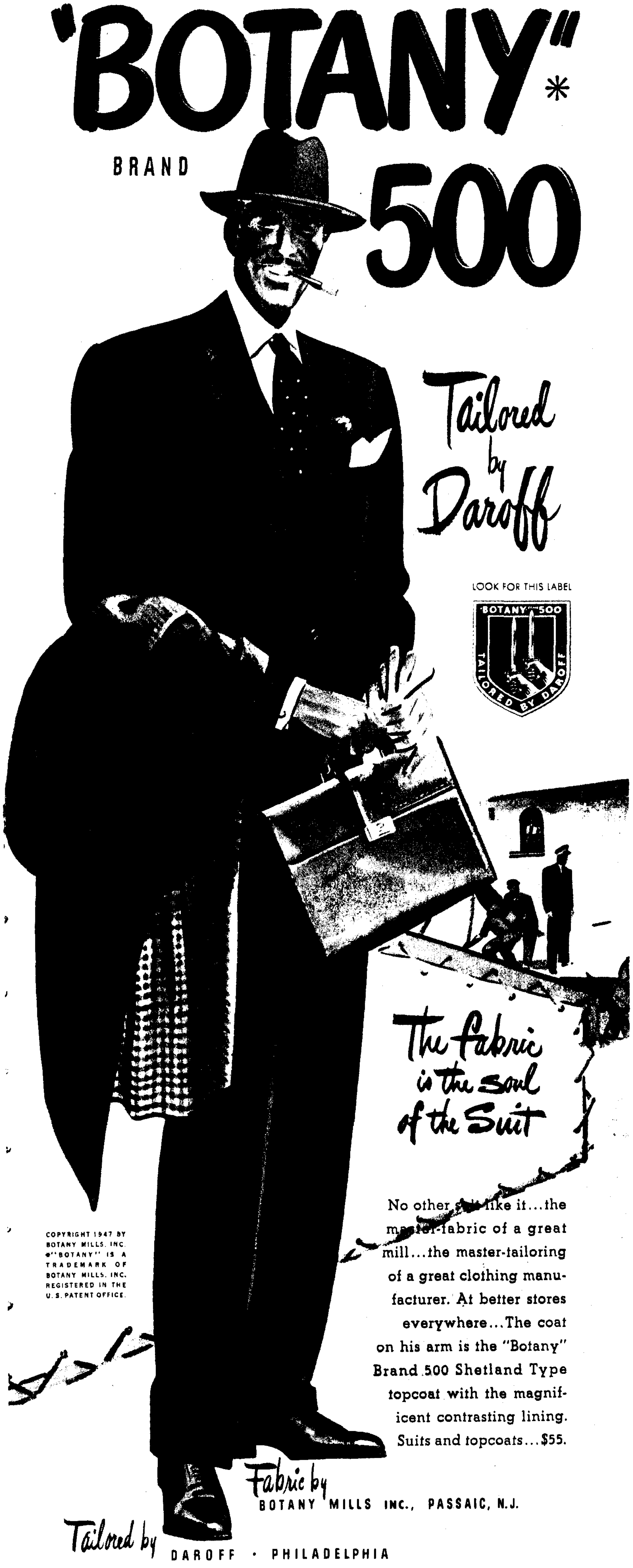

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hustler who wins a few dollars with crooked dice, nor in the cheap mechanic who manipulates a marked deck and gets away with peanuts. He specializes in the investigation of gambling houses, and in hunting down the suave, polished, fine-feathered slicker of the type that used to work the cruise ships and big passenger liners, and probably will again within a few years.

Mickey has had more than 500 cases of this sort during the past dozen years, and they've taken him all over the country.

"There's scarcely a town in the United States," he says, "that doesn't support at least one open game, usually run by a professional. They range from a dice layout, or a blackjack or poker table in somebody's back room, to anything the sucker wants to take a crack at in an ornate gambling house. The one thing they all have in common is that, except in Nevada, where gambling is legal and 99 per cent honest, they are all more or less crooked. About three fourths are completely crooked; the player is cheated in every game played.

"And don't think it's difficult to get the materials to cheat with. There are at least eight firms in this country that manufacture crooked gambling apparatus and sell it openly to all comers. In New York alone there are more than a dozen shops that masquerade as novelty stores, but are really retail outlets for the makers of educated dice, crooked cards and other stuff. They'll sell you a pair of dice with which nobody in the world can make a pass, a deck of cards that practically arranges itself into unbeatable hands, and a roulette wheel that can do anything but cook. If they haven't got what you want, they'll make it."

There's seldom anything melodramatic in a MacDougall exposé. Mickey doesn't pin the crooked cards to a table with a knife, as in the old melodramas. When he has investigated a gambling house, he simply turns his evidence over to the law, and if the case comes to court he testifies as an expert witness. Incidentally, he is frequently retained by municipal authorities who tolerate illegal gambling (because the townspeople want it) but insist that the games be conducted honestly. They bring Mickey in to see that the boys are staying in line.

Club Members Under Suspicion

Sometimes Mickey is retained by a lone sucker who fears that he has been trimmed, which is the inevitable fate of the amateur who tries to match wits and skill with the professional. Again, he is called in by club officials who aren't sure that one or more of their members is cheating, but are worried by long and unreasonable winning streaks. Because private clubs shrink with horror from the idea of a scandal, the law is seldom called in on such cases. Usually the sharper is taken into the club office, shown what Mickey has discovered, and permitted to depart in peace.

If the club officials won't even go that far, the members are called together and Mickey puts on a show. He explains various methods of cheating, and finally comes to that used by the suspected member. While dealing and playing the crooked hand, he imitates the mannerisms of the cheat. One culprit, for example, always dealt with his head cocked to one side. Another drummed on the table with his fingers while considering his next play. By his mimicry Mickey made their identities clear, and they never played in the clubs again.

A year or so before the war Mickey was called into a prominent Eastern club to investigate the phenomenal winnings of a new member, supposedly a chemist. He played poker every night and, being as greedy as most cheats, won all the big pots. Mickey soon found what he was doing, and a meeting of the club membership was called. Mickey explained a few of the methods of cheats, and then began to discuss marked cards.

"An expert card man," he said, "doesn't have to put a previously marked deck into the game. He can easily mark the deck already in play. He can do it with his fingernail, or in a dozen other ways. He can do it with a tack like this, a very small tack with a very sharp point. With this tack I can make a tiny perforation on any card I wish. The ordinary player would never notice it, but the cheat, who knows what to feel for, can easily find it. But obviously, if I am a cheat, I can't pull the tack out of my pocket and start sticking cards. So I pretend I have a sore finger. I bind the finger with a piece of adhesive tape, and under the tape I put the tack, which is just long enough for the point to stick through. So I have it ready whenever I wish to mark a card."

By this time the club members had begun to cast venomous looks at the chemist. Everyone knew that he had had a sore finger when he joined the club, and that he habitually wore a piece of tape over it. He had said he'd burned the finger in a chemical experiment, and had often complained that the burn wouldn't heal. As Mickey began to mark cards with the tack, the cheat got to his feet and walked out of the club. He never came back.

Escape From a Grocery Store

Mickey got into his "crazy racket" partly because of a profound dislike for groceries. His father ran a store in Philadelphia, where Mickey was born in 1906. When Mickey was fourteen, he ran away from home and joined a show troupe headed by Horace Golden, the Royal Russian Illusionist. It happened that Golden did a lot of tricks with ropes and needed a small wiry boy, so he took Mickey's word for it that he was an orphan and that nobody loved him. Golden took him to Europe and South America, and it was six years before he was back in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile he had learned a few card tricks and other bits of magic, and when Golden became ill, Mickey began to take a small part in the show. By the time he returned to the United States he felt that he knew enough to go out on his own. He worked up a short act of card tricks and some simple illusions, and managed to get a few club bookings, for which he was paid $25 to $50. The going was pretty tough, so one night when a man who had seen him perform asked him if he could catch a card cheat, Mickey optimistically said it would be easy. He went out to a club on Long Island, kibitzed the bridge game a few times, and finally managed to catch one of the players marking cards. He proved it to everybody's satisfaction, and was practically overcome when he received a check for $1,000, the most money he had ever seen.

"This," he said, "is my business."

For more than two years he studied hard. He worked in a carnival show to learn the ways of the carnie games. He bought crooked dice and cards, and spent months mastering them. He visited gambling houses and watched the masters perform. Then the business began to come in. It's still coming, and probably will continue to come, for as Mickey says:

"The world is full of suckers, all begging to be trimmed. They're nearly all like the sailor I saw in a bar not long ago. He was matching quarters with two men, one of whom was using a double-headed coin while the other had a coin with two tails. I caught the sailor in the washroom and told him what they were doing, and he said:

" 'I know they're cheating, but hell, how can I quit? I'm fourteen bucks in the hole!' "

THE END

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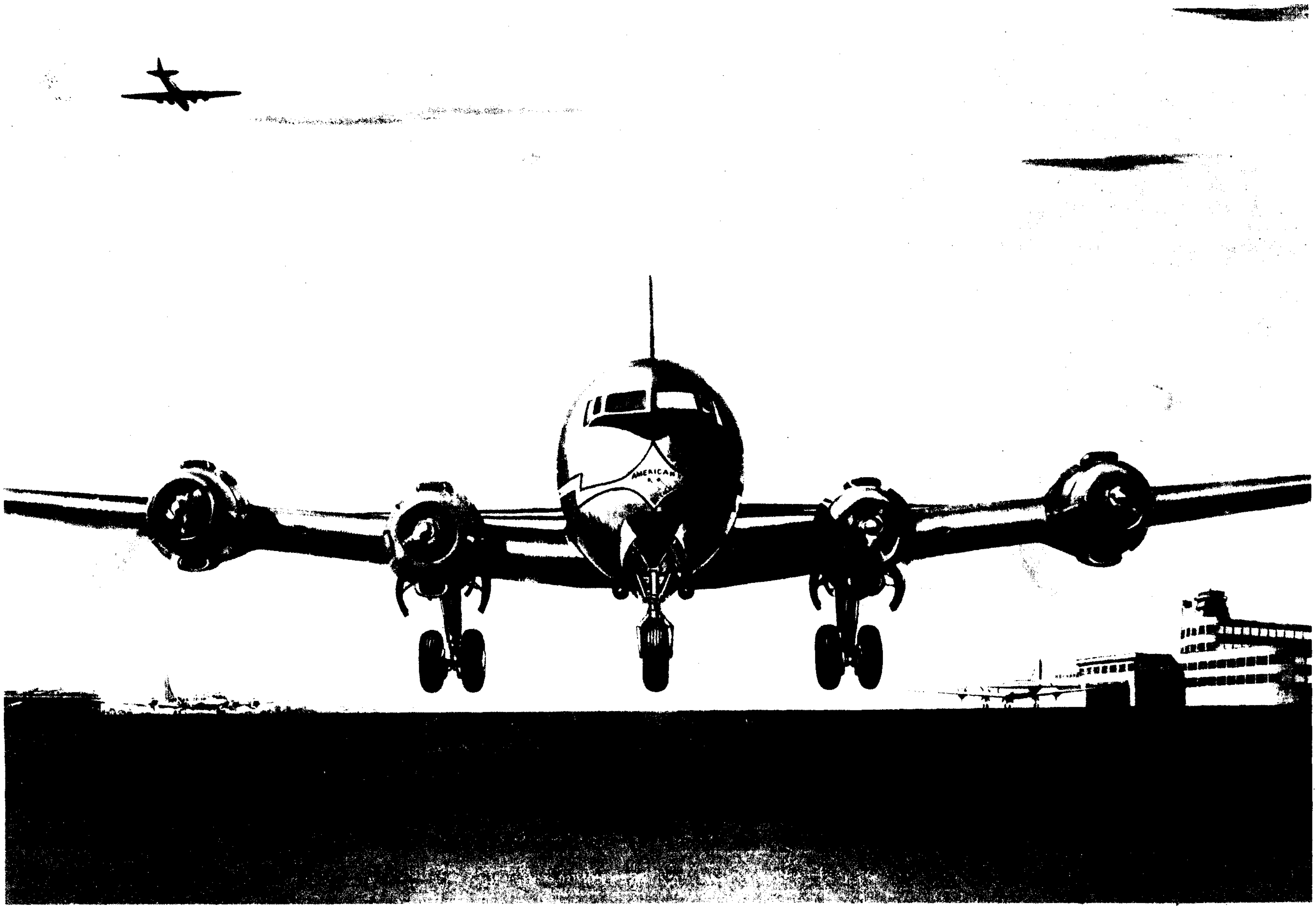

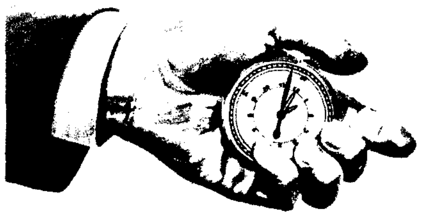

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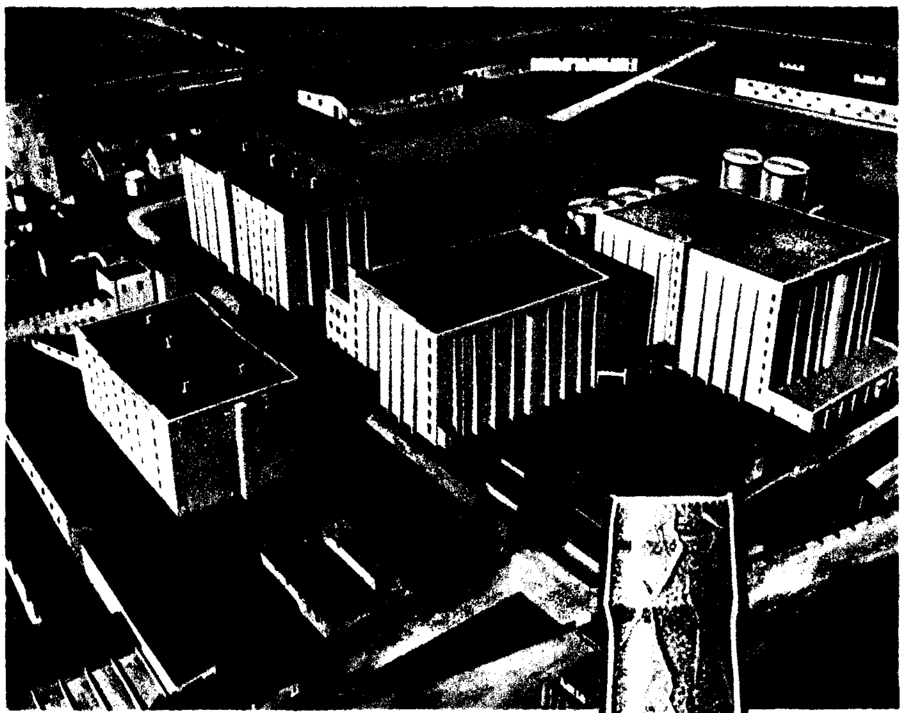

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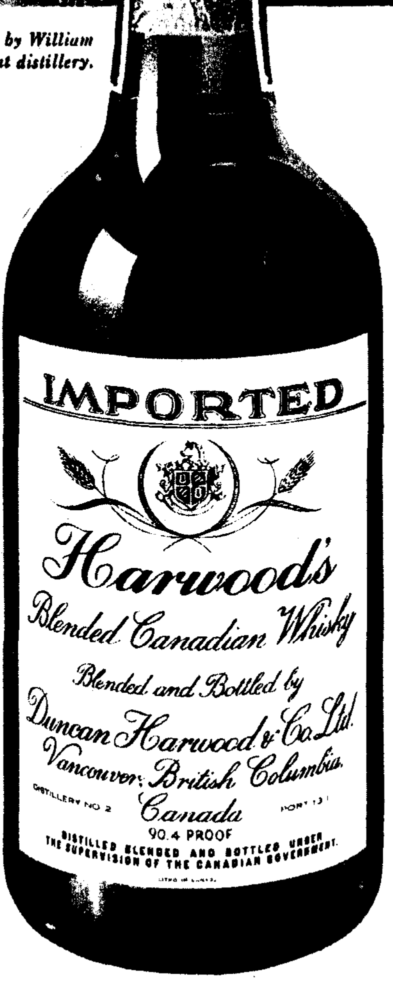
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GOLF IS A GAME

Continued from page 13

her, "you've got to be in the same condition as a Derby winner. I've always supervised Ronnie's training myself."

The waiter brought in the main course. It was a beautiful steak. Anne's eyes lighted up in wonder. She was speechless as Father cut the steak. It was about three inches thick.

"I knew the Claridge was good," Anne said, "but not this good. I haven't seen a steak like this since before the war."

"Try it, try it," Father laughed.

"You could cut it with a spoon," she breathed. We ate happily for a few moments.

"Lima beans—corn—cauliflower. . . ." Anne looked at Father the way a child would look at a magician who had just brought a rabbit out of a hat. "And this steak. Mr. Reeves, where in England did you find all this?"

"No beef like that in England, Miss Jarvis." Father smiled. "That's Black Angus beef from my own ranch in New Mexico. As a matter of fact, I had all this food flown over. It's a simple matter these days to fix up your plane with a deep freeze. I flew over enough beef and vegetables to take care of us and our guests all summer. You can't win golf titles on your English rations, you know."

ANNE was quiet for a moment. "I guess not," she said thoughtfully. "You know, we're allowed twelve ounces of meat a month." She looked down at her steak. "I'm eating a week's rations for a family of five."

"I wish we could give a steak like this to every family in London," Father said heartily, and he meant it.

"The miners come out of the pits after eight back-breaking hours. They come home to a meal of thin soup, a bit of fish and some weak tea." It was as though Anne were talking to herself.

"But that isn't our fault, my dear," Father said gently. "Finish your steak."

"I've had enough," she said in a small voice, pushing her plate away. "Tell me, has Ronnie a good chance to win the Amateur?"

We talked golf then, politely but without much interest. Suddenly Anne Jarvis was a remote stranger. She didn't want any dessert, although Father had some wonderful fresh strawberries he'd flown over. I, of course, had some chocolate yoghurt, which is a cultured milk, flavored. Father explained to Anne that this was one of the finest possible things to keep the digestive tract in good working order.

That's when Anne stood up, and to my surprise I noticed two angry red spots on her cheeks.

"Will you stop talking about Ronnie as though he were a prize bull or a stud horse!" She bit her lip. "Ronnie might be a useful member of society if you'd only give him a chance."

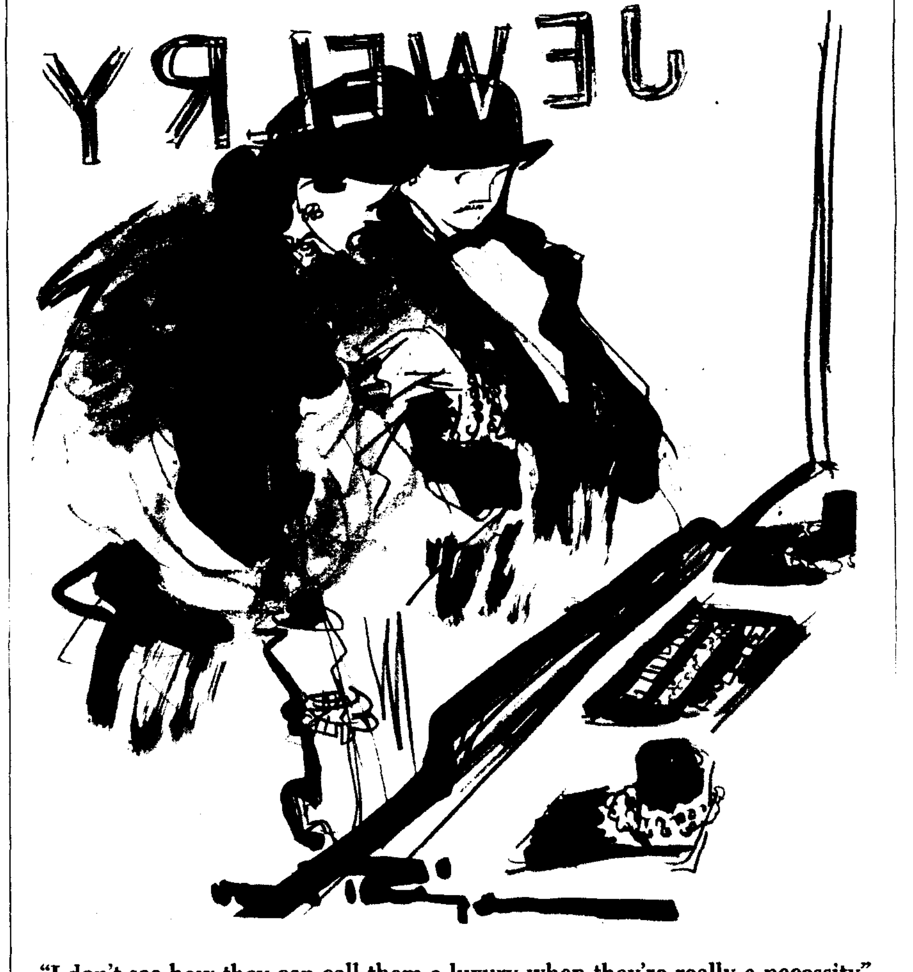
"My dear, my dear," Father said, obviously distressed. But it was too late. She had run into the living room and we heard the slam of the door. I looked helplessly at Father.

"I can't explain it, son." Father shook his head sadly. "I never can understand women. That's why I never remarried after your mother's death. Golf, finance, politics—those I know. Women? No. Well"—he put the whole subject of women out of his mind—"I've hired Archie Parks to work with you this next week. They tell me he knows the Sandwich course better than any man alive."

"I can't figure why she ran out like that," I said.

"Let's get our mind on golf, Ronnie," Father said, looking at me sharply. "It's what we came over here for.". . .

We left for Sandwich the next morning. I liked the way the course was trapped. Sloppy driving would exact high penalties on this course. That was



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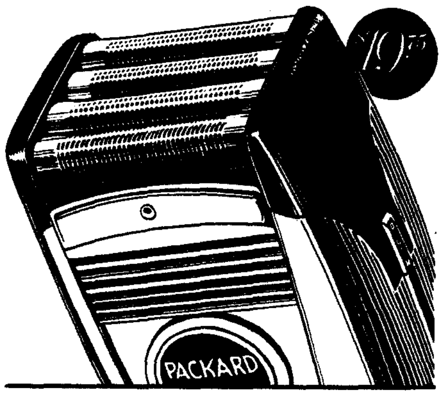

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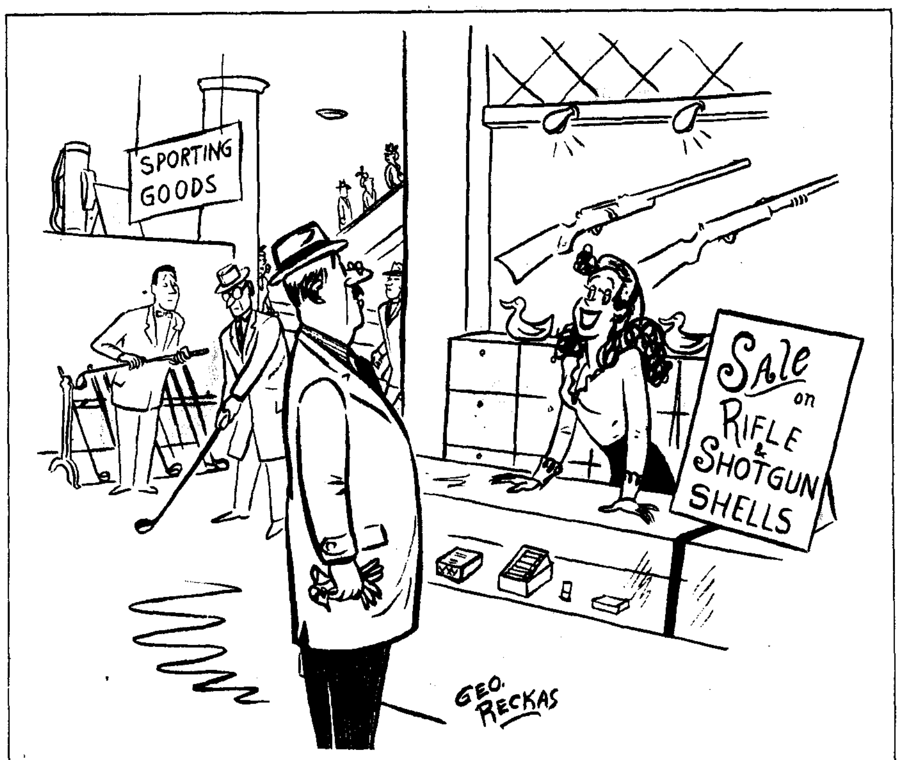
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all right with me. Father had always insisted, "Drive accurately and you'll never live in a bunker." Granny Rice once wrote that I was the most accurate man off the tee since Harry Vardon. Anyhow, Sandwich was my kind of course. I went around with Parks and learned the tricks the wind played. Father and I discussed the topography of every hole with Parks. I grabbed the Daily Express every morning, but there was no story about me. Not by Anne Jarvis. I couldn't figure it out. However, this was no time to worry. I breezed through the early rounds of the Amateur easily enough. In the semifinals Willie Turnesa carried me to three extra holes. He was red hot that day. But when I sank a thirty-six-foot putt to win on the twenty-first, Willie grinned, slapped me on the back and said, "Ronnie, you carry too many good shots in your bag for me."

"I got a lot of breaks, Bill," I told him.

"You made them yourself, Ronnie," Willie said. "Knock this one off tomorrow and then go after the big one at St. Andrews."

I BEAT Michael Mulroy, the Irish champion, the next day without any trouble. They gave us a dinner that night in the clubhouse, and I was surprised to see Anne there. She was sitting with Sam Goodwin, a pretty good English amateur who had carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth in a third-round match. Anne Jarvis seemed glad to see me. She introduced me to Goodwin.

"What are you doing here, Anne?" I asked rather stupidly.

"I came to watch the animals perform," she laughed. "And also to write a story about the social side of the tournament."

"Jarvie doesn't have a very high opinion of golfers," Goodwin said.

"The trouble is, I think of golf as a game," Anne said, "not as a vocation."

"What happened to the story you were going to do on me?" I asked in what I tried to make a kidding manner.

Anne's eyes opened wide. "I only write light, amusing stories. I don't go in for tragedy, Ronnie."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Have a drink, Ronnie," Sam Goodwin laughed. "Pay no attention to this Fleet Street hussy."

"I—I'll have a glass of sherry," I said. I didn't think one drink would hurt me.

"Golf and drinking don't mix, Ronnie," Anne said with mock seriousness.

"If you don't behave I'll fix you the next time you're in my chair," Goodwin said, laying his fist against Anne's chin.

"Sam is a dentist." Anne smiled toward me. "He's my dentist and I'm scared stiff of him."

"You're a dentist?" I looked at the slender, casual-mannered English golfer in amazement. "And you carried Bud Harding to the eighteenth?"

"Bud was way off," Goodwin laughed. "I'm only a week-end golfer, Ronnie. I just got lucky on those first three rounds."

"If you could only work on your game seriously," I told him, "you'd be chasing all of us home. You've got everything but the accuracy that comes with constant practice."

"Maybe you're right," Goodwin said carelessly. "But I'm afraid I get as much of a kick pulling Annie's teeth as I ever would out of winning golf titles."

"One—only one of my teeth did you ever pull," Anne said.

"Jarvie, my pet, if we're driving back to London we better get started," Goodwin said. "That is, if you're crazy enough to risk driving in the moonlight with me. There's a lot of dangerous moonbeams out tonight."

"I was brought up on moonbeams," Anne laughed.

Goodwin shook hands and grinned. "Knock 'em dead at St. Andrews, Champ," he said. "Be fun to see an amateur win. Either you or Willie Turnesa could do it."

"Willie hasn't entered. He's leaving for home right away. Willie works pretty hard, you know," I told Goodwin.

Anne broke in: "An American athlete who works for a living? How too, too awful! I didn't know you allowed that."

"Willie is married and he has kids. Sure he works for a living. He's a salesman. Anything wrong in that?"

"No, no," Anne laughed. "I think it's marvelous. I honestly didn't know you Americans allowed working people to compete in amateur events."

Goodwin broke in: "All the best at St. Andrews, Ronnie. Look out for that eighth hole. It's a killer."

"I'll see you there, Ronnie," Anne said. "The paper is sending me."

"Would you have dinner with me the night the tournament ends?" I asked Anne. It seemed as though a lot depended on her answer.

"Of course I will," Anne said her eyes soft. "No self-respecting newspaper gal would ever turn down a free meal.". . .

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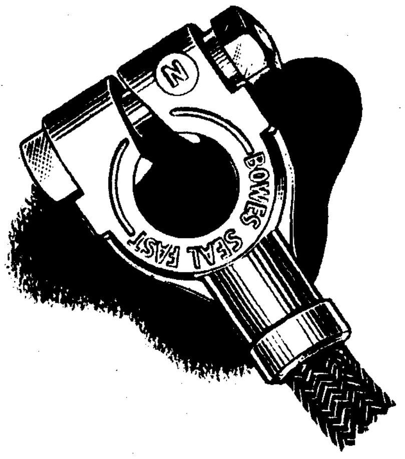

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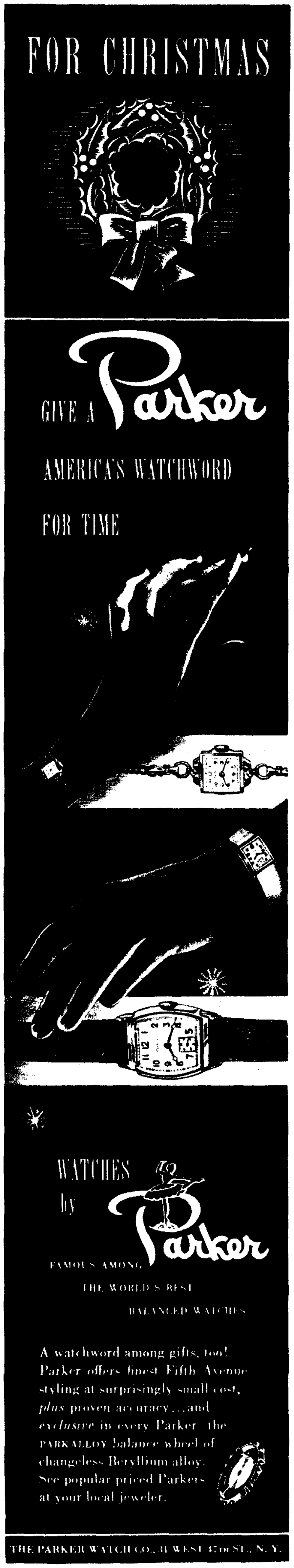
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the world's greatest golfers entered at St. Andrews. Because I'd won the three big tournaments of the year, there was a lot of attention centered on me. In the betting I was eight to one, and Father, who likes a friendly wager as well as the next man, took a few thousand of that.

I was amazed to see veterans completely blow up the first day at St. Andrews. The great tradition surrounding St. Andrews, the importance of the event, the knowledge that only the greatest of all golfers have won the British Open, and the unorthodox difficulties of the course itself all tend to tighten up the nerves. None of these things bothered me because Father had trained me for so many years never to feel on a golf course. He had drilled emotion out of me and in its place had substituted something he called concentration. I never think of anything except the shot which is being played. Father had schooled me to think not of the importance of the shot but of the execution of the shot. The sports writers have called me a golfing machine, and I guess they're right. During a match I never think of my score or of the other fellow's score. I only think of the shot I'm making.

I posted a respectable seventy-three on my first round. "This course isn't so tough," I told Father as we drove back to the house after I finished.

"That's because you've been playing it all your life," Father said.

"I never saw the course until two weeks ago," I said, puzzled.

FATHER smiled. "But I saw it forty years ago," he said. "And I played it fifty times and learned to know the course and to know what strokes a man needed to beat it. Every bit of training and coaching I've ever given you has been aimed toward beating St. Andrews. Only the most accurate driving and iron play can impress the course. Loft the ball, and the wind will carry it into the next county. Hook or slice and the ball will be found at the bottom of a well. Your drives and iron shots are low screaming shots that cut through the wind. And you've learned to keep them straight."

"Do you suppose I'm going to win this one, Father?" I asked a bit anxiously.

"Yes, you're going to win it," Father said casually, "with a score around 286."

"But, Father, that's . . . let me see . . . six strokes under scratch. No one beats par that badly here."

"No one," Father said dryly, "has been practicing and working all his life to do just that."

"Well, if you say so—"

"I do say so," Father said. And then he added. "After you've won it I think you should have a long rest. Ronnie, I think it's time you started thinking of getting married. Have you anyone in mind?"

"No, Father; that is—not really." I was startled. Father had never talked like this to me before.

"You say 'Not really.' That means you've been thinking a little bit about it. You—you rather like that Anne Jarvis, don't you, son?" Father smiled knowingly.

"I've only seen her twice, Father." I was embarrassed. "I like her, yes. She's all right."

"Yes, she is all right," Father said. "Comes of a very fine family. Her father, you know, is Lord Haverfield. His brother was Arthur Christansen, who came fairly close in the 1923 British Amateur."

"Where did you learn all this, Father?"

"My boy, having developed your mind, I find little difficulty in reading it," Father laughed. "I noticed that you were concerned with the girl, so I had my people here look her up. No money, mind you, but fine stock. There's nothing more about golf I can teach you. I'd like to have a grandson to train."

"Then you wouldn't mind if I married Anne Jarvis?"

"Let's talk about it when we've licked St. Andrews," Father said.

"Thanks, Father," I said. I was very happy and anxious now for the tournament to end. Three of us were bunched pretty closely for the lead as we started the final round. The weather was bad: a light drizzle and a sharp wind. I didn't mind this but I knew the others would. My tee shots never behaved better. Even on the soggy turf I was getting good distance, although I was depending more on carry than on roll. This was a real test of golf. You had to earn every par hole you made. In perfect weather a second-rater can get lucky and turn in a good score occasionally, but in bad weather Lady Luck stays on the side lines and lets your golf decide.

The thirteenth at St. Andrews is almost a ninety-degree-angle dog-leg. Two hundred and thirty yards out, the tree-framed fairway makes what is virtually a right-angle turn. The green is ninety yards from the turn. Most golfers, of course, try to drop their drives close to the end of the fairway, pitch to the green and pray for a birdie three or a par four. I thought I'd take advantage of the wind, which by now was blowing a gale. I cut my drive purposely, lofting it high. As I had calculated, the wind caught the ball, changing its line of flight. The ball curved to the right, following the dog-leg of the fairway. I couldn't see the green, of course, but from the shout that went up I knew my ball wasn't too far from it. When I walked up I found it had stopped six feet from the pin. I dropped it in for an eagle two.

"Luckiest shot I ever see at St. Andrews," my caddy said, open-mouthed with astonishment.

I looked at him in disgust. I had planned a perfect shot and had executed it perfectly. But I didn't let his remark bother me. I never let anything bother me on a golf course.

I finished with a sixty-nine, which made my total score 285—five strokes better than Wyman Worthington, the Scotch pro who finished second.

Well, Father had been right again. He was always right. I felt a quick surge of affection for him as he stood beside me when Lord Beacon-Palgrave handed me the big silver cup. There was a lot of cheering, and everyone was excited because, as I mentioned, it was the first time in more than twenty years that anyone has scored a Grand Slam in golf, winning all four major titles. I found myself unable to join in the excitement. Perhaps because all along I had expected to win. Golf to me isn't an emotional game at all. I was surprised to see Father's hand tremble as he took the cup from me.

"I've waited a long time for this, son," he said to me. "A long, long time. You've made me the happiest and proudest father in the world, Ronnie. As far as I'm concerned you can have anything you want."

"Even Miss Jarvis?" I asked.

"She's yours, son," he told me.

Just then she pushed her way through the crowd. She wasn't wearing a hat and the raindrops glistened on her hair. It had stopped raining and now the sun had come out and the wind had died down. It was very nice.

"Congratulations, Champ," she said, laughing. "Do you remember you invited me to dinner?"

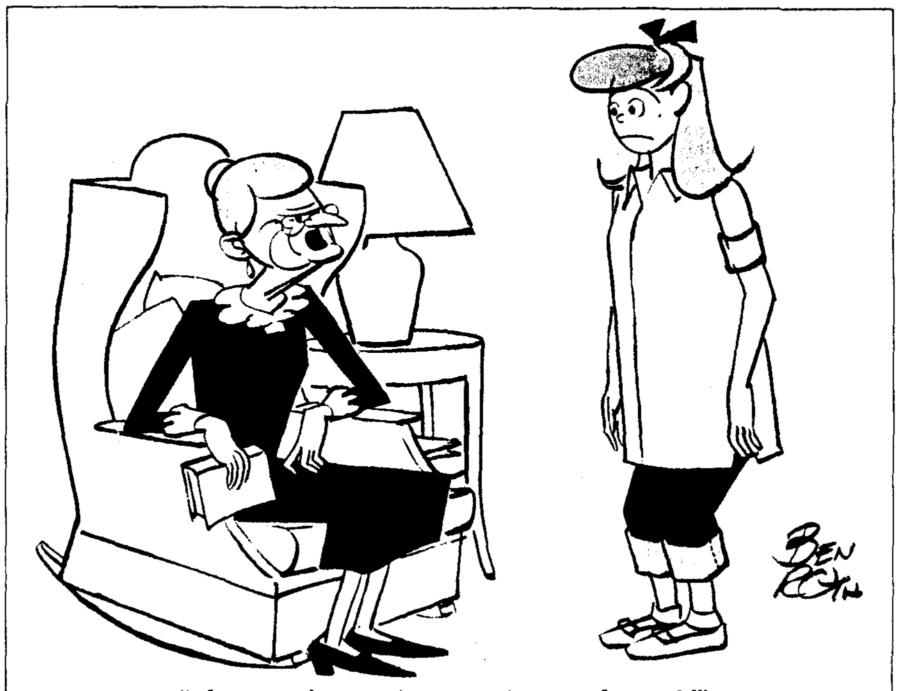
"I remember quite well, Miss Jarvis."

"You wouldn't mind trying English rations just for tonight, would you?" she asked.

"Not at all," I told her seriously. "After all, the tournament is over. I can lay off training for a while now."

"You might even have a glass of sherry?"

I nodded. "That would be nice, I think."



COLLIER'S "I hope you're wearing a petticoat underneath!" BEN ROTH

As is the custom, there was a big dinner that night and I didn't get much of a chance to talk to Miss Jarvis until it was over. Then there was dancing and we danced and then sat out on the terrace.

"Now that you've done the impossible," she said solemnly, "what are your plans? You are towering high on Mount Olympus, you're the best. Where do you go from there?"

"That's what I wanted to discuss with you, Miss Jarvis," I said seriously.

"If you call me Miss Jarvis again I'll give you the back of my hand," she stormed. "Every linotype operator, every copy boy, every horrible little cub reporter, every cab driver in Fleet Street calls me *Annie* or *Jarvie.*"

"I'll call you Anne if I may," I told her. "I would like to discuss marriage with you."

"Well," Anne said, a bit nonplused. "I'm glad you don't want to discuss the Russian situation."

"I don't know anything about the Russian situation," I said.

"Nobody else does either, but that doesn't keep them from discussing it," she laughed. "So you want to talk about marriage, Ronnie. Are you for it or against it?"

"I do not mean to discuss marriage academically," I said, a little annoyed at her lack of perception. "I mean it per-

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sonally. I was thinking of you and me. That is, the two of us together."

Anne looked at me with a puzzled frown. "You're not by any chance proposing to me, are you?" she said in an incredulous voice.

"If you choose to put it that way—yes, I am."

Anne was silent for a moment. "Well, I'll be damned!" she said slowly. "You really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. And Father approves, too. He thinks it would be a fine thing."

"He does, does he?" Anne stood up and looked down at me. "But won't that interfere with his plans? Now that you're the big champion, isn't he going to take you home to exhibit you? Isn't he going to put a ring in your nose and lead you around the country to show you off?"

"I don't understand your attitude," I said. I didn't, either. Here I was asking her to become Mrs. Ronald Reeves, Jr., and she talked about a ring in my nose.

"No, you don't," Anne said thoughtfully. "You really don't. I can't even get angry, Ronnie. You're sweet, but Ronnie, my pet, I just want to stroke your curls and say, 'Poor Ronnie, poor dear Ronnie.' You don't understand at all. Ronnie, don't you realize that you're much too young to be married?"

"I am twenty-six, Anne."

"You are ten, Ronnie boy," she said sadly. "When you were ten your father started you on golf, and you stopped growing mentally right then and there. Golf is all you know. Really, Ronnie, you have nothing to offer a girl."

"My wife will always be well provided for," I protested.

ANNE put her hands to her eyes. I didn't know whether she was laughing or crying. I guess it was a little of both. She reached for her handkerchief.

"Ronnie boy, Ronnie," she gasped. "Imagine bringing tears to my old eyes. But, darling, you still don't understand. Suppose we were married. What would we talk about? What would we do? Could we ever walk into the moonlight and feel that the stars belonged to us? Could we ever stand in a pine grove and hear the rustling of the trees and know they were singing a song that only we could hear? Could we, Ronnie—?"

"I—I don't know what you mean, Anne," I said miserably. I thought she must have been drinking.

"That's what love is, Ronnie," she said earnestly. "When two people are so close, so in tune, that they hear things and see things no one else can hear or see. But Ronnie, a man with the mind of a ten-year-old boy can't feel these things."

"I suppose someone like Sam Goodwin could?" I don't know what made me say that.

"Sam?" Anne looked thoughtful. "Yes, Sam is like that. In fact, millions of men are like that. But not you, Ronnie. You're too young to know about love."

"I am sure I love you, Anne," I said softly.

"And I love you, Ronnie—as I would love any sweet little boy," she said. "But a girl can't marry a boy. Ronnie, you've never shouldered a responsibility in your life. You're never done anything."

"I've won the four big golf titles this year." I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Yes, Ronnie, you did. And you were a good boy and you drank all the nasty vegetable juices and ate the big steaks your father brought over. Yes, like the good little boy that you—oh, Ronnie. Ronnie, I'm so sorry for you. So sorry. But I hate you for not seeing what your father has done to you. To satisfy a selfish, cruel whim he made you into a machine. Ronnie, you've never learned to live or laugh or dream. You let him do this to you—and I hate you for it!"

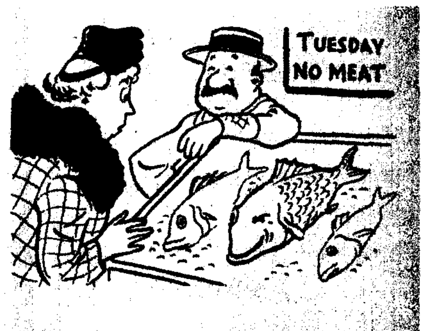
That's when I asked, "What have I done? Anne—I just don't understand. What have I done?"

"Nothing, Ronnie boy. You've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."

She turned then with what sounded like a sob and left me there alone. I took a step after her but then stopped. I was too bewildered and unhappy to do anything but stand there. I'd never been unhappy or bewildered before. What had she meant about my father? Father had always been wonderful to me. I'd always depended upon him for everything. What had he done to me?

I didn't see Anne again.

I THOUGHT of all this, sitting there in our suite at the Waldorf. I looked at my watch. I'd been there nearly an hour. Then I heard loud laughter and happy voices out in the corridor. The door opened and Father and a group of his friends came in. There is a fraternity of middle-aged men who follow golf tournaments. Many of them have their own protégés, amateurs usually, whose expenses they pay. They are real golf lovers and quite often make very large bets on the outcome of the various tournaments. Of course these friends of Father's had all bet on me and they greeted me a bit boisterously when they entered the room. There were nine of them.



SAVE FOOD!

"The champion sitting all by himself," one of them chortled. "A fine thing indeed. You ought to be celebrating tonight, Ronnie. It's your night—your night to howl."

"Drinks are here, boys." Father beamed. "Scotch, bourbon, brandy."

They filled their glasses and they all talked at once—which was all right, because none of them were very good listeners. Every one of them slapped me on the back at least once and said, "You're the luckiest boy in the world, Ronnie." Or they said, "You got the greatest old man in the whole damn' worl' and don't let anyone tell you different."

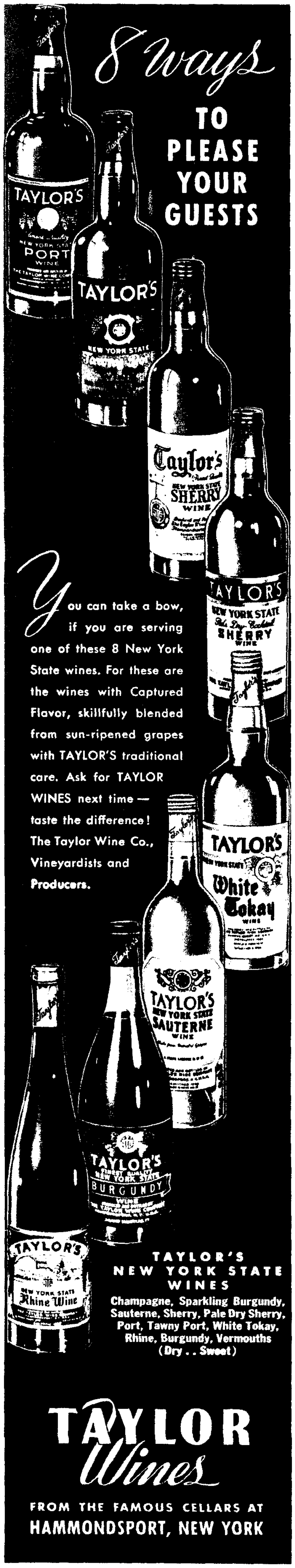
Two of them put their arms around Father's neck and started singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow—"

One of them pulled me to my feet and made me join in. We started it again and I sang with the rest of them, but I kept thinking: What am I going to do when I wake up tomorrow? What will I do the next day? What will I do every day from now on?

And the needle that had scratched across my brain before came back, and again I shut my eyes to hide the pain—and again Anne's voice came as though from far away, *"Nothing, Ronnie boy, you've done nothing. But absolutely nothing."*

And suddenly it was all clear to me. I knew what she meant now. And I looked at Father and his friends and it was as though I'd never seen them before. And I must have sobbed out loud, because Father looked at me strangely. I turned then and ran into my bedroom and shut the door.

THE END



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JOHNNY'S GOT THE GUNS

BY GEORGE W. CHURCHILL

In Will Rogers' old stamping ground there's a man who decorates his hotel with guns. The guests don't object—they get a kick out of living in the midst of the world's greatest collection of firearms

TRAVELERS with gun-shy wives should keep them as far away as possible from the Mason Hotel in Claremore, Oklahoma. Housed within its typically Western walls is what the owner, John Monroe Davis, believes to be "the largest collection of firearms anywhere in the entire world!"

"Nobody ain't ever offered any claim they got more than I have," Johnny Davis will tell you. "Seems like someone would have popped up with more than 7,500 different specimens by now if they had 'em."

As the visitor enters Claremore (82.3 miles south of the Kansas line on Highway 66) he will come to a stop at a red light that hangs in the middle of the highway's intersection with the tiny city's main street. Less than 130 feet from the point where the brakes are applied is this weather-beaten brick hotel with a wooden porch that goes out over the sidewalk. Once the front door is pushed open, it will never again be necessary to ask, "Where are the guns?"

Lining the walls of the huge lobby are guns of every size, description and for almost every purpose. Each barrel and stock is circled with a tiny chain which is hooked to a larger one that hangs from ceiling to floor. Behind the desk clerk's chair is the gun that was purchased as the "one that Napoleon carried at Waterloo."

"Could very easily be. It's that period. Nobody ain't ever proved it wasn't the pistol he carried and, of course, I can't prove it was. So there we are," Davis will tell you, and he will push his frameless glasses high on his forehead so that he can enjoy your expression as you stare at the black-and-bronze pistol with the bulbous handle and the engraved silver inlay.

"Yep, 7,500 of 'em," he will add. "No two of 'em alike except for eight pair of English and French dueling pistols."

The guns are everywhere. On the walls of the 50-foot-square lobby, in the hallways leading upstairs, in the banquet room, the coffee shop and the dining room are spiderwebs made of guns that weave their way across all the available wall space. The majority hang in ladders with the rungs made of the firearms.

"Gonna have to build or do somethin'," Davis will tell you. "Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas have each offered to build a building if I'll give the collection to the state. I might just do it sometime. I'd like to see a building up on the hill across the road from where Will Rogers is buried. The John M. Davis Gun Collection! Free to everybody."

Some of the pistols are in sealed glass cases which are pushed tight against the walls of the lobby at irregular intervals. Others are arranged in circular whirls and fastened by two strands of wire to display boards extending from ceiling to floor. The "shootin' irons" of Jesse James, Belle Starr and Clay Younger are interspaced with the blunderbusses of the Turks and the Pilgrim Fathers and with the crossbows of the Normans and the early Japanese.

"There is 3,000 feet of chain just used for displaying guns in this lobby alone," the long-time mayor of Claremore will go on. "That little cannon I've got mounted on tricycle wheels is from an old Spanish galleon. More than 300 years old. Above it is a whole chain of Colt long guns. Didn't know Colt ever made 'em, did ya? Well, there they are!"

The hotel owner—who will probably be wearing a miniature gold Winchester for a tie clasp—will tell you that there is no gun ever made in the world of which he does not have at least one sample. With a detached air, which is only affected, he wil point out pistols with fluted cylinders tiny shirt-pocket varieties (like the one that shot President William Mc-Kinley), Patterson Colts and Walker Colts.

"Will Rogers didn't like guns Never catered to 'em," he will proba

F. M. MCCORMICK

Collector Davis exhibits a gun made in 1863, his most prized possession

›ly insist. "Will didn't care a hang :or my guns. Was a ropin' man. Never shot a gun as far as I know."

Claremore got its international rep- ıtation from the late Will Rogers, hu- norist, columnist and native son, who eft Rogers County when he was a ᵣoung man. He was buried there ıfter he and Wiley Post had been :illed in an airplane crash in 1935. His tomb and that of his wife and their irst-born son who died in infancy ɪre now on top of the hill, ten city ›locks west of Highway 66.

From the Old Wild West

In the lobby of the Mason Hotel, ›lunderbusses from Japan, Turkey nd of the Pilgrim Fathers era hang bove a trap gun made of walnut tained black. An extension of the rigger protrudes out in front of the igarette-pack-shaped gun. Bait was laced on the extension and when the oolhardy animal took a bite the harge was exploded. The hunter nly had to lean down to pick up the ictim in the morning. One entire howcase in the lobby is devoted to uns used by famous outlaws of the arly West, and the names read like ıe headlines of the era when the "shootin' iron" was the law.

"Belle Starr! She was the spunkiest f all the lot," Davis says. "She used › ride right down the front streets of 'ort Smith. Saw her when I was in :chool. Never saw her without her Vinchester slung over her saddle orn and she'd say, 'I don't mean any 'ouble but ma name's Belle Starr.' 'hen she'd probably hold up the ank. One time I almost saw her get train. Could shoot right through a ıan's heart at 400 yards without fail. retty woman. Slight of build with ark hair. Awfully nice to look at. iot her jacket upstairs. Just picked it p."

Davis has never collected anything ırger than a machine gun. "I'd like › but I just didn't have the room," e'll chuckle.

His most prized possession from his own point of view is a Remington presentation gun made in 1863. If he had to part with all but one of his prized guns, he would keep this quite small and largely unornamented specimen without a trigger guard.

From World War II he has samples from every country, and while many are familiar, others look like museum pieces and seem not capable of carrying death in their beautiful barrels. The German "bedroom" gun with its beautifully carved cheek rest of priceless woods, and the type with the arm rest which fits over the biceps (to get away from the disturbing heartbeat which affects the aim) are beautiful modern pieces. Some of his foreign weapons carry crests of impressive designs, but little of the color and history of the former owner are at present in the possession of the collector.

"I started to collect guns when I was seven. My daddy gave me an unusual one and then when I was eleven I got some more. For a long time I just kept them in boxes, and the young boys from the Oklahoma Military Academy up on the hill started coming down and it was a job to open everything up. I just put them out. All told, I've got more than 15,000 pieces in the hotel. It's taken me a total of 52 years and something more than half a million dollars . . . but they're wonderful, ain't they?"

One of the most expensive of his modern guns is an Ithaca—custom-made for the owner, who is trained to shoot it looking only at the target and never at the gun. The model in his collection was purchased by the original owner for $2,210.

John Monroe Davis of Claremore has only one stipulation about his collection of firearms: There must never be a charge for the public, and the collection must always be kept together. ★★★

"Here's one story they'll never believe!"

SHE: Gosh! 2 a.m. I can just see Dad's skeptical grin when I give him that old "flat tire" routine.

HE: But I'll back you up with proof! There's a grease stain on my trousers.

SHE: Not very convincing. Your coat looks as smooth as it was at 9 p.m.

HE: I can explain that, too!

SHE: Just how . . . Mr. Fix-it?

HE: Simple! This is a Timely Clothes coat with Balanced Tailoring.

SHE: Don't tell me they're designing coats just for tire-changing.

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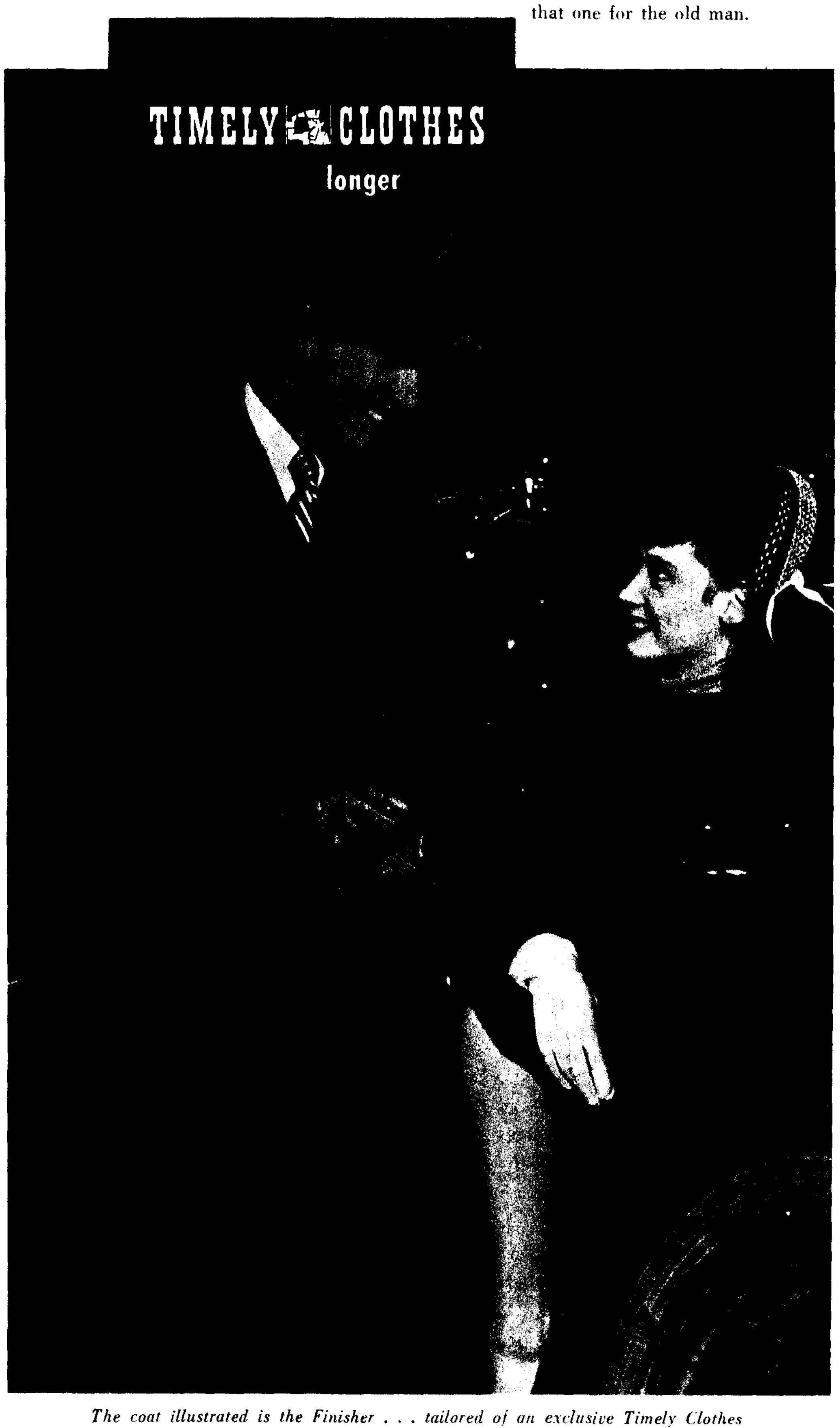
SHE: This is one story I'd never believe! Alone on a deserted road — and all I hear is Balanced Tailoring.

HE: Guess I'd better save that one for the old man.



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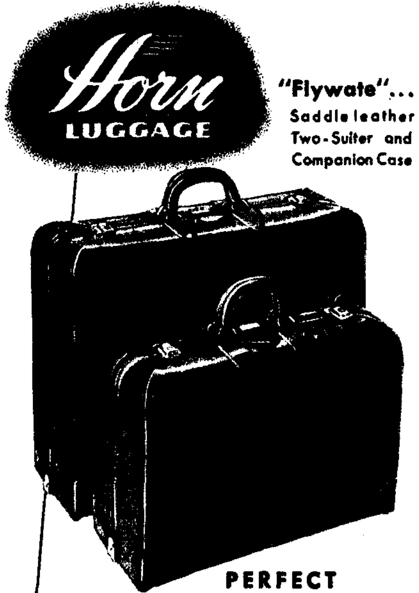

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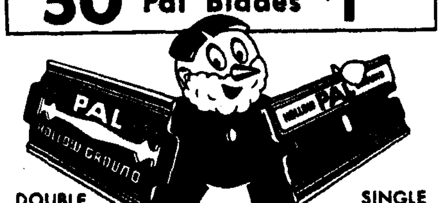

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Pal Hollow Ground has the "edge"

MAN OF GENIUS

Continued from page 19

should also win the one I loved—the only one I had ever loved.

One day they informed me that they were going to be married. Irma was ready to help support Finlay—with her pitiful earnings! She had accepted poverty as a normal state, but would Finlay accept it, I wondered, now that he had learned to live well? The question didn't seem to bother him.

A few months later, Finlay had completed three life-size portraits of Irma Voss—three masterpieces—and then he told me that he was ready to go back and conquer America.

"What about Irma?" I asked.

"Marriage frightens me when it comes too close," he said with a shrug. "An artist must have complete freedom of thought and action. As I've told Irma, I've decided never to marry. She understands."

Greater than my indignation was the hope that Irma might now consider me. When I went to see her that day, she was ironing clothes. Her hair was carelessly knotted at the back of her head and she was wearing a plain old house dress, yet she had never appeared more desirable. Every movement, every unconscious pose, was enchantingly lovely. I told her that I loved her and wanted her to come to America with me as my wife.

"I'm fond of you, Alan," she said gently. "Enough to wish that I could do as you wish. But I can't. I still love him."

My admiration for Finlay as an artist overweighed my contempt for him as a man and I remained on good terms with him. He fascinated me. I had a compulsion to see him get on, as though his success were partly mine.

WHEN we were back in New York, I procured a room for him at one of the exclusive galleries in which to show his work and saw to it that the exhibition was well publicized. His three paintings of Irma Voss: The Blue Waist, Redhead, and The Coquette, which have been seen by thousands at the Gotham Museum of Modern Art, and his studies of French peasant life started a war among the critics. They attacked one another in their columns, and art lovers crowded the exhibition room to see what all the fuss was about. The publicity brought Finlay a proper audience, and that was all that mattered. He had no use at all for the critics and he made himself believe that his success was due entirely to merit and his own efforts. Luck and ballyhoo didn't count; you would have thought that he had never heard of a competent artist starving.

Both of us couldn't use my little studio, so I rented a place for him. Soon after he had made himself comfortable there, I got him his first big commission. I persuaded John Olcott, the banker, who had been a friend of my father's, to have his portrait painted by Finlay. I had the good sense not to put a low price on Finlay's work, and what impressed Olcott most was that it was going to cost him three thousand dollars to be immortalized. I suppose he felt that anything so expensive must be worth-while.

When the sittings were over, Olcott gave a lavish dinner at his home. Only Finlay had seen the portrait as yet; with his flair for the dramatic, he had made it a policy not to let even the subject of a portrait get as much as a glimpse of it before it was completed, framed and ready to be hung. The unveiling of the picture at the end of the dinner created a sensation. It was an astonishing likeness—a subtly exquisite piece of cruelty. With devastating skill Finlay had put into the floridly handsome face of his subject the hint of gross smugness which was part of its normal expression. Excited murmurs arose among the guests and I sensed malice in their enthusiasm; no doubt many of them envied Olcott his affluence. As for the tycoon himself, his reaction was a painful thing to see. He rose from the table to get closer to the portrait. He grew purple and then pale. Now the guests, including a couple of prominent art critics, began applauding, and Olcott was obliged to pretend that he was pleased. He had to turn with his guests to smile and beam at the artist.

Later, I got Finlay alone. "It's a masterpiece, I guess, but there's no kindliness in it," I said.

"Such considerations have nothing to do with art," he answered. "I'm an honest painter!"

A few weeks later, I learned from Olcott that he had placed the portrait in an alcove off his private den, behind locked doors. "Once in a while, when I feel important," he confided to me with a rueful laugh, "I sneak in there and take a good look at myself. It has a remarkably chastening effect—better than a sermon."

THE Olcott portrait gave Finlay considerable prestige, more commissions followed, and most of the critics who had at first disapproved of him fell in line with revised judgments of his work. He left the place I'd got him and rented a huge studio apartment on Fifty-seventh Street. He had more work than he could handle and within a year disposed of his debt to me. He estimated what I'd spent on him and then with a flourish, like a man paying off a mortgage, thrust the check at me. His obvious relief made it seem he was saying, in effect: "Now we're even!" Whatever I had done for him that could not be paid for counted for nothing.

It became fashionable for the rich to sit for him. Having Finlay paint one's portrait not only advertised one's high financial standing—his price had gone up to five thousand dollars—but one's strength of character as well. It was something like being psychoanalyzed, and, perhaps without his subjects realizing it, that was part of the attraction.

One day he phoned me in great excitement to tell me that he had been elected to the American Academy of Art. I began congratulating him, only to have him laugh at me. "Hold on, Alan. I don't need the A.A. after *my* name. I'm going to throw it right back in their faces!" That was his way of avenging himself for the Academy School's failure to award him their big prize when he had been a student there, years before. The papers carried the story and gave him a lot more publicity, of a kind which could not be bought.

While seeking prestige in every way possible, for self-satisfaction and profit Homer Finlay did not neglect his love life. I saw him in the company of four or five different women within the space of a year. It surprised me when he told me that he was thinking of getting married. His ideas about marriage had changed, he assured me. He was thirty years old, then, and felt, so he said, tha it was time he settled down.

Late one afternoon he dropped in a my home and asked me to go out for a walk with him. He seemed in a tense mood, a state of controlled excitement He took me to the Gotham Museum strangely silent on the way for one so visibly agitated, and led me into the wing where his first painting of Irma Vos hung. We sat down in front of it on a settee in the middle of the room. I had the notion that Finlay was in a slump artistically, and was trying to refresh himself by studying the result of his firs great inspiration. After staring at it a while, he stood up and swung around to

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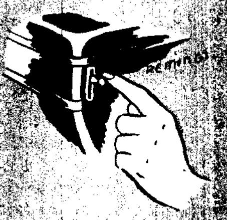

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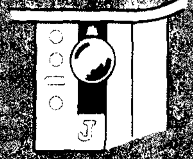

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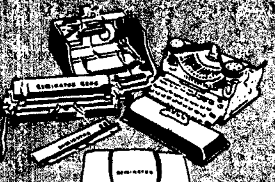

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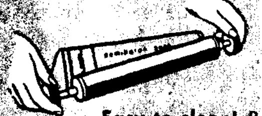

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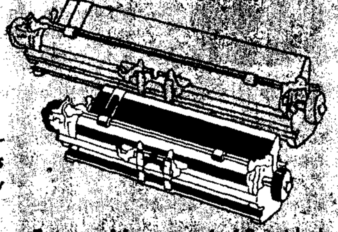

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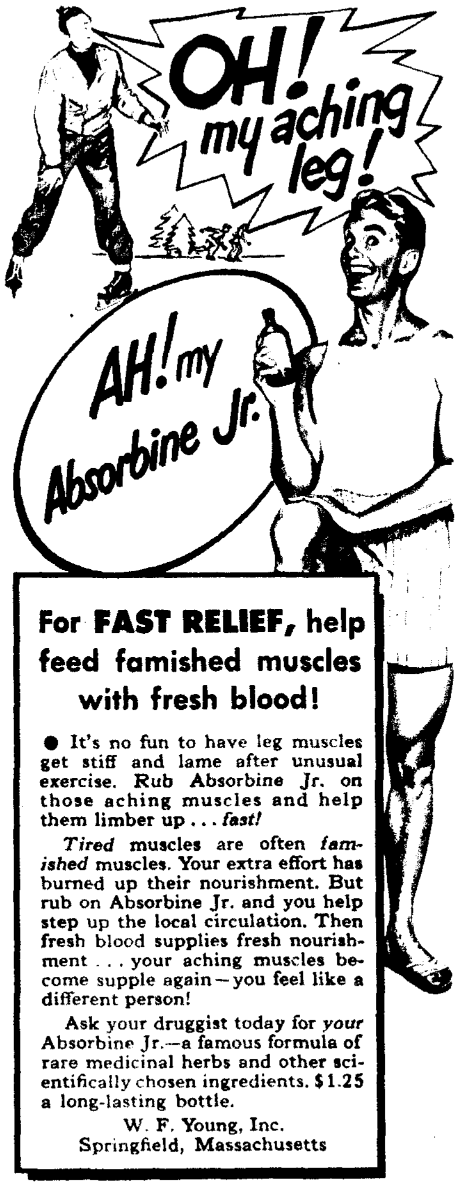
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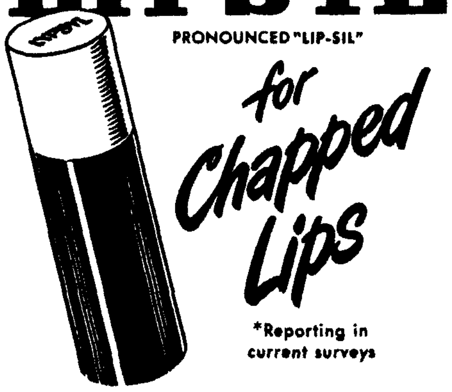

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me. "I was an awful fool to let her go, Alan. I know now what a terrible blunder it was." He handed me a letter. "It came this morning. Read it."

The letter was from Irma, of whom we'd heard nothing since leaving France. She recalled some of our experiences together, sent best wishes to me, and ended by congratulating Finlay on his success. She had to write, she said, to let him know how happy it made her to hear that he was doing so well.

"I don't know what you're getting at, Homer," I said.

"Can't you see, Alan?" he answered with impatience. "The other girls mean nothing to me. It's Irma I've always loved."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked after a moment.

"Why, I'm going to send for her! She still loves me. I'm sure of it."

"Possibly," I said. "But you don't love her. It's only an illusion."

"You're wrong. I need Irma."

"You fancied yourself in love with her once before," I reminded him. "Haven't you done her enough harm?"

He became indignant. How could I doubt his sincerity when he was dropping all of the other girls, among whom there were a couple of heiresses? As he saw it, he was throwing away a fortune.

"Just another grand gesture," I said. "You can never resist doing the unexpected thing. My one hope is that Irma remains in Paris."

"She'll come—she's got to!" Finlay said. "I'll write her at once."

IRMA came to New York within the month. Finlay and I met her at the boat. Embracing him, she said, "You'll never get rid of me again, Homer! Never."

He married her a few days later. There was a quiet church wedding with only a few friends attending. Irma was more beautiful than ever and I was more in love with her than ever. I had to stand there and look pleasant through the ceremony, feeling in my heart that she was marrying the wrong man.

They spent a few months in Mexico. When they returned, Finlay bought a beautiful estate on Long Island and they made their home there. For a year or two they seemed happy with each other. Then marriage ties began to irk Finlay. Being a frequent visitor, I observed the gradual change in him from tenderness to cold boorishness.

Irma defended him by saying that it was the fault of his work, which made extraordinary demands on his emotional energy. She went on loving him, taking his abuse without protest. Her submissiveness reminded me of the way I used to humor him and cater to him. She was willing, as I had been, to forgive him everything for the sake of his art.

He had long periods of moody restlessness and irritability. One evening I beat him at a game of chess which he had been confident of winning. He jumped up from the table, swept the pieces off the board to the floor, and trampled upon them in a childish rage. Then he left the room.

I stayed alone with Irma, deeply embarrassed for her. As usual, after one of Finlay's tantrums, she apologized for him. "Homer's tired. His work gives him no rest. Be patient with him, Alan. Please, for my sake, if not his."

As he grew older, Finlay became a more and more disagreeable man. He could not tolerate an opinion that differed from his own, got into quarrels with his friends, estranged them one after another. But Irma was persistently loyal, and he could not understand it. He laughed at her, ridiculed her, even in my presence. He spoke of leaving her a number of times, but carried the threat no further. He valued her affection, since he got little elsewhere; he must have realized that she lent his home a warmth it could not have had without her; and then, too, her docility seemed to fill some perverse need of his.

I had come to detest him, but Irma wished me to remain friendly, and I did, on the surface, through fifteen years of their marriage.

On the day of my arrival at their home for a week-end visit one winter, we were sitting about the dinner table, the three of us, talking. Finlay, who was getting stout, had eaten well and drunk a lot of wine. Now he leaned back in his chair, scowling speculatively at his wife. At length he turned to me and said, "Well, Alan, what do you think of our Irma now? Beginning to show her age, don't you think? She'd hardly do for a model any longer."

I frowned and shook my head at him but he ignored me.

"See how the collarbones show," he went on, "and look at the shadows under the eyes. Turn your head, Irma, in profile."

Tears came to her eyes as she obediently turned her head.

"Notice the hollow under the cheekbone, Alan?" Finlay asked.

"Stop it!" I said. "I won't stand for any more of that!" I could have strangled him.

A silence followed, which I awkwardly broke, when I could find my voice again, by begging Irma to let me take her away from him. She shook her head slightly from side to side and remained as she had been, motionless, her chin bravely tilted up, staring into space.

Finlay snickered. "You see, Alan, she still loves me. See, you sentimental ass, she still loves me!"

I left as quickly as I could, determined for my own peace of mind never to enter that house again. . . .

Beckett stepped into the drawing room to ask if I wanted coffee or some brandy. I declined both and he left me alone again. I picked up Finlay's letter. Hard to believe it was five years since I'd seen him, that last scene still rankled so. What could he possibly want of me now?

The message was a short one. Finlay asked me for old time's sake to come and visit him. Irma was gone; she had been overcome by a heart ailment a month ago, and he was very lonely.

I mourned Irma as though she had been close to me all those years. I was sure Finlay's cruelty had shortened her life and I had no compassion for him. I felt only bitterness toward him. I would not go to him; let him rot, I thought. But on reflection I changed my mind. I remembered him saying: "That's the sort of person I am, Alan. I can't help it." I'd gone through too much for him to ignore him now that he needed me again.

WHEN I next saw Finlay, at the depot in Long Island, I was shocked. His hair had all turned gray; he seemed pale and flabby and somehow shrunken. His features still had a strong, set look about them, though, and his eyes were still fiery, in a malevolent way.

He was crankier than ever. All along the eight-mile drive to his estate, he scolded his chauffeur for not handling the car properly though it seemed to me he handled it expertly. At home, Finlay found fault with everything. He criticized each dish at dinner, complained of drafts one minute and of stuffiness the next, and had me pitying his servants.

After dinner, he told me of the difficult time he had had during the past year. Irma had been bedridden for months before her death. He had not been able to do any work, had not held a brush in his hand during that time. And he had not been very productive for a long while before that.

"No artist can be happy idle," I said.

"It's mostly Irma," he said. "You can't imagine how I miss her."

"I have no sympathy for you whatever," I said, and with those words I

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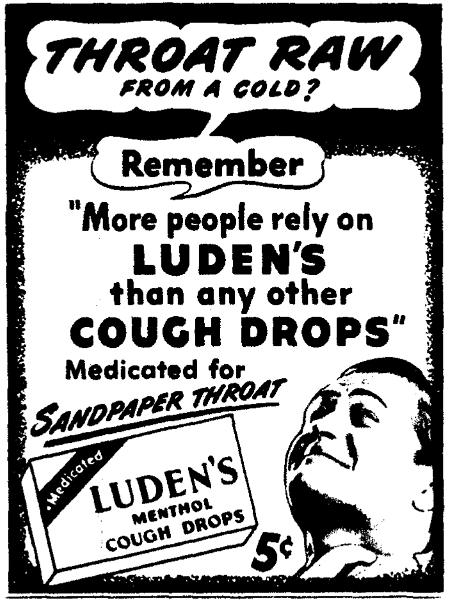
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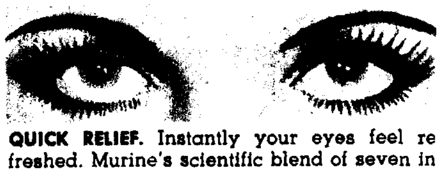

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knew I'd lost my fear of him. I was glad I'd come. It was good for me to learn that he could no longer hurt me.

He was startled by my frankness. "I know what you're thinking, Alan—that I mistreated her. What you don't understand is that I'd have been a better husband if she had only resisted me a little—asserted herself in some way. But she never did. She was spitefully passive. She deliberately brought out the worst in me! Her humility corrupted me!"

I shook my head in disgust. "Irma was a saint, and it's sickening the way you're trying to make her out an evil woman."

He became silent.

"You've had everything a man could want," I said. "Success, fame, love. I've had none of those things, and yet I'm much more nearly happy than you are. Isn't it strange?"

"I don't think so," he said. "It's easy for an ordinary man to find contentment, but men of genius have always suffered."

As HE wallowed in self-pity, I began to understand him as I never had before. "You've made yourself miserable," I said. "You never really cared about anyone else in the world and if you're lonely now it's because no one cares about you any more."

He scowled at me sidewise, listening as if against his will.

"You always hated people," I went on, "and I think your painting was essentially the expression of a lust for power over them. Each new sitter was an enemy, to be vanquished by putting him down on canvas—each portrait was a conquest. But it became too easy, no more than routine, and in the end it ceased to gratify you. Now you take your hatred out on your servants. You must pay them very well to make them submit, like slaves, and I suppose it's worth it to you. Irma, too, was a slave, but her devotion was something you've not been able to replace—something you can't get from a butler or a cook."

He kept glaring at me, his face held in ugly distortion. Then with a show of self-control, he poured himself a drink and said, "Your lecturing is wasted on me, Alan. All I know is, I should get back to work. Will you sit for me?"

"No, I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Odd that you should ask me to, after all these years. You used to dominate me so, you didn't have to paint my portrait. Now that I'm out of reach, though, you want to try to recapture me—embalm me on a square of cloth. But I don't intend to give you that satisfaction."

He laughed queerly. "I don't know what you're talking about, Alan. Really, you sound cracked. But it doesn't matter. I don't think you'd make a very interesting subject, anyhow."

"You might try a self-portrait," I suggested, "if you still have your skill."

"I'll have you know I'm as good a painter as I ever was!" he said.

"Rembrandt, you know, painted several self-portraits, and they're among his best things," I said. "But maybe you haven't got the proper sort of detachment for the job. And maybe you're afraid."

"Afraid of what?" he demanded.

"Looking at yourself, studying yourself. It might be painful." It didn't matter greatly to me whether he painted himself or not. I was curious about the possible result, though, and the idea provided me with a means for taunting him into action.

"I didn't expect abuse, Alan. I sent for you as a friend."

He still didn't know how much I despised him! "I'm no friend of yours," I said. "I haven't been in a very long while."

"Then why did you come here?" he roared at me.

"I still felt some responsibility for you—as an artist."

That got him. The implication that I'd ever had anything to do with his success made him boil. "Get out!" he yelled. "Go away before I lay hands on you!"

I started to leave, but then he ran to me, took me by the arm, and begged me to remain. "I'm sorry, Alan. Please don't go. I can't bear being alone right now."

I felt some pity for him then and he was so humble that I stayed. . . .

Next morning, I found him busy in his studio. He seemed rather cheerful, and very anxious to get back to work after his long idleness. "I've been thinking of that self-portrait. I believe I'll try it," he said. I left him. Late that afternoon, I ventured back into the studio. He had arranged a mirror near his easel on which there was a small canvas. "Took me all day to get started," he said. "I was going to do a full figure but decided to concentrate on a head." He had done enough for me to see that he had not lost his skill. He seemed uneasy and shooed me out of the studio after I looked at the canvas. We had dinner and later went to the music room. He played a long symphony on his radio-phonograph, listening with his head in his hands. I read. We said little to each other. Abruptly he announced that he was tired, and went to bed.

The next ten days passed similarly. I wandered about the countryside, did some reading, and waited patiently for Finlay to complete the painting. He would not let me see it after the first day, but promised I'd see it as soon as it was finished. I saw him only during mealtimes and in the evenings, when he invariably played heavy, somber music. I sensed that he was going through a great emotional strain.

One night, he finally said to me on retiring, "It'll be done by tomorrow, Alan." He looked wearier than ever, but he sounded more at peace with himself.

The next day was an endless one for me. I prowled about the grounds and kept looking at my watch. Finlay didn't come to lunch. He had left word with his butler that he was not to be disturbed. Seven was the customary dinner hour, but Finlay didn't appear then, either. I thought he was probably putting some finishing touches on the painting and didn't want to leave it until he was entirely satisfied with it. A little later, however, when the light had begun failing, the butler and I went to the door of the studio. My knock wasn't answered. The door was unlocked and we went in.

The first thing I saw was the painting, framed and set up on an easel. The face was so alive, it seemed to jump forward at me out of the semidarkness. Then I saw Finlay stretched out in an armchair. Somehow I knew at once that he was dead. The terrified butler went to call a doctor, but it was futile. Finlay had taken a large dose of poison.

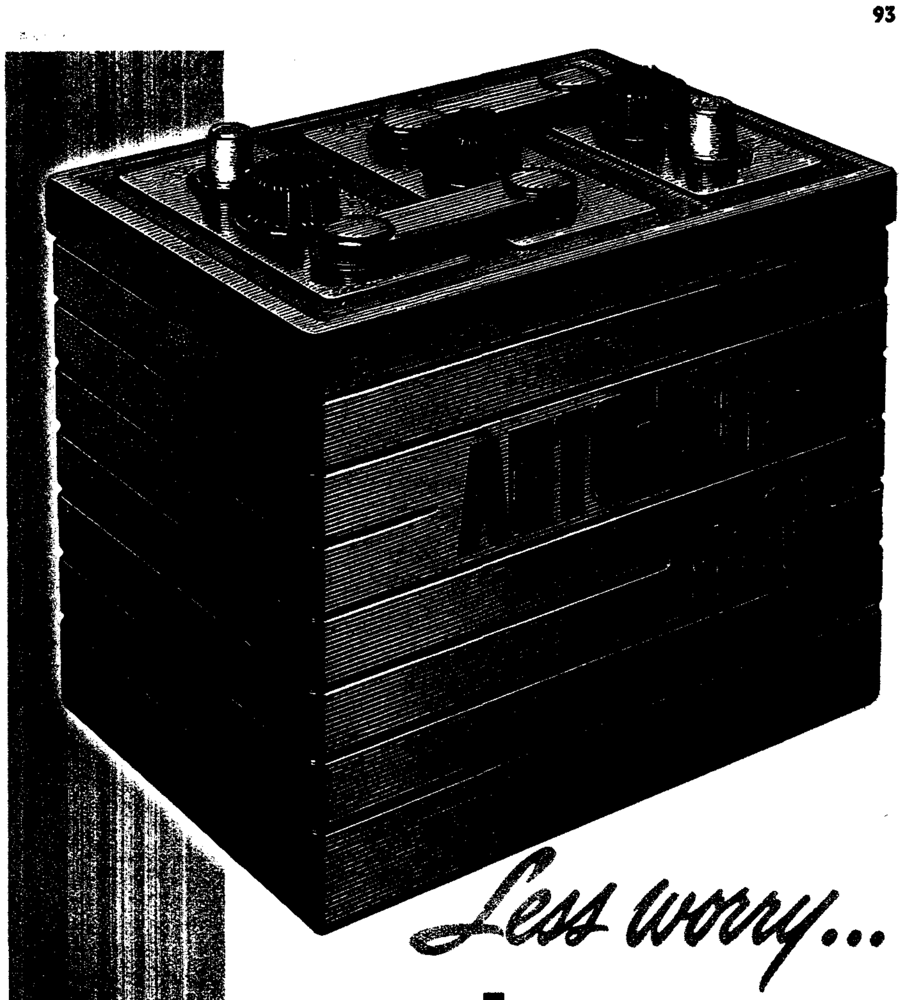
A note, placed conspicuously near the painting, was addressed to me.

Dear Alan, it said. *I hope you like it. It's yours.* That was all.

SAYING the man was mad doesn't explain much, really. The answer is in the portrait itself, for, as Finlay had always said, he was an honest painter. For almost two weeks he spent every waking minute within himself, studying himself relentlessly with a last, long, furiously intense concentration of his unique powers. It's all there—every mark left on his face by a lifetime of self-seeking and self-glorification: the arrogance, the cruelty, the corruption—and, finally, the self-hatred.

I couldn't live with it, so I presented it to the Gotham Museum. If the people who have really looked at it carefully knew how it came to be painted, they'd realize that it isn't much to be wondered at, after all, that Finlay did away with himself.

THE END



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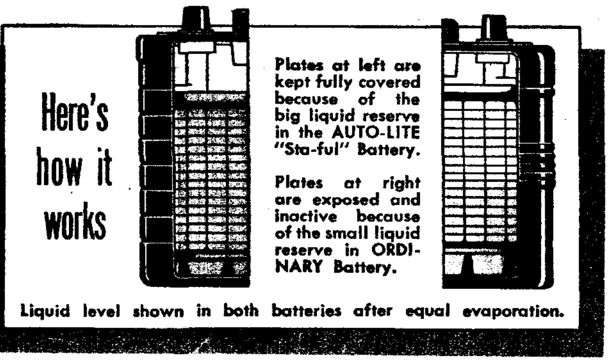
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TRUE LOVE ON MY MIND

Continued from page 23

mention Boston to Steven. She'd just get aboard his ship and go anywhere in the world he wanted to go. But then, she wasn't Elizabeth, and she didn't have golden hair piled like a crown on her head for Steven to admire. She wasn't even filled out, like Elizabeth. Although some of that was stuffing and didn't count. As a matter of fact, Judy reflected, she was beginning to fill out a bit herself. She took a deep breath, held it and looked down, pleased at the little swellings under her dress.

Then, "Ouch!" she said, for Mother had reached over and rapped her knuckles with her thimble.

"Whatever are you doing?" Mother sounded puzzled again. "Have you—Judy!—have you any of Elizabeth's padding—"

"Mother!" Elizabeth said sharply.

Judy got up, sucking her knuckle. Elizabeth needn't look so pained. Anyone with half an eye could see that it wasn't all Elizabeth under the bombazine dress with its tight bodice.

Mother nodded toward the door. "Judy, it's time for you to get cleaned up for tea."

STEVEN DABNEY arrived two weeks later. It was late afternoon when he brought his ship through the channel into Honolulu harbor. At dinner that night he sat across the table from Judy.

He was forty-three days out of Valparaiso, he admitted to Father. No, he hadn't put in at San Francisco. Afraid his crew would run off to the gold fields. He was carrying machinery for a sugar mill at Lahaina, and sheet lead consigned to Whampoa for lining tea chests. He nodded politely at Mother, he smiled engagingly at Elizabeth, and he winked at Judy when he caught her studying him across the table.

It was wonderful the way Steven never changed, Judy was thinking. His red hair still curled where it met his collar in back. He hadn't lost the few freckles that dotted the bridge of his nose, and he still played with the tiny ivory walrus on his watch chain while he talked. Except, Judy admitted, he had been a little strange right at first. She'd been upstairs lacing Elizabeth when he arrived. But at the sound of his voice she had let go the lacings and raced down the stairs.

He was shaking hands with Father, but he turned as she rushed at him, his arms out to catch her and swing her around. She'd felt her feet fly out, and she'd hugged her arms around his neck, pressed her cheek against his, and then kissed him.

It was right then that Steven had sort of stiffened and set her down, staring at her as if he hardly knew her. Then he'd jerked his hands back and she'd laughed, thinking he was making a joke.

"Steven brought you a present," Father had said. "You may open it before dinner if you wish."

Judy knew as soon as she saw the package that he'd forgotten his promise to bring her a monkey from the Brazils. It was a Paisley shawl instead. But before he could see her disappointment, Elizabeth had appeared at the head of the stairs, and he had run halfway up to take her in his arms.

Judy leaned forward now, her elbows on the table. "Steven, when do you leave for China?"

Steven shrugged. "A month, maybe. I have to take the ship to Lahaina to discharge the machinery. Then I'm going up to the Bering Settlements. I brought gunpowder to trade with the Russians for sea-otter pelts."

A sea-otter muff, Judy mused, would partly make up for the monkey he'd forgotten to bring. "You don't suppose," she began vaguely, "there'd be any pelts left over—?" She winced as Elizabeth's heel ground down on her instep.

Elizabeth was smiling pleasantly. "Why, Judy, you should be ashamed—"

"Well, I just thought if Steven wanted to bring me something I really needed—After all, the mate from the Prince—"

"Steven," Mother broke in firmly, "it must be quite an experience commanding a vessel at your age—Judy, don't lean your elbows on the table—bringing a ship safely around the Horn. Now let's see, how old are you—" Mother was calculating on her fingers.

"Twenty-three," Judy said.

"Five," Steven corrected.

"Why, Steven Dabney, you are not either twenty-five!" Judy reared up and pointed a rigid finger across the table. "You give me a pain, putting on airs because you're master of a clip—"

Upstairs, sitting alone in the dark in her bedroom, Judy curled up in the window seat and stared morosely out into the night. Not that she minded a bit being sent from the table, she assured herself. It had been worth it to get Steven told off for fibbing. He had only said he was twenty-five to make her seem like a child.

Down in the harbor lustrous with moonlight, she could see Steven's clipper ship moored at the wharf, her towering spars dwarfing the warehouse sheds. Soon the ship would be gone, and Steven and Elizabeth with it. But why shouldn't she go with them, she began to wonder. After all, hadn't Steven said he'd had the after cabin made over and paneled in bird's-eye maple? With whale-oil lamps hanging in gimbals. . . .

Judy rocked ecstatically across the sill. There'd be plenty of room for an extra bunk, maybe even one pivoted against the roll of the ship. Besides, somebody had to be along to help Elizabeth into her stays. She could see herself now on the quarterdeck, the clipper's cutwater pointed toward China and the northeast trades thundering in the sails.

"Bring her up into the wind, man," she whispered hoarsely. "Lively there! Now—*snatch* her!"

She'd watch her tongue with Steven, she decided virtuously. And with Elizabeth she'd be sweet as butter. Surely they'd ask her to go along. But just to be certain, she reminded herself as she wriggled her nightgown over her head, she'd drop a few helpful hints.

THE next day Elizabeth drove to the docks in the phaeton and brought Steven home for lunch. He'd seemed so unusually absorbed during the meal that Judy wondered what he and Elizabeth had been talking about on the drive to the house. Later, he'd invited Judy to come back to the ship with him for the afternoon. Judy hadn't missed the quick look Elizabeth had flashed at him. But she'd been surprised at the way Steven blushed, and then stammered that after all, he guessed it wasn't a good time, what with the ship discharging cargo and all.

The ship, Judy pointed out righteously, had been discharging cargo last summer when she'd gone aboard with Steven. And it had neither burned at its moorings nor sunk to the bottom of the bay. Then she'd swept out into the garden, letting the screen door bang angrily behind her.

What was coming over Steven, she wondered irritably. Ever since she'd kissed him the day he arrived, he'd acted as though she had something catching. Of course, she hadn't been very nice to him that night at dinner. But then, that was afterward. She sat moodily on the grass until she heard Steven leave.

Back in the house she paused at the closed door of the library. Behind it she could hear Mother's worried voice, then Elizabeth blazing out an interruption:

"If he thinks I'm going to spend the rest of my life sailing around the world on that ship! Mother, it would be worse than living in a prison—"

At last, Judy thought, Elizabeth has told him how wonderful Boston was going to be. Evidently Steven was going to be hard to convince. Well, Elizabeth would have only herself to blame if Steven just got back on his ship, sailed away, and married somebody else. The way Ahab Peabody, jilted by Elizabeth two years ago, sailed off to China for a cargo of tea and came back with a Manchu princess for a bride.

Elizabeth was still going on, her voice as determined as if persuading Mother was as important as persuading Steven.

"If he won't listen to reason now, I'll wait until we get to Bah-ston—"

IT WOULDN'T be beyond Elizabeth, Judy was thinking. It wouldn't be the first time she'd promised something, knowing perfectly well she wasn't going to keep her part of the bargain.

Elizabeth's voice was still rising: "And Judy's mooning around Steven like a lovesick calf. No wonder—"

There was a sudden hush. Judy took a long step toward the stairs and started quietly up. Elizabeth had a way of yanking doors open. And Judy didn't want Elizabeth to see her. Not now. Not while her face was burning with the realization that she'd known, all along, what she'd just heard Elizabeth say. Known it from the moment she'd felt Steven's hands around her waist. She'd just been fooling herself, pretending she wasn't aware why her heart had beaten so wildly during that moment. Pretending she didn't know the real reason she wanted to be on his ship with him. Well, she knew now.

Then she was in her room, flinging herself face down on the bed, smothering her sobs in the pillow. She knew now why she'd been pretending: because she was beginning to realize how irrevocably Steven belonged to Elizabeth for as long as she wanted him. And Elizabeth wanted him. In Boston, where she could have her big house and entertain at dinners served by the light of candles in crystal chandeliers.

Steven would be there, ill at ease without even the chimes of a ship's bell to keep him company. He'd be there, tongue-tied in the presence of men who didn't know a martingale stay from a spanker boom. . . .

The next day Elizabeth stayed in bed.

"She's simply stricken, poor dear," Mother said helplessly, when Steven came in the morning to say goodby.

"I'd wait over another day," Steven said earnestly, "but I have to get that machinery over to Lahaina."

"But you'll be back in a month. She's just upset because you're leaving," Mother explained. "Elizabeth has always been so sensitive. . . ."

Bees! Judy thought. This is just Elizabeth's way of throwing boiling oil on Steven to show him she's displeased.

"I'll walk to the gate with you," she said.

He was silent until they reached the white picket gate. Then he looked up, surprised, as though he'd been so engrossed in his thoughts he'd forgotten that the carriage was waiting. He went through the gate, dropping the latch slowly into place. Then he spoke:

"She wants me to sell my ship, Judy."

"Yes, I know. You'll be very happy, I'm sure, living in Boston."

Tears were blurring her eyes and she wished she'd bitten off her tongue when she saw how she'd hurt him with her brusque answer. Well, she'd wanted to hurt him, make him realize he was letting Elizabeth lead him around by the nose.

"Can't you understand, Judy?" The unfamiliar harshness in his voice startled her as he swung toward her. "I've given my promise." He reached out, closing his hand over hers where she steadied herself against the gate. "A year ago you were just a child. I never dreamed anything like this could grow out of our friendship. Not until I saw you again. And by then—" He paused, and as if he realized for the first time that his hand was clenched on hers, he drew it back. "I don't know what I'm saying, Judy. I only know I ought to say goodby."

He turned and climbed into the carriage. She stood there, clinging to the gate, the gate that stood between them, a barrier no less real than the promise he had given her sister, hoping he'd turn once more before the carriage swept out of sight down the dusty road. . . .

In her bed that night Judy watched the moonlight creep across her room, then rolled to look out the window, her thoughts going to Steven. By now the clipper would be coming up into the wind off Lahaina Roads. The man in the chains heaving the deep-sea dipsey would be chanting, "Twenty fathom. Twenty less half . . ." And in a moment Steven would raise his hand and the quiet of the offshore night would be shattered by the roar of anchor chain snaking through the hawsehole. Judy closed her eyes. There was nothing she could do about Steven, she realized. Nothing he would ever let her do. But at least, she reflected, her lips curving into a smile, there was one thing Elizabeth couldn't take from her. She couldn't take her dreams.

THREE days after Steven Dabney left for Lahaina, Mr. Considine came to call. On her knees in the front garden with a trowel in her hand, Judy watched him cross the road, swinging his cane in time with his long strides. He always managed to look so alien, she mused, with his frock coat buttoned snugly over his gray Shantung scarf, as if he refused to admit that the sun blazing down on his top hat was one whit hotter than the feeble rays that glimmered out of the dark skies of Boston.

"Bah-ston," Judy said absently, and then she jumped. For the seed of an idea was sprouting in her mind, planted there the day Mr. Considine said he was returning to Boston as soon as his mission was finished. Well, after all, it was his home. But, Judy was thinking excitedly, why shouldn't he take Elizabeth with him? Of course, he was terribly old. Almost thirty. But wasn't that the very age when a man wanted to settle down? He'd probably wanted to say something all along. But with Elizabeth engaged—

Judy rose hastily, smoothing out her skirts as she walked to the gate. There'd be no harm, she decided, just to hint a little. Her hand was trembling as she reached out to throw the latch, but her voice was steady as a rock. "How nice of you to call," she said sweetly.

"Ah, young lady," Mr. Considine replied in that heartily jocular tone he reserved for the very young. "I suppose you're all busy preparing for the coming wedding?" His voice rose questioningly as he glanced up toward the house.

"Oh, dear me, no," she said airily.

Mr. Considine permitted himself to look surprised. "You mean they're postponing the day again?"

"No, it's not exactly that. But—well, I'm afraid Elizabeth's not really quite sure." She dropped her voice confidentially: "Steven's very young, you know."

This was gossiping of the very worst sort, and she could almost feel the sting of the hairbrush through her pantaloons if Mother found out.

Mr. Considine seemed taken aback. He probed the broken coral of the walk with his cane before answering: "Ah, well, the course of true love—"

Judy thought suddenly of Father telling of his whaling days. "There's only one time to dart the harpoon," Father used to state emphatically. "When

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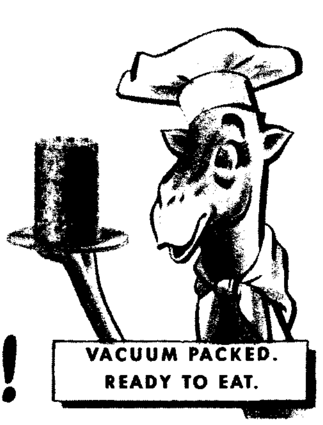

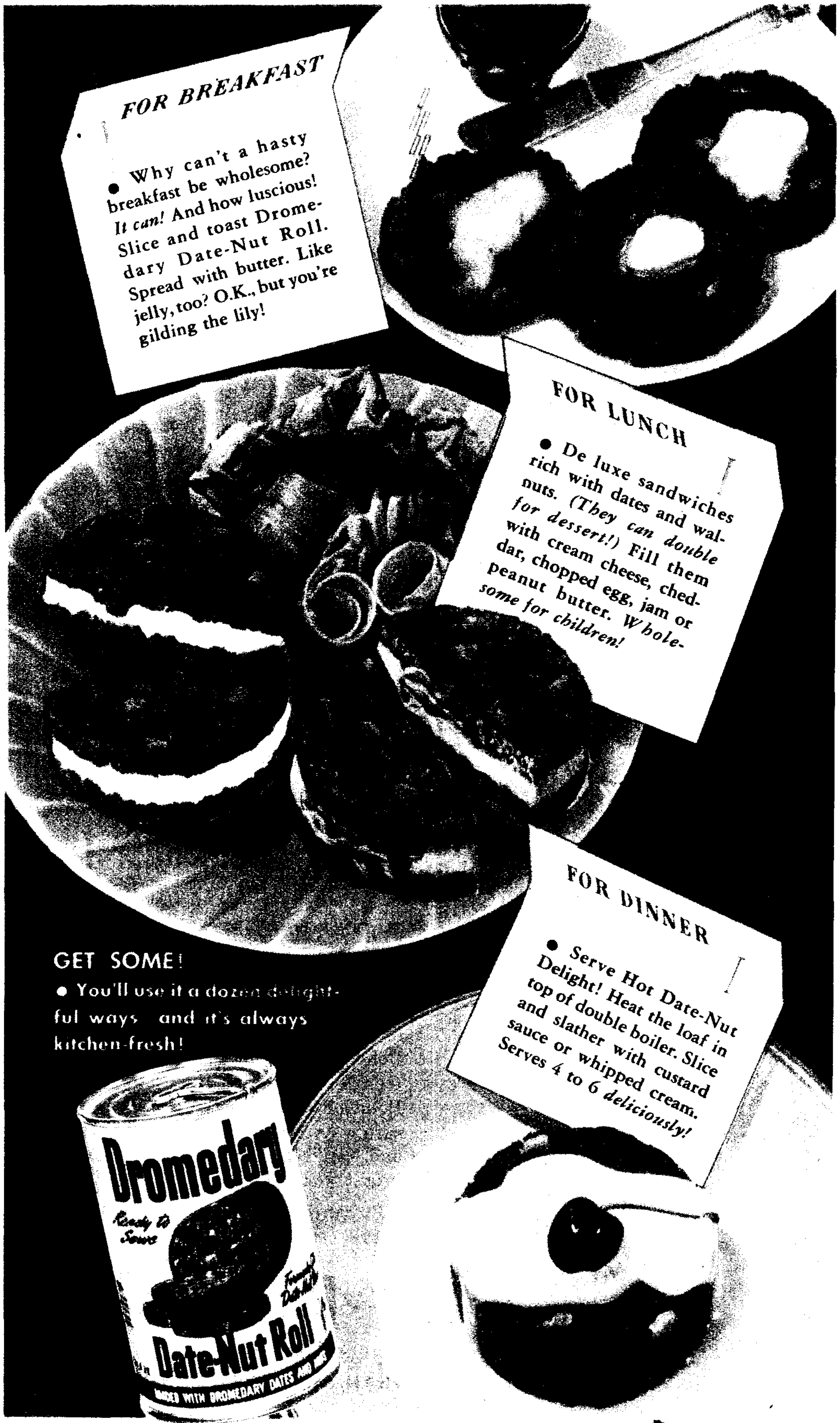

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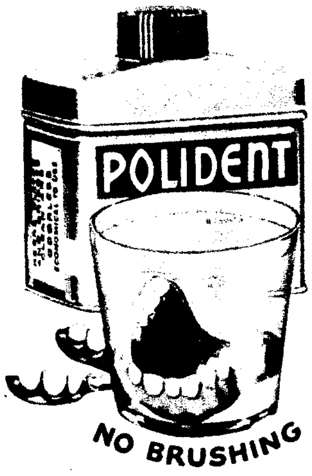

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the whale broaches alongside, all unsuspecting." She took a deep breath.

"Fiddlesticks!" she said sharply, and Mr. Considine jumped. "I should think a woman of Elizabeth's age would be interested in a more mature man."

She'd said enough for the time being, she warned herself. Mr. Considine was already looking at her with a puzzled frown. He was nobody's fool, and she didn't want him to start wondering why she was telling him all this.

"I'm keeping you standing in the sun," she said apologetically. From the house came the tinkle of Elizabeth's pianoforte as Judy walked ahead of Mr. Considine to the door, opened it and stepped aside.

"After you, my dear," he said.

Judy swept in with her head up, grandly aware that it was the first time in her life she'd been invited to walk through a door ahead of a grownup.

DURING the next week, Mr. Considine called on Elizabeth three times. Judy, listening from the hallway, heard them discussing Elizabeth's paintings. They were really just daubs, Elizabeth was saying. They showed a delicate restraint, a true feel for color, Mr. Considine insisted. Why, in the salons of Boston . . .

"Oh, thunder!" Judy whispered to herself. This could go on forever without their getting anywhere. She'd have to prod Mr. Considine again. She managed to be at the gate when he left.

"You'll come again, won't you?" she asked. "Often?" She was considering whether to say that Elizabeth did look forward so to his visits when she became aware of his amused silence.

"You pay me an unusual compliment," he said suddenly.

She smiled, puzzled at his words.

"I mean the way you are trying to make me propose to Elizabeth," he said.

She felt a wave of color redden her face as she forced herself to say offhandedly, "La! Whatever in the world—?" Then she stopped, miserably aware that her self-conscious smile wasn't masking her embarrassment at being found out.

She was grateful that he avoided looking at her as he continued:

"What you don't know, Judy, is that I've loved Elizabeth from the first day I saw her. I've even thought she cared more than a little for me. But"—he smiled and shrugged his shoulders—"Elizabeth is a very ambitious woman, and Steven Dabney a rich young man. Elizabeth knows what she wants, and she'll get it. You see, I could only give her respectability. Shabby respectability." He laughed easily as their eyes met.

It surprised Judy to see the pain in them. "I thought," she said gently, "because you were going back to Boston—"

He nodded. "Going back a failure. If I'd got that coaling concession, McVickar promised me a partnership. It would have meant a lot to me. But now, I've not much of a future to offer her."

She'd wronged him, Judy thought, watching him disappear down the road. She hadn't thought of him as a human being, a man with emotions as strong as her own. She'd used him impersonally, as one might a tool, to pry Elizabeth away from Steven. And Mr. Considine was too nice to treat in that fashion.

Well, there was one way she could make it up to him. He'd told Father the other day that the king wouldn't even grant him an audience. She'd see the king about that, she decided firmly. Even though Father would skin her alive if he found out she'd been to the palace again. By this hour, she reflected as she picked up her skirt and ran toward the house, the king would be taking a nap. . . .

During the next two weeks, waiting for Steven to get back from Lahaina, Judy had plenty of time to decide that things couldn't have turned out better.

The king had been just wonderful. That is, after he'd gotten over his fit of roaring that the next person who sneaked into his garden during his afternoon nap was going to spend some time chained to the reef.

Judy had nodded politely, and waited until the king began picking over a bowl of fruit, and grumbling that mangoes never had worms before the white men came to the islands. Nevertheless he ate three mangoes while Judy explained about Mr. Considine and the coaling concession. She'd been afraid he wasn't listening, but when she finished he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked up at the palm fronds.

"Judy," he began thoughtfully, "I knew this white man that you speak of wanted something, so I did not see him. So many times what the white men want is not good for my people." The mouth under the drooping mustache looked bitter. "I see what they are doing and my eyes warn me that if I fall asleep they will steal the bones from my body."

She felt the sadness in his voice, the melancholy that seemed to weigh heavily even on his broad shoulders.

"Once we were strong and threw them back into the sea. We were the rulers then—until they brought their guns in ships, their fire in bottles; until they brought the coughing sickness that leaves us to die like fish on the shore. So I have turned my head away when they come asking again for this and again for that, because I am afraid that my people are fading away from this land."

He looked directly at her, his big hand gently patting her arm. "But you were born in Hawaii, Judy. My ears tell me you believe this white man to be good. Send him tomorrow and I will listen."

It had been her word that had gotten Mr. Considine the coaling concession. And within a week, she'd known by the excited expression in Elizabeth's eyes that it had gotten him Elizabeth, too.

Mother had almost fainted when Elizabeth told her. Hanging out of the upstairs window, Judy had watched her every gesture. Mother had collapsed in the cane chair on the veranda below and fanned herself vigorously.

"What your father's going to say, I just don't know," Mother had said to Elizabeth. Then she raised her head, her eyes wide. "Elizabeth, what about—however will we break the news to Steven?"

UPSTAIRS in her room, sorting out her clothes, Judy knew who would tell Steven. She put her cartwheel straw hat with the black velvet band on the back of her head, bent the brim down in front, and studied herself in the mirror. She'd take it along, she decided. It would go with the steel-gray afternoon dress, and besides it would likely be hot when they hove off the mouth of the Whangpoo River. This blue-silk carriage dress, she'd alter during the voyage. After all, the wife of the master of a tea clipper had to look her best when the fat Chinese merchants with their pillbox hats and pigtails came over the side to talk business.

She turned again in front of the long mirror, frowning as she pulled the wrinkles out of the front of her dress. Abstractedly she walked into Elizabeth's room, rummaged for a moment in the dresser drawer and returned with a bandeau made of two silken pads. Happily she tucked them into her bodice, patted them into place, and smiled at her reflection in the mirror. La, she thought, I'd turn Miss Aurora green with envy.

There were footsteps on the stairs, and she could hear Mother's urgent whisper:

"We'll have to tell Judy. Poor child, she's been so preoccupied about something lately—hardly seems to know what's been going on."

She'd have to remember, Judy warned herself, to seem just terribly surprised. Then she whipped the padding out from inside her dress, dropped it into a dresser drawer and turned as the door opened.

THE END

"THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!"

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> "The danger that is most threatening to America today is the terror of our lives, the danger of fire. In the entire field of fire prevention, there is no subject that needs attention more than that of statute and ordinance enforcement—"
>
> Harry Truman

THE HAIR-RAISIN

BLOND VIRGINIA

The head of Virginia Mayo, Samuel Goldwyn star, sprouts about 140,000 separate hairs, the quota for a blonde

Baldness can't be cured but, in some cases, it can be prevented. Two leading dermatologists, the authors of Your Hair and Its Care, tell you how

HUMAN beings spend more time and worry on their hair than on any other part of their bodies. It is cut, waved, washed, shaved, dyed, lacquered, singed. Straight hair is curled and curly hair is straightened. It is fried, twisted, soaked and stewed. It stubbornly persists in growing lushly where we don't want it, and not growing where we do want it, and so we scrape it off one area with razors and pumice and use unguents and salves in the hope of growing it on another.

Most people will believe anything about hair, especially if they're losing it. Despite the fact that the fundamental cause of baldness is unknown, they will listen attentively while totally bald men explain the virtues of acids, alkalies, alcohols, gums, oils, ammonias, eggs, vegetables, fruit juices and right thinking. And nothing ever happens.

The fact that nobody knows the basic reason for baldness does not mean, however, that all baldness is unpreventable. Loss of hair can often be forestalled through following a few simple and common-sense rules, the first of which is cleanliness and more cleanliness.

In this connection, one of the most widespread of all the many misconceptions about hair is that it should be washed no oftener than every three or four months. It would be equally preposterous to advocate brushing teeth and washing hands only at such intervals. Make no mistake: the hair picks up more dirt than any other part of the body. It traps dust, grease and soot. It requires frequent washings. Twice a week is fine, and once a day isn't too much if you really like cleanliness.

The ill treatment we give our hair is, of course, not solely responsible for human baldness. For half a million years now, we have grown steadily less hairy. We no longer need a woolly blanket as a protection against cold and injury. If you really feel like worrying, you'll be glad to know that anthropologists, looking ahead another half million years, see us as spindly-legged creatures with completely hairless, globular heads. And maybe no eyebrows, either.

Right now, we seem to be fairly well along in this evolutionary development. At least half of our middle-aged men are either bald or are in process of losing their hair. This tendency is less marked among women, and one good reason for this is that women have always taken better care of their hair. Evolution will catch up with them, too, all in good time.

As a rule, people accept loss of hair with resignation and unfunny jokes. They shouldn't. Certain types of baldness are preventable, which does not mean they are curable once they've happened. Enormous research strides have been taken in the past decade which bear out this statement. We have learned how to prevent diphtheria, smallpox and other diseases. Today, a well-trained physician can do much to prevent disease-originated baldness. As we shall see presently, all that is needed is careful attention to a few easily followed rules, and never mind about your grandfather's brother, who never washed his hair in his life and had a flourishing red mane at 105. Either he was lucky or somebody's lying.

Before we look at these specific measures, let's first see something of the physical properties of hair.

Redheads Have Fewest Hairs

The head of the average person contains 120,000 hairs. Blondes have the greatest number of hairs—about 140,000. Brunettes come next, and most redheads have to get along with as few as 90,000 hairs, although it doesn't seem to bother them much. Each hair contains three layers or cells. The outside coating is smooth, transparent. It consists of cells which overlap, much like the shingles on a roof. The middle layer contains the elongated cells which give hair its elasticity and flexibility. (Yes, you can stretch a hair.) This layer contains coloring matter and oil. The tiny inside segment is the marrow canal.

The hair grows up through a follicle—or canal—in the scalp, each hair having its own nerve, muscle and blood supply. The shape of the follicle determines the shape of the hair, and whether the hair is curly or straight. Thus, a round hair is straight, a flattened or oval one curly. Negroes have corkscrew-shaped follicles, which account for their kinky hair.

Despite all the various shades of hair, there are but two basic coloring ingredients: reddish-yellow pigment, and sepia brown. Very dense concentrations of sepia-brown pigment give the appearance of black. When pigment is absent we have the white hair of the albino, or the white hair of old age, or perhaps a zebralike spot or streak which some people regard as very becoming.

Hair grows in a series of reincarnations. It grows up, reaches old age, dies and drops out. Then it is replaced by new hair. Periods of rapid growth are followed by periods of rest—short hair grows twice as fast as long hair, which is old hair.

In general, hair grows faster in summer than in winter—faster during the day than at night. On the average, it grows at the rate of one inch in six weeks. The life span of a single hair varies with the individual. In some cases hairs go through the birth-to-death cycle in three to four months. In others, they may live as long as four years.

Stories of hair turning white overnight are familiar to everyone. There are no fully authenticated cases of such a thing ever happening.

Emotion and Graying

It is true, however, that when an individual is subjected to strong emotional tension the graying process is hastened. With pigment formation retarded or stopped, the new hair forming in the scalp may emerge either gray or white. But to be noticeable such a process takes weeks or months. There are definite records, however, of cases in which hair has turned from black to gray and back to black several times during an individual lifetime.

Hair is susceptible to a host of diseases, many of which trace to unclean scalps. A completely healthy head of hair is almost never encountered and lack of hygiene in this respect is very frequently a forerunner of baldness.

Regardless of what you have heard on the subject, baldness rarely arrives suddenly. Getting bald is a long process which may have been under way for months or even years before loss of hair reaches alarming proportions. When this happens people rush to doctors' offices. Their story is always the same. Hair is coming out by the roots.

It's a common error to mistake the tiny white bulb at the bottom of each hair for the "root." Actually, it isn't. The slightly thickened bulb seen at the base of a hair pulled from the head is merely the inner lining of the hair follicle. And when the hair comes out, so does this bulb. It's nothing to fret about, because the follicle is growing a new lining even while you're worrying about the old one. The true root is buried deep in the scalp, and it will take care of itself very nicely if you give it a chance.

Since new hairs are being created all the time, and old hairs are dying, it is obvious that a certain amount of shedding must take place. The average individual loses from 45 to 80 hairs a day by this normal process, and usually gets alarmed about it if he happens to notice it suddenly.

If you're already bald, you can save yourself a lot of time and trouble by refusing to listen to anyone who tells you of a way to make your hair grow back in. If you're losing abnormal quantities of hair, the smart thing to do is to consult your physician, who will advise you properly and refer you to a dermatologist if necessary. And the latter will, if nothing can be done, tell you the sad, sad truth. Seeking relief from falling hair in so-called hair salons, or through baldness "cures," can be pretty expensive foolishness. In most cases, it's a question of which lasts the longest—your money or your hair.

There are three main causes of

TRUTH

BY HOWARD T. BEHRMAN, M. D.

AND OSCAR L. LEVIN, M. D.

baldness. The top cause is unknown but probably related to heredity and glandular function. You needn't necessarily shrug it off as something you can't do anything about. An enormous number of people inherit a *tendency* to baldness. That doesn't always mean that they *have* to be bald. They can fight this tendency, just as people who inherit weak lungs can fight a tendency to tuberculosis.

Scalp diseases are the second greatest cause of baldness. Dandruff isn't a disease in itself, but is a symptom of scalp infection, according to one prevalent theory with which we agree. Dandruff scales—either dry or oily—indicate that some types of germs or bacteria are attacking hair follicles or the oil glands that lubricate hairs. And when the dandruff finally disappears, the hair has disappeared with it. Dandruff is more common in men, and men lose their hair more than women do.

The third major cause of baldness is systemic infection. Certain diseases—typhoid fever, smallpox, diphtheria—cause hair to fall out. For years people sick with these diseases had their heads shaved, believing that the hair became filled with toxins which produced hair fall. The procedure is now regarded as being wholly pointless. In such cases, temporary baldness is caused by toxins that accumulate in the body. These poisons attack hair roots under the skin causing hair to fall out.

Explaining the Bearded Lady

Syphilis causes loss of hair, and so do scores of other diseases. The ductless glands play a striking role in this connection. The bearded lady in the circus, for example, probably has a tumor of either the pituitary or adrenal glands. When the thyroid functions poorly, hair becomes dry and lusterless and begins to fall out. The sex glands, likewise, play a big role here. Eunuchs, who are almost never bald may begin to lose their hair after injections of male sex hormones. But if you try to derive from that fact any conclusions as to your own virility, you'll not only be wrong, but disappointed. Women still prefer romantic locks on men and that's something that no one, not even dermatologists, can do anything about.

There have been dozens of random observations concerning hair and its relation to the body's system of ductless glands, but so far nothing has come of them. There isn't, in other words, any injection of glandular material which will insure hair growth, unless there is a definite glandular deficiency present in association with the loss of hair. Certain thyroid, adrenal and pituitary disorders show such an association.

When a person worried about loss of hair consults a physician, the physician first rules out any systemic disorders. He may make a blood count to see if anemia is present, and perhaps take a metabolism test to check thyroid activity. If there are other indications also, he will most certainly run a Wassermann test, since some types of hair loss are possible symptoms of syphilis.

If this seems like an indirect approach to the problem, remember that poor blood makes poor hair, just as poor food makes a poor body.

If physical examination reveals no clue as to the cause of progressive loss of hair, the next step is to examine the scalp. Seven out of ten people who seek treatment for loss of hair have dandruff—known to physicians as seborrheic eczema when severe. That does not mean that the dandruff produced the baldness. Some men are bald without ever having had dandruff.

There are several types of dandruff. In one type the fat glands of the scalp become diseased, throwing off excess oil which dries and cakes. In this disease the scalp produces more fat than hair. A specific bacteria is suspected as the cause of this disease, although it has not yet been identified.

The physician has a remarkable tool to assist him in detecting hair disease. It is black, or filtered, ultraviolet light. When this light is directed at a diseased scalp, sick hairs take on a greenish cast if the disease is due to a fungus or ringworm. Diseased patches of the scalp assume a phosphorescent whiteness.

Many diseases of the scalp are highly infectious—particularly for children. They are passed from person to person by barbershops and beauty parlors which use improperly sterilized instruments. Hat stores are another prime source of infection.

There are several approaches to the problem of diseases of the scalp. The physician may elect to use X-ray treatments for certain types of ringworm infection. In large doses X rays completely destroy hair roots, and thus may cause permanent baldness. It may only be administered by an expert in X-ray therapy. Certain wave lengths of ultraviolet light generated by mercury vapor, quartz lamps or by vacuum tubes may produce excellent results in people with baldness in patches, sometimes called *alopecia areata,* as well as in other forms of hair loss. This weapon has a double purpose. It may not only stimulate the scalp but also combat any bacteria which may be present.

A large part of the problem of restoring and maintaining hair health falls on the patient. It is a matter of personal hygiene—keeping the hair as clean as possible.

For its vitality, hair depends on an ample supply of blood—which brings nourishment to individual hairs. Hair does not breathe, nor is it nourished by rubbing a perfumed tonic into the scalp. A factor in the production of baldness is caused by tight scalps which choke off the blood supply. Massage is helpful here.

Permanent baldness arrives only when hair roots wither and die. After this happens it is no more possible to grow new hair than it is to grow new teeth or fingers. But in some instances (as in *alopecia areata)* reasonably healthy roots may remain even after hair has disappeared. By proper care—glandular therapy in deficient people, cleanliness, massage, possibly radiation—new hair growth may be coaxed from these dormant roots.

A new vitamin, a member of the B complex called inositol, has fascinating possibilities. In as little as three days, addition of this vitamin to deficient diets of bald mice has caused them to grow hair. It must be realized that results in laboratory animals cannot be applied directly to human beings. As yet, no comparable results have been obtained in human baldness as the studies are only in the investigation stage.

Cured Mice, But Not Men

At least two other vitamins have turned out to be disappointments in this respect. Several years ago research men noted that para-aminobenzoic acid, and the pantothenates, had the remarkable ability to turn gray hair in mice back to its normal color. Both these vitamins, also members of the B complex, were proposed as weapons against gray hair in human beings. But the bridge between mice and men was wide.

In a few cases reported by only one investigator, natural hair color was restored. But the report stated that when this happened the patients were suffering from a deficiency of these vitamins in the first place. In other words, that their gray hair was a symptom of vitamin deficiency. And that when the deficiency was corrected gray hair disappeared.

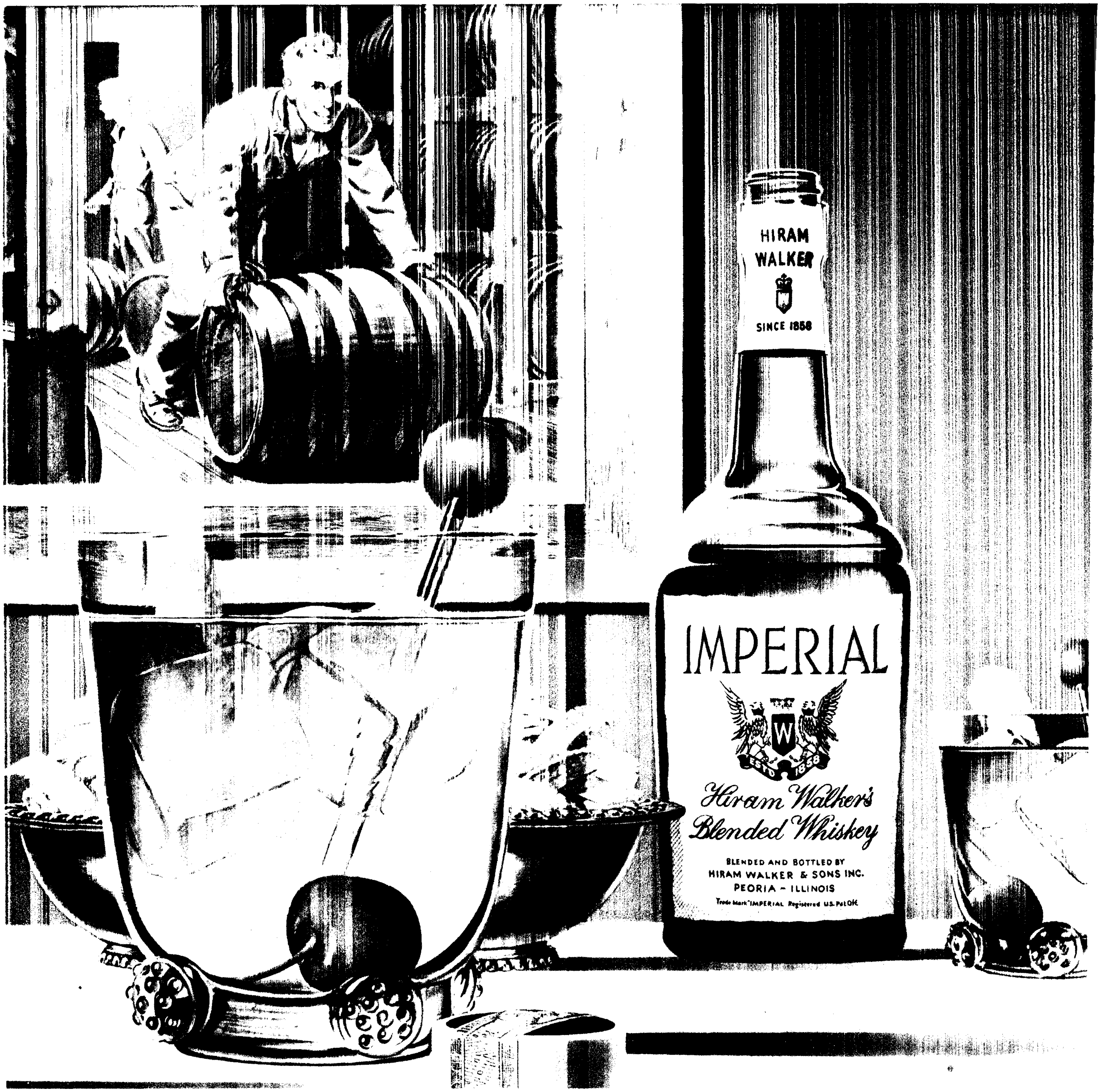
Sum up the case then. Any abnormal hair loss may be an indication of scalp disease—if other factors of bodily ill health have been ruled out. A vigorous attack on the scalp disease is then in order. The hair should be washed frequently. As a rule, any bland household soap may be used. But if the infection is severe a medicated salve or lotion may be required.

After washing and drying, the hair may require some additional treatment. If it is too oily, a small amount of alcoholic hair rinses or lotions should be rubbed into the hair, and quickly dried. If, on the other hand, the hair is too dry, a small amount of oil—olive, coconut, almond or medicated salve—should be rubbed into the scalp.

The scalp should be massaged with the tips of the fingers for a minimum of ten minutes a day, to stimulate blood circulation. Sunlight and air are similarly beneficial.

Rigid adherence to these rules won't make the theater's bald-headed row into models for hair-tonic advertisements. But it will keep a scalp in good condition. ★★★

BRUNETTE VIRGINIA **Dense concentrations of sepia pigments make the hair of MGM's Virginia O'Brien appear to be black**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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

to be dazed concerning what had happened to him. Who wouldn't be after having his own team romp over him?

Pug Lund was a Minnesota player—one of Minnesota's star backs.

H. J. WHITBECK, Stillwater, Minn.

Sorry—we were running the wrong way.

DUBOIS WILL BE DUBOIS

DEAR LESTER VELIE: On Sept. 2d and 3d, I attended a hearing of the Subcommittee on Public Lands and just wanted to tell you that Senator Robertson and Congressman Barrett brought up your articles, They Kicked Us Off Our Land (July 26th—Aug. 9th). I suggested that they become part of the record. This they refused. After hearing Barrett and Robertson describe your story, I read it over again, to see if it was as bad as painted. My conclusion was, and I am a lawyer by training, that there was nothing said that couldn't be substantiated. That you got under the hides of Barrett and Robertson there is no doubt.

CHARLES C. MOORE,
The Dude Ranchers' Assn., Dubois, Wyo.

THE BOBBY SEX

DEAR SIRS: After reading of Mel Tormé, the new vocal menace discovered by your James Dugan (Little Mel, the Debs' Delight, Oct. 11th), I am wondering about Sinatra. Never a man of good health, will he survive if the bobby-soxers switch to Mel? More important, will America survive? ELMER PETERSON, Boonton, N. J.

. . . I'd suggest with a face like his Mel ought to slink into, and hide in, the trademark his press agent thought up for him: the Velvet Fog. . . .

GEORGE HARRISBONER, Peoria, Ill.

. . . Mr. Dugan says Tormé got ulcers of the stomach during the war. I've got ulcers of the ear listening to him after the war. . . .

HORACE COONS, New York, N. Y.

. . . Oh, boy, is he dreamy . . .

CAROLINE OWENGS, Passaic, N. J.

BUNNYISMS

DEAR SIR: Am I too late for a Bunnyism or three? While broadcasting the World Series, Red Barber cried ecstatically: "If you don't think it's going to happen, just wait till it comes to Brooklyn, and it'll happen here!" Later he referred to Cookie Lavagetto, who hit the double with two out in the ninth and ruined Bevens' no-hitter, as a "national hero." We suppose he meant, as Bunny might say, "A national hero in Brooklyn."

PETER RANDALL, Wayne, N. J.

We heard of someone crying indignantly: "Just because you're a genius, you needn't think you're so smart!" And according to late reports, a certain gentleman on the West Coast recently announced: "You can quote me on this, but don't use my name."

WOMEN HAVE NO SEX APPEAL

DEAR EDITOR: I agree with your editorial Looking For a Wife? (Oct. 4th) to a certain extent. But where does one find this type of female who possesses all those virtues? Ninety per cent of the dames I've met are either neurotic, self-centered, lazy, or possess little or no sex appeal. The other ten per cent are happily married.

There is actually a shortage of women, and men ought to be advised as to obtaining these slowly dwindling specimens as mates.

FRED HOLLOWELL, South Amboy, N. J.

. . . To hold up as the ideal wife a young woman who will chase her husband out after more and more money (however "good-naturedly") is unspeakably vulgar. I want a wife who is kind, well-disposed, womanly wise, intellectually curious, who has wit, taste, manners, originality, talent for living, and that most enviable of all human accomplishments—humility.

There isn't much likelihood your fatuous, and it is to be hoped insincere, editorial could mislead a man, but, unluckily, it probably served to distort even further the sense of values of such of the brittle young women of America who saw it.

Although I am looking for a wife, I don't want to advertise, so if you publish this, please use initials.

R. D. D., Boston, Mass.

Whataya say, girls—

CRUNCH, CRUNCH!

DEAR EDITOR: I believe Mr. Crichton overlooked one important reason why the theaters are no longer crowded (Hollywood Headache, Sept. 20th).

It isn't so much the quality of pictures shown, but rather the Americans who are not happy anywhere unless they are stuffing themselves with food. Myself and friends attend movies less and less because we dislike hearing popcorn crunched in our ears, and Cellophane crackling in the midst of beautiful music or important dialogue.

HAZEL LYTLE, Hollywood, Cal.

ARE BRUNETTES DUMB OR JUST EMPTY-HEADED?

DEAR SIR: You say Pat Burrage, the model who posed for Jon Whitcomb's cover of Oct. 11th, is a blonde, and Whitcomb painted her as a brunette to accentuate the white shoe polish she was putting on her head for that distingué look. Could we have a look at the original? And would you be having her phone number, too?

VINCENTE CARMINARA, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . With things the way they are my hair is turning white naturally. That girl can't have much to worry about. . . .

JEANETTE LOWE, Baltimore, Md.

Pat's twenty-four, blue-eyed, from Fort Worth, has a pilot's license, studied at TCU, wants to marry and have four kids and sit on her front porch in a rocker all day. Her phone number is: Wigglesworth 2-2222, what town we're not able to say.

OUR GALLANT DEFENDERS

DEAR EDITOR: I find Mr. Edward Cade's letter in The Week's Mail (Sept. 27th) in which he accuses you of sarcasm in your comments on letters you receive, very amusing. If anyone knew humor when he saw it—he'd know your answers are humor at its highest peak. Give us more. Surely no one could take it for sarcasm.

If possible, please print more letters.

MRS. J. LANDRY, Portland, Ore.

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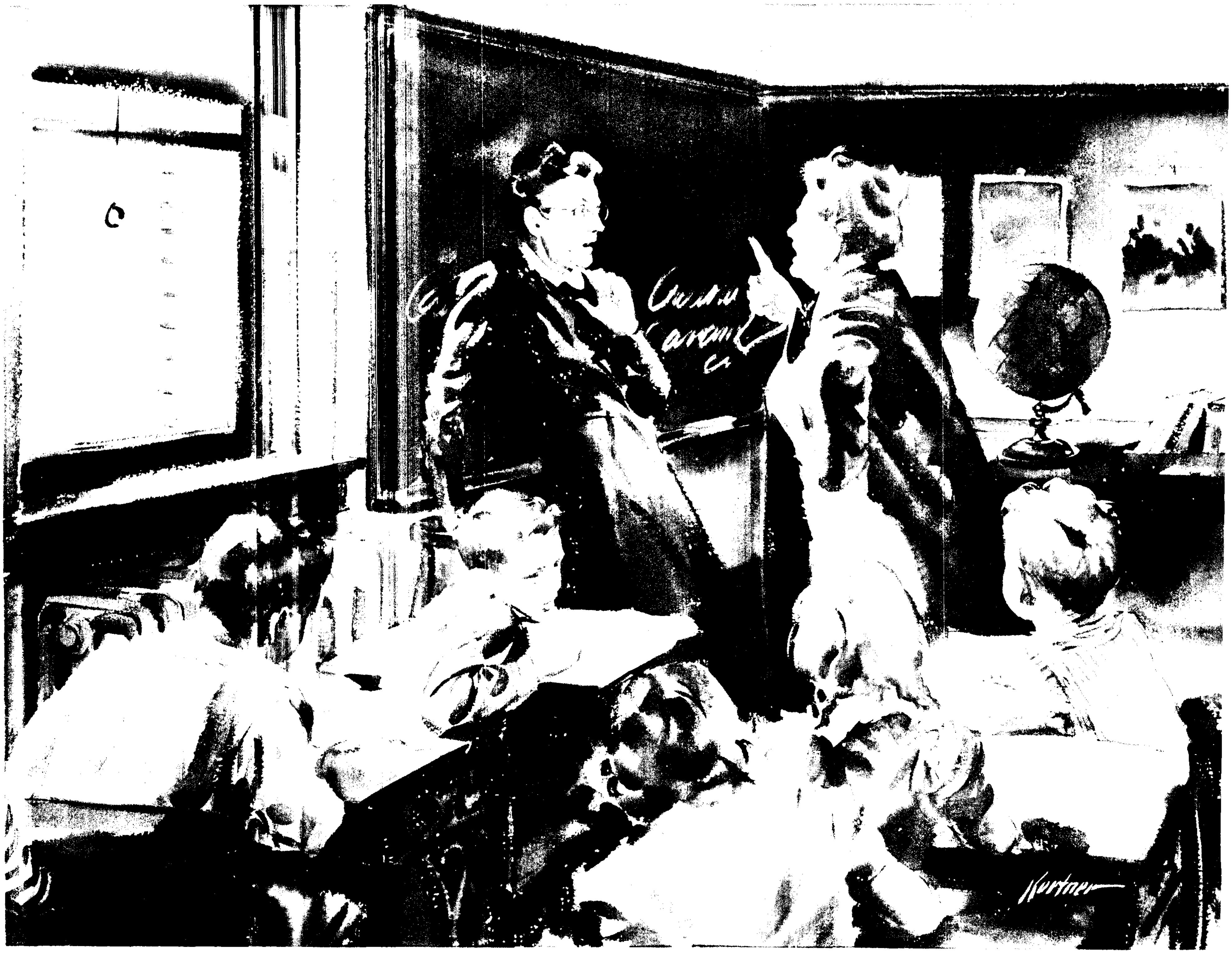

"When it is in your power to build, why do you crush?" Mama's imperious fury was at its height. She backed the protesting Miss Keehan against the dunce stool

THE ROOSTER EGG

BY SYLVIA SHIRLEY

Robin's love letter traveled a long way

THE fifth grade huddled over their penmanship drills, pushing and pulling away like mad, while Miss Keehan walked up and down the aisles. I hoped she'd come to my desk before the drill changed to ovals, round and round. My push and pulls were by far the blackest and most beautiful in the class, but the ovals were never uniform, never like a coiled spring.

Miss Keehan stopped over my head and stood there silently. I knew she was thinking up some scathing thing to say, though why she should take so long was puzzling. Usually the whiplashes fell readily enough. The class stopped writing, and I could feel their expectancy as well as my own. We kept breathing and breathing. Nothing happened. I was not too much afraid, because on the whole I was a good student and too unobtrusive a girl to get into difficulties with the others. Miss Keehan hardly ever picked on me directly, and when she did I pretended to myself that it was someone else she meant. I hated her with all my heart.

My glance shifted from my stiffened fingers to the upper left-hand corner of my desk. Right above the inkwell lay an envelope that I had forgotten to hide! Instantly I reached for it, but Miss Keehan's dry cold fingers were over mine; she snatched it from me.

"That is my personal property," I said in dignified bravery.

"So-o!" screeched Miss Keehan. "Personal property, is it? Will you listen to the dirty little Bolshevik foreigner talking about personal property," she implored the class. She waited for them to laugh, but only Rocco Martincelli tittered. Steven Kelski hit him over the head with his geography. Miss Keehan screamed for order and I tried to use that moment to retrieve my letter. But Miss Keehan rapped my skull with her long piece of chalk, to add injury to insult, and stalked to the front of the room. My cannibalistic rather than Bolshevik instincts nearly got the upper hand. I wanted to take a bite out of Miss Keehan's haunch.

Being called names by Miss Keehan did not bother me any more. She called us all names and I learned that there was nothing personal in it. She just loathed all children, and those with foreign surnames just a bit more. She loved to tell stories about her own gentility, and how wonderful New York had been before the advent of the immigrants. Her father had been a policeman, and her grandfather an alderman. Her own little brother, who was about forty, was at present a bank clerk. She could remember when only cows walked the unpaved paths of our district streets.

Now, alas, it was all different. She taught in a large, four-story stone schoolhouse that housed eighteen hundred children from nine to three

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNER

An Average Guy with an eye to the *Future*

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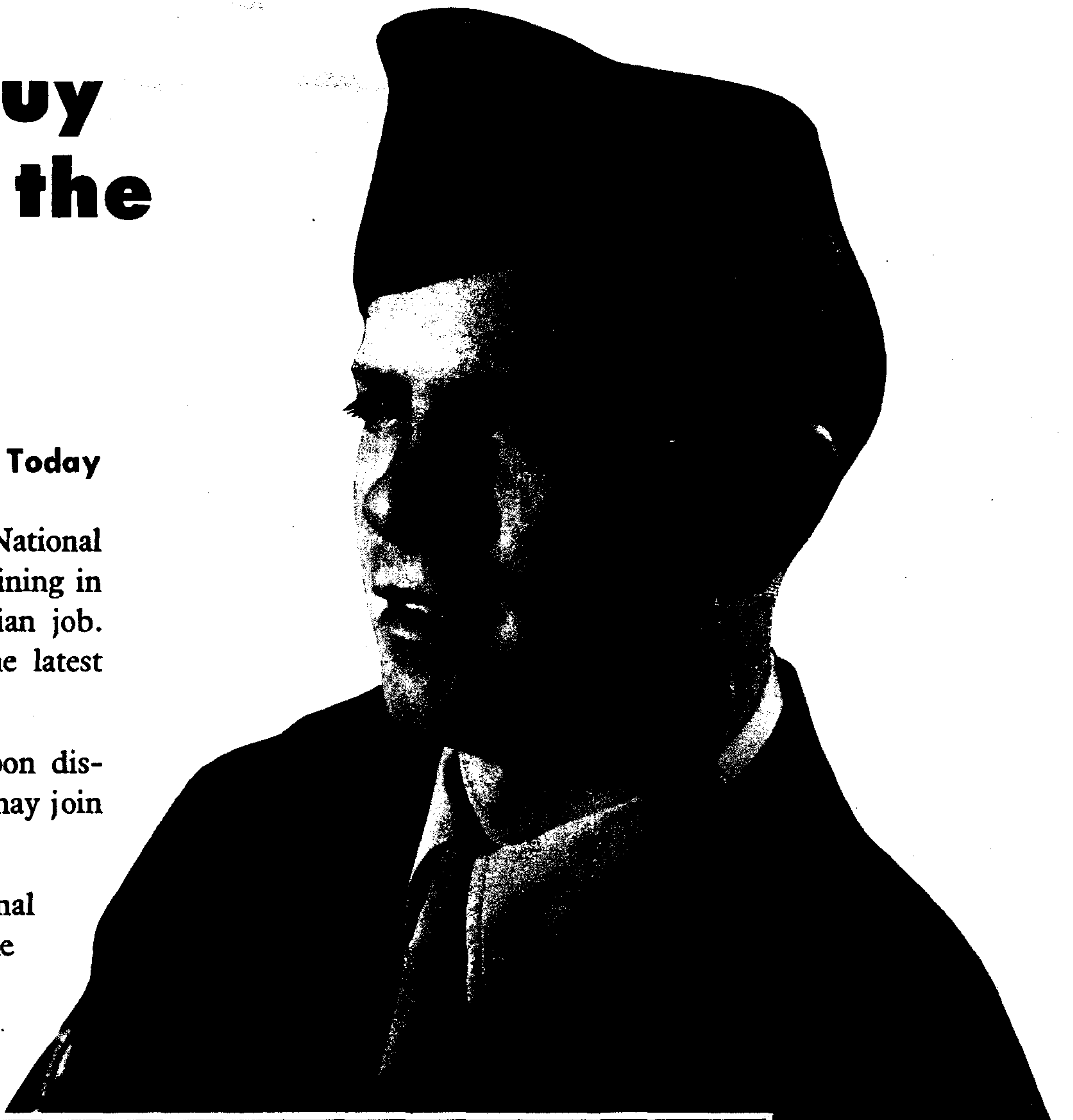
Join thousands of alert young men in the *new* National Guard, earn from $1.25 per hour up for training in your spare time. Prepare for a better civilian job. Enjoy modern athletic facilities! Fly in the latest planes or use modern ground equipment!

Veterans can probably obtain rank held upon discharge. And now, young men 17 years old may join the National Guard.

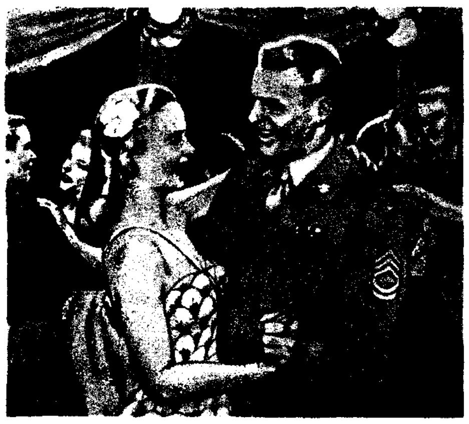
For complete information about the National Guard unit in your community, contact the officers of that unit or write to the Adjutant General of your state.



He's a veteran of World War II, served overseas 2 years, was honorably discharged as a buck sergeant. Thought his outfit was the best in the service.

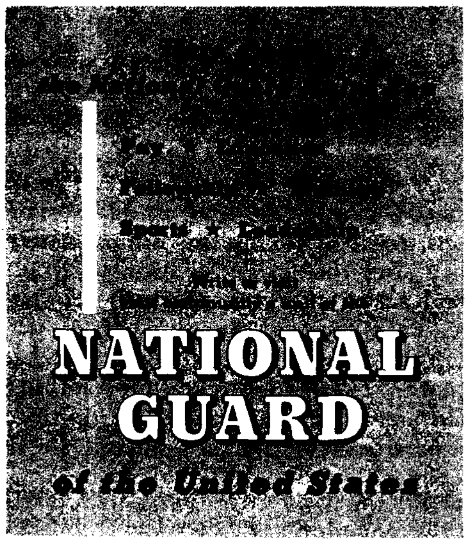
Married, has one child, a steady job with good pay. Rents now, plans to buy home later. Extra National Guard pay helps wife balance their budget.

Likes sports, plays on National Guard indoor baseball and basketball teams. Studies in spare time to help further his chances in his civilian occupation.



Wife likes dancing. They get a sitter, go to most National Guard dances. Evening costs little. They enjoy "getting out" with their many friends.

Employer is old Guardsman, has agreed to let him go to summer camp where he gets full military pay and allowances. He has a regular vacation, too.



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every weekday, the majority of them from non-English-speaking homes. The streets were paved, houses steam-heated; there were subways and trolleys, and the Third Avenue El.

But Miss Keehan said the United States was just getting too cluttered for endurance. She told us over and over how lovely everything had been before we came, until her stories became meaningless and ludicrous.

We escaped from Miss Keehan every afternoon at three o'clock. She never escaped from us. We discovered where she lived, and though we did not accomplish half the torments we planned for her, our schemes filled us with delight.

WHAT did perturb me half out of my wits was the letter she took from my desk. If she read it! She surely would. If she sent for my mother! Suppose she showed it to the principal? His name was Stephenstone, and in my mind I had him confused with Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote poems. I wrote poems, too. What would one poet think of another who had such a letter? How could I explain it?

I watched Miss Keehan lock my letter into the top drawer of her desk and spent the remainder of the morning feverishly scheming the most impossible feats to rescue my personal property.

At recess two of the other girls who had read the letter before the nine-o'clock bell stood by me stanchly, and helpfully spread its contents around to those whom I had hoped to impress in the first place. I had worked very hard and carefully on that letter for two evenings, with just that plan in mind, but this turn of events was unforeseen.

The boys, who never before had taken any notice of me, milled around, offering their lethal weapons in my defense. They did not understand anything except that the enemy had attacked their side once again and some strategy had to be employed. But there was nothing we could do, so we fell back halfheartedly on the oft-repeated jests that we had invented to exaggerate Miss Keehan's age and ugliness. . . .

When I went home at noon I was unable to eat and Mama started to bother me. She touched my forehead to see if I was feverish, and held my wrist to see if my heart was still beating. Then she started her interminable direct questioning. Mama was impossible.

Papa, now, always asked a question in such a way you could always think up a likely answer, if not a strictly true one. If you fumbled, he didn't pounce on you to prove you were squirming. Mama's eyes bored holes in you and pinned you to the wall. Papa's eyes looked all around you. Papa had respect for you when you were in a tight spot. But Mama. Well.

It was clear to me that I would have to tell her something, and quickly. "The teacher said I was a Bolshevik. She said it out loud in front of everyone."

"Ah," she said. "Drink your milk!"

"And she hit me with her sharp chalk. See, here." I pointed to the top of my hard head, wishing now that I had had sense enough to think of this on the way home. A small stone could have made a sizable bruise.

Mama said, "There's nothing there."

"Sure, it's nothing to you. You can't feel it because it wasn't you who was beaten."

"Beaten." Mama searched my face and I drew down the corners of my mouth. "You did not cry?"

"In front of everybody?" I was aghast. What did Mama take me for anyway?

"So. Why did she call you names and beat you?" Mama was cutting me a nice hunk of sponge cake.

"She hates me," I said piteously. "She just hates me." And then I really cried.

Mama put the cake on my plate. "Do not snivel. It is an offensive noise."

I did not stop immediately. It was no use taking chances with Mama. There was practically no dividing line between sympathy and suspicion with her.

I drank my milk quickly, to have more time to savor the cake, keeping my face sad because Mama was watching.

"Why does she hate you?"

"Because she is a witch and she is half bald."

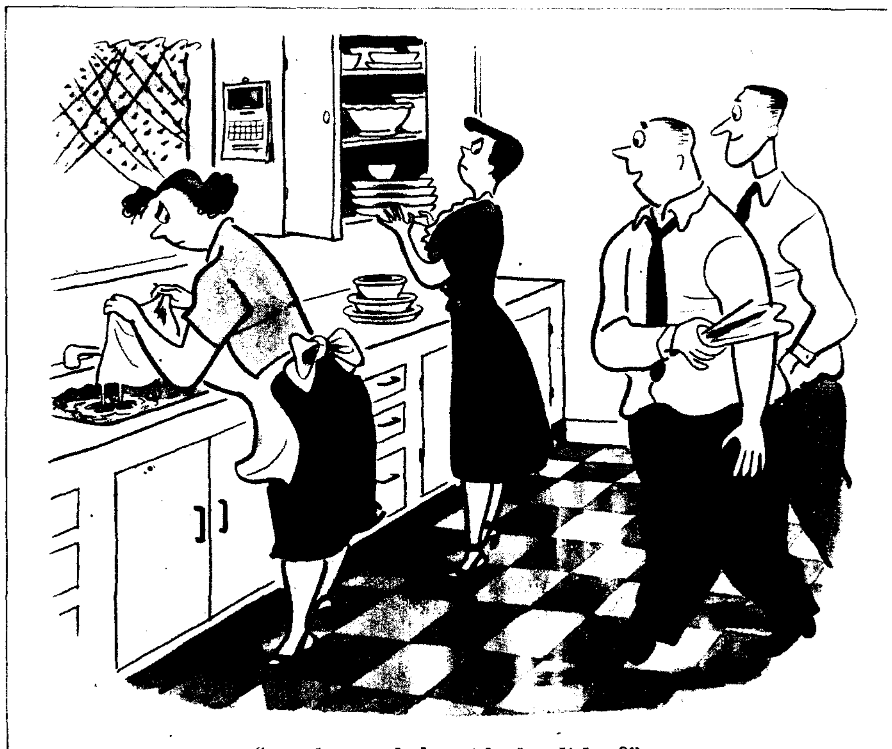
"Ah," said Mama, nodding. "Half bald." She regarded me soberly. "This is all true?"

"Upon my honor!" I clapped my hand on my chest as Papa always did. "When she turns her back to write on the board, you can see the blank spaces on her pate."

"I mean about the name calling."

"You can ask anybody in my class," I challenged. "Ask Steve."

I poked my finger into the dark earth of the window box. Long ago I had stopped expecting real apples or lemons to grow from the seeds that Mama had set into this perennial back yard of hers. But I did wish that the sturdy green leaves that had shot up out of the dark seeds of the St.-John's-bread would yield the real fruit: long, brown, sickle-shaped pods with sweetish pulp.



COLLIER'S "Need some help with the dishes?" DON TOBIK

"You'll be late to school," Mama's voice warned, and I went out reluctantly.

Apparently she did verify what I said, because we were scarcely in our seats that afternoon, when the door burst open, and there stood Mama in her best silk dress. I gasped. Miss Keehan gasped. Mama's heavy red hair was wound tier on tier on her proud head. She was short and solidly built, but her tread was light and firm.

"I am Robin's mother," Mama said, coming to the point, as the gaping children were awed into silence.

Miss Keehan looked extremely tall and very thin, as she advanced.

"I want to know what is this Bolshevik business and what is it doing in an American school? Do you know the meaning of a Bolshevik, do you? Do you examine carefully the reasons why poor people leave their homes and friends forever, to come to this land that offers hope?"

"Please," said Miss Keehan, retreating, clasping her hands like a little bouquet before her.

"I am foreign-born and read about Americans. Is it too much to ask you to read about Europeans?"

"Please," repeated Miss Keehan. She looked around at the class, helplessly.

"When it is in your power to build, why do you crush? Is this your democratic ideal?" Mama's imperious fury was at its height and I wished my father could see her. She backed the protesting Miss Keehan against the dunce stool.

"Please, I have asthma," Miss Keehan said. "I suffer very badly."

Mama stopped advancing.

"You don't know how many sleepless nights I spend, just choking," Miss Keehan said in a small voice.

Mollified, Mama became practical. "Have you tried a good physic?"

Miss Keehan was aghast, and she looked at the class sharply to see if we'd heard the recommendation. "Please," she said. We could see her deep shock.

Mama lifted her eyebrows, her quick sympathy turned to suspicion. "Perhaps an ocean voyage would blow your asthma away. Why not a trip to Europe? I will personally give you letters of introduction to all the principal Bolsheviks," she added with heavy sarcasm.

Miss Keehan closed her water-blue eyes wearily and leaned her head on the wall. Mama looked at her silently and then turned to go. In the doorway she paused. "I am sorry for your sickness."

We watched the teacher's eyelids twitch hesitantly. Finally, she opened them and smiled painfully. Mama gave her one piercing look and went out.

MISS KEEHAN recovered immediately. She leaped to her feet, appointed a monitor and went out. Through the open door we could hear her shrill voice conferring with the eacher next door.

She came back at last, her courage replenished, and pointing at me, said, "When you go home today, don't come back again without your father."

I began to smile inside. This was an excellent plan. I could go to the library every day now instead of to school and finish reading the hundreds of books that ined the shelves.

"And if you take too long about it, I'll send for the truant officer," Miss Keehan menaced. My heart sank. Clearly his was my day of judgment.

I had plenty of company on the way home. Kids walked out of their way to give me advice. But I took no pleasure from their interest. This was the first ime a *girl* had been told to bring her father.

"You should've told her your father's dead," one of the boys said.

"It is too late." It was my mother's ault, I reasoned. She should learn to mind her own business. No, it was mine because I tattled on Miss Keehan. Oh, no, it was Miss Keehan's fault. *She* should learn to mind her own business. But, no, it was really my fault. I should have remembered to hide that letter. Yes, the letter. I had forgotten about that.

The closer I got to my house the shorter my legs grew. I could take only such small steps. But it seems the longest road leads home, and at length I stood before Mama.

"Now I have done for all of us," said Mama, wringing her hands, when I told her that Papa must come to school. "Here have I been thinking how grand was my speech. Do you realize what this means? I have disgraced us, and Papa will lose a day's pay!" Her eyes were large and brown with little green flecks, and I saw that Mama was taking me into her confidence. I had not expected her to feel she was to blame, and guilt poured over me like wet cement, gluing me down into immobility.

I broke out at last, "I will go and kill myself," I offered magnanimously.

"Please," said Mama. "This is no time for temperament." She stood up. "Not a word of any of this until Papa has eaten. Never torment a hungry man." She went about her work and I felt I had lost an important moment with Mama. Throughout my life I was to have this disquieting feeling with her. Whenever I thought she would let me in, on an equal footing with her, I did something to make the door shut.

AT SUPPERTIME, I was already bored with putting things off. I wanted everything to be over. Papa took an unbearably long time to enjoy his food. But it didn't seem to bother Mama at all. She wanted him to have second helpings of everything.

At last Papa was tamping down the tobacco in his enormous pipe and I was blowing out the match. Mama began the story as I had told it to her. I was perfectly willing to let her do it, without interrupting because that kept her on my side. If I told it, I would let something slip about the letter, and I would surely stand alone. Somewhere there had been deceit, and it was still going on.

Long before Mama had finished, Papa's blue eyes had narrowed into humorous slits. When Mama ceased talking, Papa took the pipe from his mouth, threw back his massive head, and roared like any lion. He laughed and laughed, with Mama glowering at him.

"Well done," he spluttered at last, "my dear little champion of democracy." He leaned over to pat her shoulder, but Mama stood up impatiently.

"Always buffoonery. It's a pity you can't make a living from it. We'd be rich indeed."

Papa sobered immediately. He gave her a quick look, too quick, and Mama bit her lip. For the first time I was aware that there was something between Mama and Papa in which I had no part.

Mama said, "I am upset."

"No matter," said Papa.

"It's a day's pay," said Mama.

"Small matter in a lifetime. Perhaps something will be gained from it after all."

I went to bed and in order to keep from falling asleep immediately, dug my palms into my eyeballs until the wonderful orange and red patterns began. I fell asleep just when they were beginning to be really beautiful. . . .

In the morning I went to school with a carefully written note from my mother, signed with Papa's name, promising that he would come in in the afternoon.

Miss Keehan took the note from me with the tips of her fingers and looked at me as though I had warts on my person. She let me stay.

Papa appeared in the afternoon, carefully dressed in his blue serge suit and narrow trousers. He wore the stiff white collar the occasion warranted. But I could see that though he carried his Homburg hat, he had not worn it from the

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minute he'd left Mama's sight. His thick blond curls were unmanageable at all times, and now stood up, adding a good three inches to his height.

He introduced himself to Miss Keehan and made her a small stiff bow. I had never seen him do this before. Miss Keehan raised one eyebrow and inclined her head a little as though she were really a countess, and a commoner had come to pay respects.

"I suppose you are aware of why I have sent for you?" she said stiffly.

Papa bowed again, to my delight, and smiled at her. "I have come to hear your side, before I can make judgment."

Miss Keehan's brows went higher.

"That is only fair, you admit it?" Papa said.

Miss Keehan looked at him very hard. "As her parent, what do you know of this, and how do you allow it?" She flourished the letter at him.

"Permit me," Papa said and he took it from her, although I could see she had had no intention of relinquishing it. All of a sudden I felt fine.

FIRST, Papa held the letter up to his nose, and then at arm's length. He threw me a look of mock inquiry. He said, "Tsk, tsk," and studied the envelope again. Papa could only read print letters. I had scribbled this writing to disguise my hand. He could look at it forever and it would mean nothing to him.

"Well, aren't you going to read it?" Miss Keehan tapped her foot.

Papa looked at her tapping foot, then at the letter. He took a chance. "It is addressed to me?"

"Of course not, to your daughter. Can't you see?" For a minute I thought she would snatch it from him. But Papa held on, his large hand covering the whole envelope.

"Then the letter was not meant for you or for me," Papa went on, his voice getting softer.

"What has that to do with it?"

"How did you come by it?" Papa asked.

"I took it from her. I'm in charge here, and I—"

"I do not understand," my father broke in. "This is not yours, not addressed to you, not meant for you, yet you took it, and read it." He looked baffled. "Permit me, I am a stranger here, but is there not a law against meddling with United States mail?"

I leaned back in my seat. I felt swell all over. Nobody could beat my father on the question of law.

Miss Keehan started to protest. Papa held up his large hand. "It is all right, I assure you. I will make no more of it. We are human and make mistakes. I am sure you have done your duty as you understand it." He slipped the letter into his pocket and patted it from the outside.

The weight of that letter suddenly settled me, and the giddiness departed out of me. Oh, that letter!

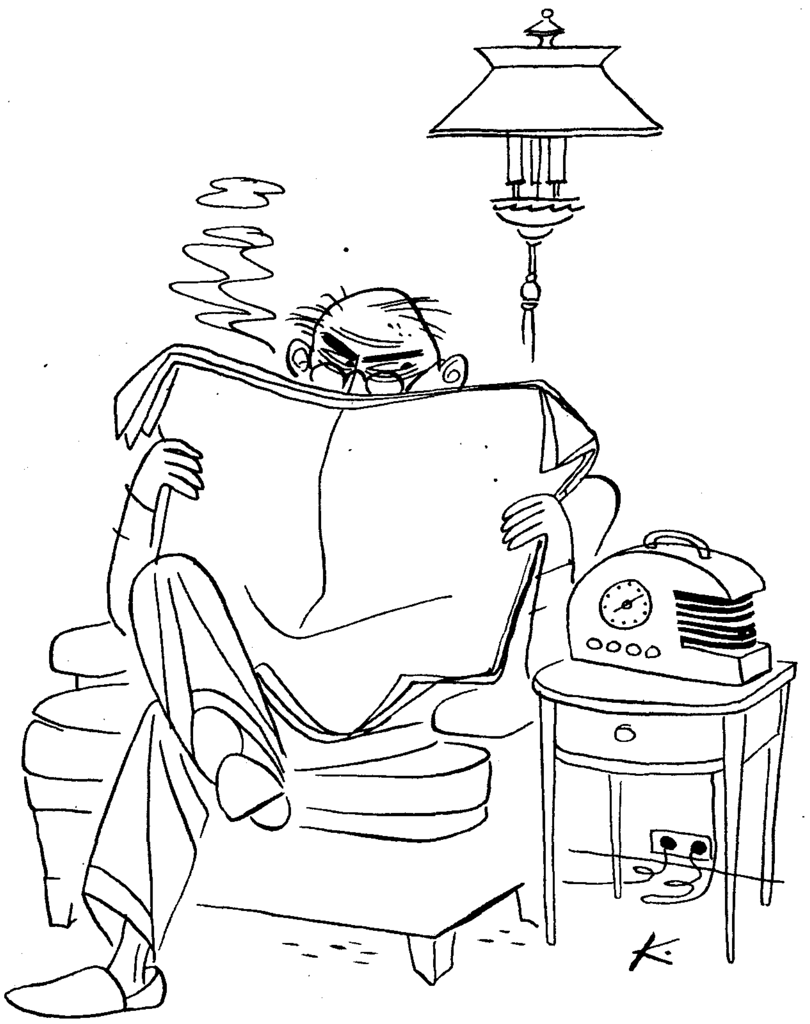
Papa was saying, "If my daughter or my wife have distressed you, I beg your pardon and I promise you justice will be done. Permit me to say how much I admire your courage to come here each day, good weather or foul, to stand before this—" and he gestured toward the class. He gave her his most beautiful smile.

"Oh, well," Miss Keehan simpered, turning on her heel a little, "one must do what one must."

"So true! It was a pleasure to meet you." He took her hand in his and bowed very low this time. The class snickered and I could have slain them all. Papa was too good to be wasted on such an audience.

When he had gone, Miss Keehan smiled at us. "Such a charming man," she said.

Unwilling to leave well enough alone, I burst out, "His father was a duke."



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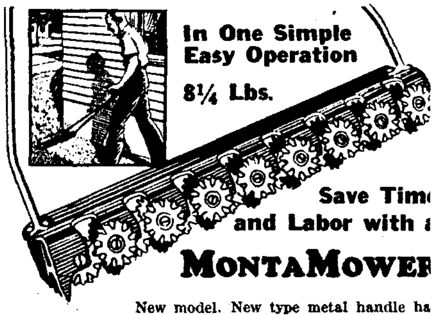

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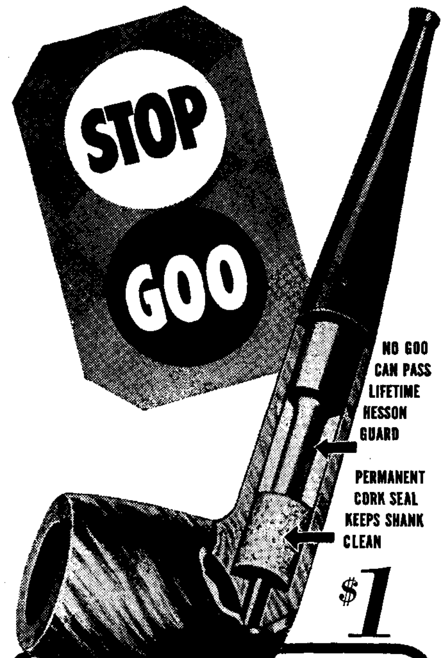
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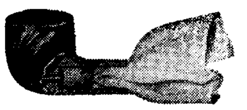

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"Really?" She was startled, but impressed.

"They had to flee from the revolution," I went on, not daring to use the word Bolshevik again.

"Were they able to rescue the family jewels?" Miss Keehan asked sweetly.

"No," I went right on fabricating, "they buried them and my father has the map. Someday we are going back and dig them up."

"Oh," said Miss Keehan coldly. She looked at the class a little too knowingly and I decided to shut up.

AT THREE o'clock, I found Papa waiting for me at the exit. I was surprised and scared.

"We will walk," Papa said, without asking me, and he turned toward the park, two blocks away. He did not talk to me which was not unusual. Sometimes Papa and I walked a whole afternoon without talking. Only this day it was different. I didn't even feel like humming.

We walked a little way into the park. Papa started to scrape some dry leaves together with his shoe. I was anxious to be of some help and hastened to make a mound.

Papa looked at the sky. It was smoke-blue, and a little heavy. The day was too warm for November and too beautiful for me. I wished that it would storm suddenly, so that the trees would bend and crash and that the earth would run slithering into mud. I wished that my face would be wet with rain, and my hair plastered to my head. . . .

"There's the matter of that letter," Papa said quietly. I was mute. Let the storm come, angry and terrible. I promised God a lot of extravagant things, only let the storm come and be done.

"From whom did the letter come?"

"From no one."

"That is interesting. No one writes a letter. It takes form and wings its way to you."

"Yes," I said.

"No," said Papa. I gulped. "What is in it?"

"Nothing."

"Ha! This is even more interesting. No one writes nothing and it causes so much trouble." He took the letter and weighed it in his hand. I looked up into his face, but he did not look at me.

"Can you tell me what this nothing is?"

"I cannot," I said. I really could not.

"Can you not?" he asked me sadly. And I nearly wept at the sound of his voice. He looked at the sky again and at the leaves that kept floating down. "I am sorry for that," he said at last.

I could feel the warm breath of the wind on my cheek and I kept drying my palms on the sides of my coat.

"Well, then, a letter from no one that means nothing is better off invisible." He felt in his pocket for his matches and struck one on his thumbnail. The match flared up. Papa looked at me and waited.

"Burn it," I said. We watched one corner disappear and then the other. It burned quickly and Papa dropped it on the leaves. He drew a circle on the earth with the toe of his shoe to keep the fire from spreading. Then he sat down on a stone across from me, and we looked into the fire.

I began to cry and Papa pretended not to notice. "It is the smoke," I said.

Papa shrugged. It was nothing to him. His knee showed bony through the worn cloth of his trousers.

"It was a love letter," I shouted. Papa did not turn.

"I wrote it to me and used one of Mama's stamps to mail it. I took the stamp without asking."

Papa nodded as though he understood how it was.

"I mailed it to me because I wanted it to look real and I waited for the mailman. Mama lets me have the key to bring up the letters."

"You told Mama about the letter?"

"No. I hid it and took it to show the children."

"The teacher saw it and took it?"

I nodded. Papa picked up a dried twig and started to snap it into small pieces. I did the same thing.

"Do you see how one wrong led to another, one lie upon another?"

"But it wasn't wrong to write the letter," I insisted.

"You pretended it was from someone else, not as part of a game but because you intended to deceive someone. Why?"

This was not so easy to answer or to admit to. I considered it for a long time. The reasons that had prompted the letter were already far away, and not so important.

"The other girls are bigger and they talk about boys and they never notice me. I wanted them to see that I was somebody, too. I wanted them to—" I didn't know now, what it was I wanted to impress on my classmates.

"Ah," said Papa. "Recognition." He smiled, but not at me.

I looked around. I didn't know what it was he recognized.

"You remind me of the rooster who was not content with being the dominant force in the henhouse. A little worm burned in him. Why should an ordinary hen be able to lay an egg and not a handsome rooster? He did not examine the fact that it was not in the nature of a rooster to do thus, but went around plotting and exerting himself to no avail.

"Came a day he stumbled on a little puny egg laid by a pullet, to one side by the fence. Here was the very thing. The hens were off scratching away, as hens are inclined. So, with utmost caution, the rooster backed up to the meager little egg, crooked his glossy tail, let out his handsome chest, threw back his comb, thus, and crowed, 'Come-see-what-I-can-do!'" Papa threw back his great head, closed his eyes in enjoyment and crowed.

"Go on," I begged, forgetting that the story was being told to teach me a lesson.

"Well, the hens, having the inquisitive characteristics of all females, came running singly and in groups, crowding the vain old rooster up against the fence. They came so quickly and in such abundance, not leaving room for one another to breathe, that the old rooster was stampeded. In his excitement, he stepped through the thin little eggshell—and got his feet sticky."

PAPA paused and squinted at the sky. "If you want recognition from those you admire, you must work hard and come by it honestly. Do the best you can with the things you best can do, Robin. That should be enough for any little girl."

He did not seem to understand how hard I'd worked on that letter.

"I'm sorry for the day's pay you lost, and the stamp," I said, "but it was a good letter."

"I can take no pride in it," he said. "It was a false expression, entirely wasted, and led to no kindness for anyone."

"I won't do it again, Papa."

"If I thought you would, would I sit here talking to you as one friend to another?" His smile, at last, was very sweet to me, and yet aroused so much pain in my heart that I could feel my eyes filling.

Papa wiped my face with his red-and-white workman's handkerchief. Mama hated him to use these. She felt it marked him peasant. But Papa believed that that which was only utilitarian ought at least to be redeemed by color.

"Your mother will be looking for us," Papa said. "Let us go and see what is for supper, though neither of us has earned it this day." He took a stalk of St.-John's-bread from his pocket and snapped it in two. He gave me the larger piece, and I realized how hungry I was.

We walked home slowly, carefully saving the hard brown seeds to plant in Mama's window box.

THE END

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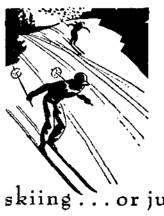

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LET'S REBUILD OUR BUILDING CODES

Continued from page 15

composition boards by setting up performance standards—the weight that must be safely borne, the duration of a material's resistance to fire, and so forth—thus making it possible for your contractor to employ a new material or gadget as soon as it has shown that it can take it?

In Grandfather's time the two-by-four upright, or stud, spaced at sixteen-inch intervals, formed the vertical ribs of almost every house of frame construction. Hundreds of codes still insist upon such a framework although with walls of thinner, lighter, sometimes stronger materials than Grandfather knew, and the use of some modern types of beams at floor and ceiling levels, the two-by-fours needn't be closer together than forty inches to assure adequate strength and safety. The difference, of course, shows up in your bill for lumber.

Plumbing—Our Nation's Pride!

What, if anything, does your home town code have to say about plumbing, the one modern amenity in which almost every well-washed and traveled American proudly proclaims his own country's pre-eminence, even though we still have 11,000,000 homes with no running water and 14,000,000 dwellings lacking flush toilets? In the plumbing field municipal code makers may require larger—and therefore more expensive—pipes than good building practice has found advisable. They often forestall the employment of copper tubing in making repairs, so that these become unreasonably expensive. Water and air pressures are not the only pressures the plumbing interests know how to apply.

The "S" or half "S" your drain pipes make under each sanitary fixture—tub, basin, sink or toilet—is deemed by the government Bureau of Standards and by most city codes to be ample as a trap to keep waste fumes from returning into your rooms, but New York requires additional traps and vents where the pipes exit from each property line into the public sewer. This adds both to the plumber's income and to the cost of living in New York. To such criticism the New York plumber replies that in sewer gas explosions, the extra vent keeps these blasts from blowing back into the house. Here again the safety factor necessary in codes gets into the realm of opinions, some more costly than others.

The members of the National Association of Master Plumbers and the makers of the fixtures they install like to consider themselves as being in business for your health as well as for their own prosperity. On tap the master plumbers keep a code prepared by their standardization committee headed by Jere L. Murphy, who for more than fifty years has directed the installation of fixtures all over the continent, from cottages in Newfoundland and Panama to the topmost faucet in the Empire State Building.

Building is an industry so divided against itself that city councils are inclined to let sleeping codes lie. The moment the elect in City Hall nudge a code they find themselves in a snarl of disputes among the people who are presented as experts on such subjects as fire resistance, engineering design, heating, elevators, boilers, sanitation, sunshine and ventilation, zoning and, of course, building materials of all sorts, each having its boosters, paid or voluntary. Though the willing ears of the councilmen be reconciled to such strains, the question arises: Can the budget bear the expense? Even when drafting committees work for nothing, codes are an expensive form of literature, particularly in states whose laws require municipalities to publish ordinances in newspapers.

Threshing out New York City's existing code was a ten-year task for fifteen committees of ten men each. Going into their first huddles in 1928 they emerged in 1937 with a volume so bulky a longshoreman might have asked for a helper in moving it. Interim advances in the making and use of materials had outmoded parts of the code from the start, but New York has kept abreast of most developments by amendments and decisions from its Board of Standards and Appeals. The $80,000 a year which this board costs may be peanuts in the city with the only billion-dollar municipal budget, but smaller communities couldn't afford such an outlay.

Once it has adopted a code, Main Street must pin its hopes for proper enforcement on the honesty and capability of a building commissioner. His post is usually too poorly paid to attract a competent man. Old-timers contend it takes a building commissioner at least five years to learn his job, but few are allowed to stick at it that long, what with a new crowd getting into City Hall at two- or four-year election intervals. Atlanta is the one city which elects a building commissioner. Detroit is the only one that hires a $12,000-a-year-man for the position. In many cities it is consigned to a faithful voter who the mayor, after dishing out the fire and police commissionerships, reckons is deserving of one of the leftovers.

To jolt a city into modernizing its rules for housebuilding oftentimes requires on a cataclysmic scale what the insurance people call an act of God, or else a page-one streamer-headlined example of human carelessness. A rash of inspections and reforms spread over the land last year after hotel fires in Atlanta and Chicago had caused scores of sudden, horrible deaths. Mayors, councilmen and city engineers who hadn't been heard from since Election Day began writing in for advice and guidance to the Building Construction Bureau of the Department of Commerce, the National Board of Fire Underwriters, the American Standards Association, the American Society for Testing Materials and other organizations which know how to keep standard codes up to date.

More recently the Chamber of Commerce of the United States began urging local chambers to initiate reviews of their home-town codes, remarking that building regulations too often were the "hysterical aftermath of some great disaster rather than of the carefully thought-out deliberations all good planning entails."

Lessons Learned From Tragedy

It took the Cocoanut Grove fire to prompt the state legislature in Boston to expand the powers of the commonwealth's public safety department and open an inquiry which disclosed that 257 towns in Massachusetts had no provision for inspection of buildings. The New York legislature discovered last winter that a comparable situation existed in the Empire State. The Massachusetts legislators concluded it was almost impossible to expect small communities to draft their own codes since they lacked the money or competent men, or both.

So the state itself went to work on a building code to the drafting of which the Massachusetts Institute of Technology contributed the best minds it could corral. This new Massachusetts law says the Board of Standards in the State Department of Public Safety "shall set up alternative provisions covering the use of materials and structural systems in dwellings, which shall then become acceptable throughout the state despite the possibly

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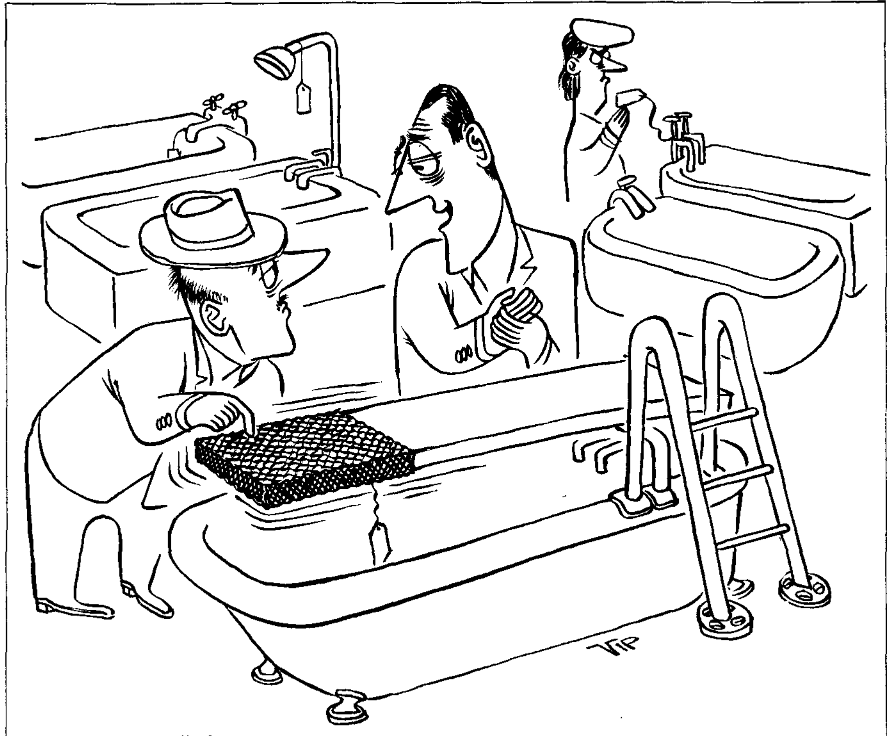


COLLIER'S "It's really more ornamental than anything else" VIRGIL PARTCH

different requirements of local building codes."

Only a few other states have building codes. Those of Ohio and Indiana apply only to public buildings and places of assembly, such as theaters. From Wisconsin's code one- and two-family houses are exempt. In recent months both the Connecticut and New Jersey legislators provided for state codes which municipal councils may adopt by resolution.

Most advocates of code reform agree that the brakes which the chaotic code situation puts on building construction would be noticeably released if the codes were made more uniform the country over with their rules based more on performance standards than on the use of specified materials in certain ways in certain quantities. There must be some variations with a city's size, climate and geographical location. Florida's designers can ignore the matter of snow loads on a roof, but they must keep hurricanes in mind, just as West Coast code makers anticipate earth tremors and the Kansas architect will take precautions against tornadoes. But for the bulk of its provisions one code could well be like every other.

Slow but noticeable progress has been made in recent years along the road to uniformity, even in a land where bricks come in 75 sizes, roofing slates in more than a thousand, and most dwellings have to be put up to fit an individual taste or pocketbook.

The New England Building Officials Conference code has been adopted, with minor variations, by more than 100 cities, that of the Pacific Coast Building Conference by more than 200 others, and the Southern code by several score. Regulations of the Federal Housing Administration have helped spur the dragging march toward uniformity, but these have been frequently criticized as being, in some respects, overcautious and, therefore, needlessly expensive to comply with.

As the summer of 1947 came to an end, with millions of Americans eager to have new roofs over their heads and only a few hundred thousand dwelling units to show for two years of postwar construction efforts, a basic building code was offered gratis to any community that may wish it by the Building Officials Foundation, a nonprofit-making offshoot of the Building Officials Conference of America, Incorporated.

After three years of spare-time get-togethers by a committee of prominent engineers, architects and building commissioners roped in from all parts of the country and paid only their travel expenses, the last "t" was crossed on this free-for-all basic code at meetings in Detroit and Columbus. It is a performance code, prescribing standards of construction, but refraining from peddling any man's wares or prohibiting another's—if they can come up to scratch. It leaves the way open for the adoption of any material, or process, now in use or to come, which meets required laboratory tests. For towns of less than 10,000 population, the foundation offers a version of the code written in practical, nontechnical detail.

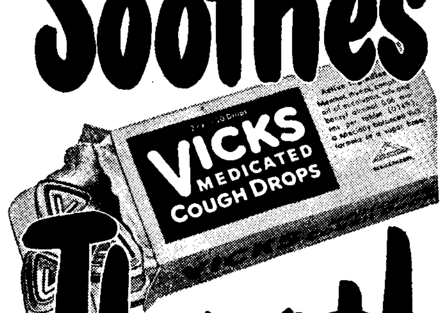
Next Comes the Practical Test

Whether this new tome turns out to be an answer to the home hunter's prayer will probably take a long while to determine. It was steered through many committee meetings by Bernard A. Savage, now a nation-wide distributor of composition building materials, who at that time was completing twelve years as commissioner of New York's Board of Standards and Appeals. He thinks this new basic code opens the way for all communities to adopt uniform requirements that can easily be kept up to date.

But the road will be long, much of it through uncharted terrain. Of the 16,220 American municipalities, some 14,000 are without local building regulations, as are nearly all of the rural areas. And in the 2,000 communities that do have codes there are personal whims, political considerations, labor union formulas and other barriers to standardizing the rules of the building game. As they now stand in their infinite, irritating and expensive variety, the codes create a situation which, in Mr. Savage's words, is "as ridiculous as though the University of Illinois football team had to play under a different set of rules in each college city it visited."

Whatever else Congress can do about the housing problem, it has no authority to tamper with building codes, except in the District of Columbia. The codes derive their authority from the police power, which resides in the states and is commonly delegated to the communities. So, if you have a notion that code restrictions or bad administration may be holding up or unduly increasing the cost of building in your community, don't go looking for your congressman's weeping towel up on Capitol Hill. The place to start doing something about it is right downtown in your own City Hall.

THE END



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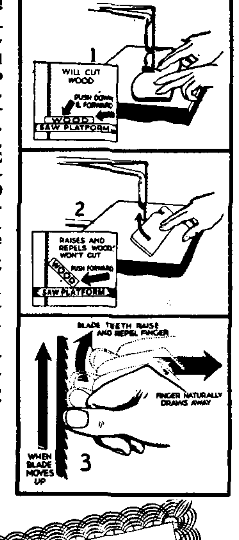

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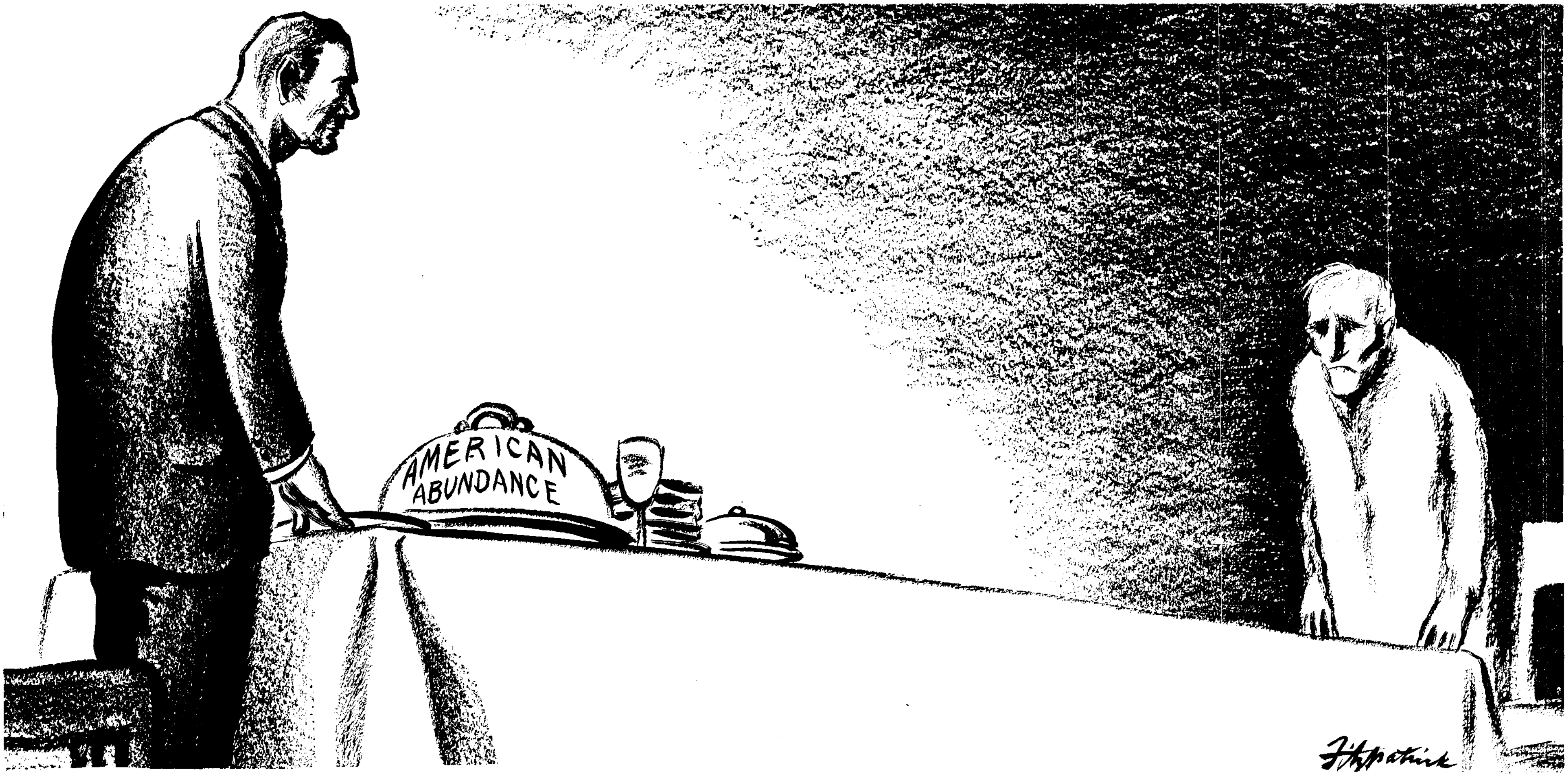


OUR DUTY AS TO FOOD

SPARK-PLUGGED by the energetic Charles Luckman, the Citizens' Food Committee is ballyhooing meatless Tuesdays and eggless and poultryless Thursdays in this country so that the fewest possible people in various other countries may starve to death this winter.

The facts in the case are clear enough. Simply, there is not enough food in the world just now to go around; the United States, despite the short corn crop, can stretch out its food supplies so as to be of material help elsewhere; and grain is the core of this relief program because grain will feed more persons per pound than any other food.

So it's our Christian duty to string along with the conservation program to the best of our ability. The object in cutting down on meat, fowl and eggs is to discourage the farmers from pouring excessive amounts of grain into their cattle and poultry while ogling high-market quotations on those products.

Voluntary conservation worked well in World War I. It should work in this war against starvation—and we mean real starvation, not merely hunger.

It should work especially well if the politicians will resist all temptation to hector and threaten the rest of us, and limit their appeals to the higher natures which, believe it or not, most of us possess.

Don't starve yourself or family, but don't overeat, and don't waste food. Those are bad habits at any time. At the present time, they are worse than that; and, to repeat, it is our plain Christian duty to cut down on them.

WHY CONTINUE THE PAC?

WHEN the Taft-Hartley Act was passed, the C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee swore that it was going to get the scalp of every member of Congress who had voted for the measure. Now, the PAC is announcing that it will center its fire in the 1948 campaigns on only about 150 of these lawmakers.

We have a better suggestion for the C.I.O. than that. It is: Why not just abolish the Political Action Committee?

The organization is based on the premise that there is a "labor vote" in this country which can be swung as a bloc if enough appeals are made to its supposed passions and prejudices. That premise has been knocked over in election after election, the latest of these episodes having been the swamping of the PAC's candidate in the 8th Pennsylvania District's recent special Congressional contest.

The PAC's trouble is that few Americans are class-conscious, despite the efforts of radicals for the past 40 years to make them so. That, we believe, is because though every U.S. workingman knows he is a workingman, he also knows he has a chance to become a capitalist, as plenty of workers have done. Why, then, should he tie himself to any organization that professes to think only of the workers' interests?

All this is tough for the PAC's jobholders, and for its spenders of C.I.O. members' more or less forced contributions. But we don't see how the PAC ever is going to get around this fact of life in the United States. Consequently, we don't see why Phil Murray and his top C.I.O. associates should want to put any more money on this wrong horse. That PAC nag just doesn't have what it takes to win races.

EDITORIALS ON THE AIR

COMING up for discussion in January before the Federal Communications Commission is the interesting question whether radio stations and networks should or shouldn't broadcast editorials—frankly labeled expressions, by competent commentators, of the views and policies of the various radio organizations.

We hope the FCC will okay the experiment. If it does, we hope radio in general will go into it carefully and seriously.

What we mean by that is that it is not overeasy to find persons really qualified to write editorials for magazines or newspapers, and that it will probably be no easier to find speakers who can send editorials over the air with the needed vigor and persuasiveness.

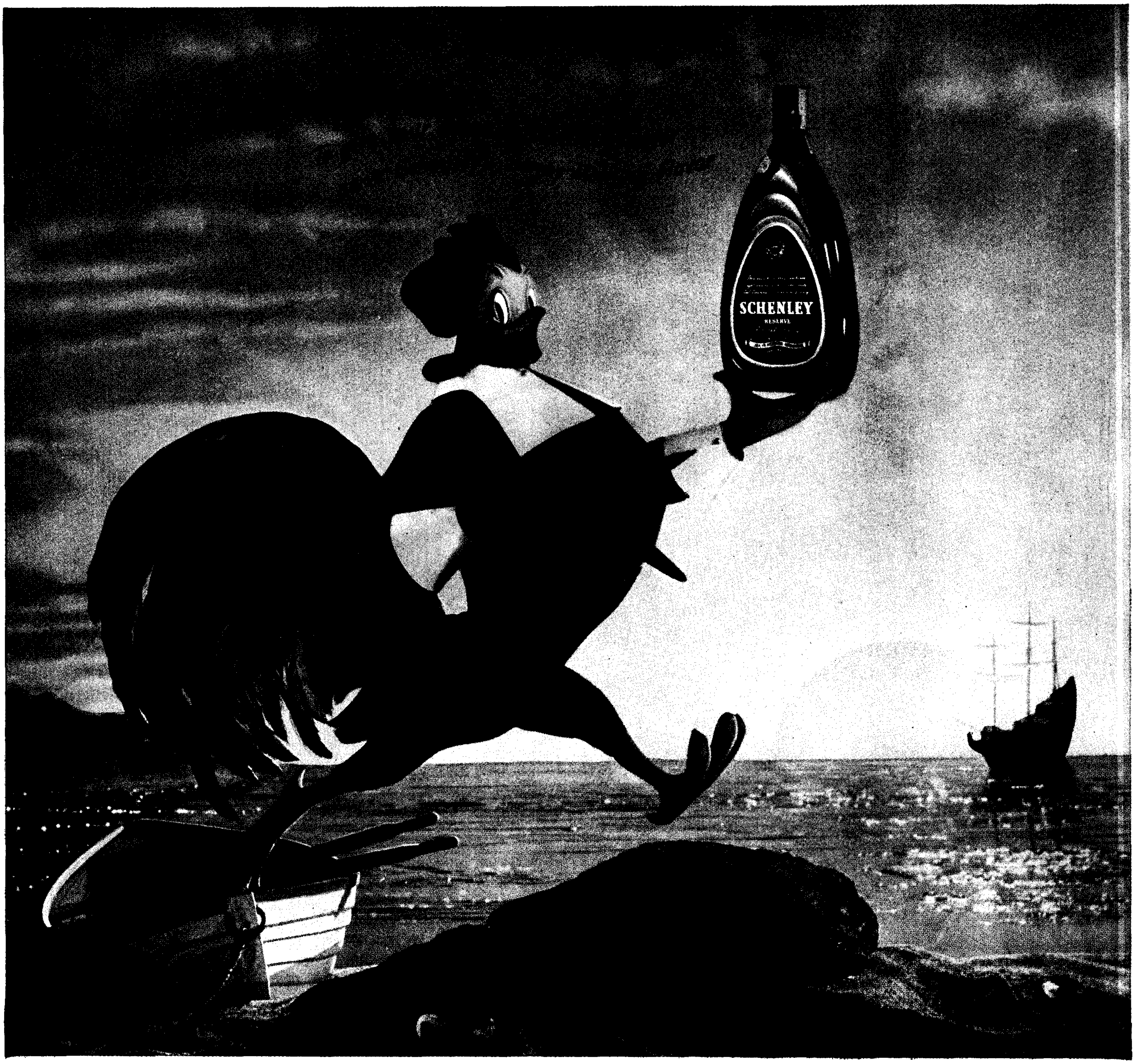
Mere glibness won't deliver the goods. Hysterical editorials will impress as few customers on the air as on paper. Any editorial broadcaster who "talks down" or "talks up" to his audience can expect to win as many Bronx cheers as are invariably won by newspaper and magazine editorialists who write down or write up.

People who follow editorials are looking for intelligent, forthright, honest expressions of opinion and policy by persons who can be presumed to know what they are talking about, and who can say it in a reasonably interesting and stimulating way.

The editorial audience, so far as we've been able to discover, doesn't want a lot of big words, pulled punches, tightrope walking, or perfunctory space-filling. It wants meat for its money, and it can detect substitutes and phonies with lightninglike rapidity.

Anyway, we expect to watch the ethered-editorial experiment with great interest.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor



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